Gc
974.802
N798n
1825734

REYNOLDS HISTORICAL
GENEALOGY COLLECTION

ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 1833 02232 3148

1801 1901

1801-1901

THE

CENTENNIAL COMMEMORATION

OF THE

FOUNDING

OF THE

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,

1st

OF

NORTH EAST, PENNSYLVANIA,

N.E. Pa.

JULY 17th, 18th and 19th,

1901.

HERALD PRINTING & PUBLISHING CO.
ERIE, PENNA

16/24 175

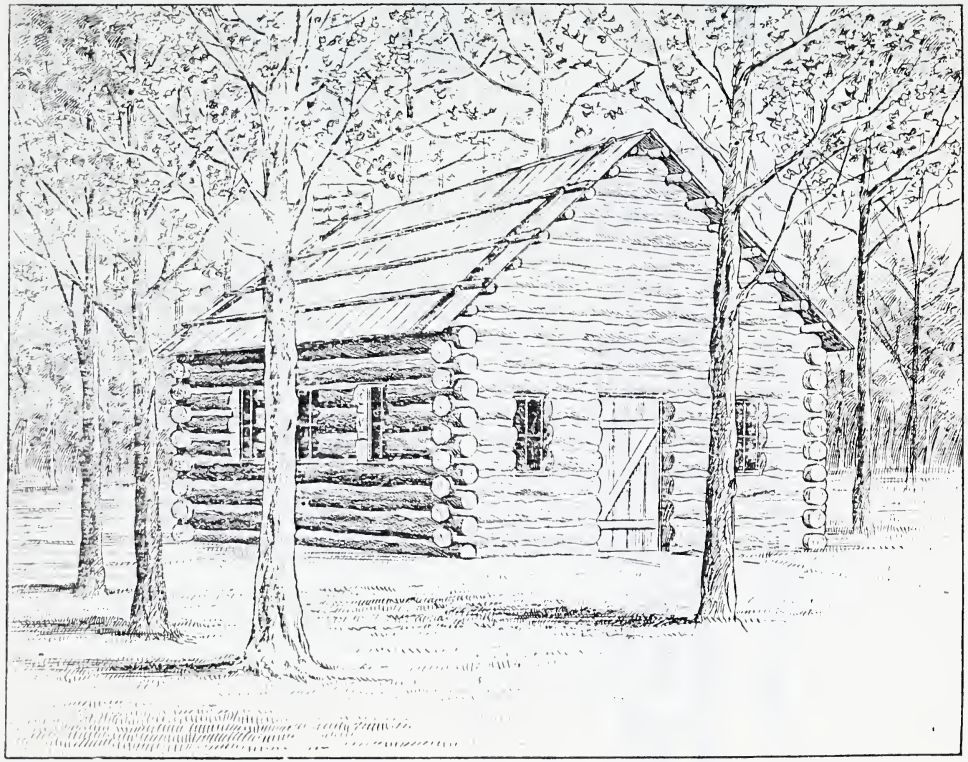
1825734

Iona E. Webster
Chicago
176 - 37 st -
From Lilly Glass Towne

Dec - 18 - 1902 -

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2016

https://archive.org/details/centennialcommem00nort



THE OLD LOG CHURCH IN OAK HILL CEMETERY.
1801 to 1818

D
285463
.6

Northeast, Pa. First Presbyterian church.

1801. 1901. The centennial commemoration of the founding of the First Presbyterian church, of North East, Pennsylvania, July 17th, 18th and 19th, 1901. Erie,Pa.,[1901] 0.

SHELF CARD

310128

It is fitting to hold in grateful and loving memory the founders of every good institution for the welfare of their fellow men. Conspicuous among the first pioneers one hundred years ago of this fair region along the shores of Lake Erie, were the three men who bore the hardships of that early day and were the first Board of Ruling Elders in this church whose Centennial is now commemorated,

THOMAS ROBINSON,

JOHN McCORD, and

JOSEPH McCORD.

To their memory this volume is gratefully dedicated.

Preface.

The contents of this volume are more diversified than they would be if they were simply a history of the church whose Centennial Anniversary they describe. They give us the record of three days of commemorative services, of discourses and speeches and letters of historical papers, and of a happy re-union with song and festival. For the great success of the celebration full credit and thanks should be given to the various committees who so generously gave time and zeal and love to the work they had undertaken to do. Their names will be found in the record. It has been deemed best to publish the sermon given by Rev. J. T. Oxtoby, D. D., at the seventy-fifth anniversary of the church, though it involves some repetition of the facts in the history of the church. The discourse is too valuable to be lost.

Special thanks are due to those who added so greatly to the success of the celebration by their contribution of very choice music and songs.

Pastors and Supplies

of the First Presbyterian Church of North East, Erie Co., Pa.

Rev. Robert Patterson.....June 1802—April 1807
Rev. John McPherrin, (supply) 6 months..... 1812
Rev. Johnston Eaton .....1815—1816
Rev. Judah Ely, (supply) 6 months 1823
Rev. Giles Doolittle.....1824—1832
Rev. William A. Adair.....1833—1838
Rev. Nathaniel West, D. D.....1838—1841
Rev. Miles Doolittle.....1841—1844
Rev. Samuel Montgomery.....1844—1848
Rev. Rodney Paine .....1848—1850
Rev. James Cochran.....1850—1852
Rev. David D. Gregory, D. D.....1852—1858
Rev. Augustus H. Carrier, D. D.....1859—1863
Rev. Thomas B. Hudson, D. D.....1864—1869
Rev. John T. Oxtoby, D. D.....1870—1879
Rev. Cyrus J. Hunter, D. D.....1880—1893
Rev. Frank W Hays, Ph. D.....1894—1896
Rev. R. Lewis Williams.....1896—1900
Rev. Nathaniel McGiffin.....1901—

The First Presbyterian Church

of North East, Erie Co., Pa.

ORGANIZED 1801. MEMBERSHIP, 25.

PRESENT MEMBERSHIP, 455.

FIRST PASTOR.

Rev. Robert Patterson.

PRESENT PASTOR.

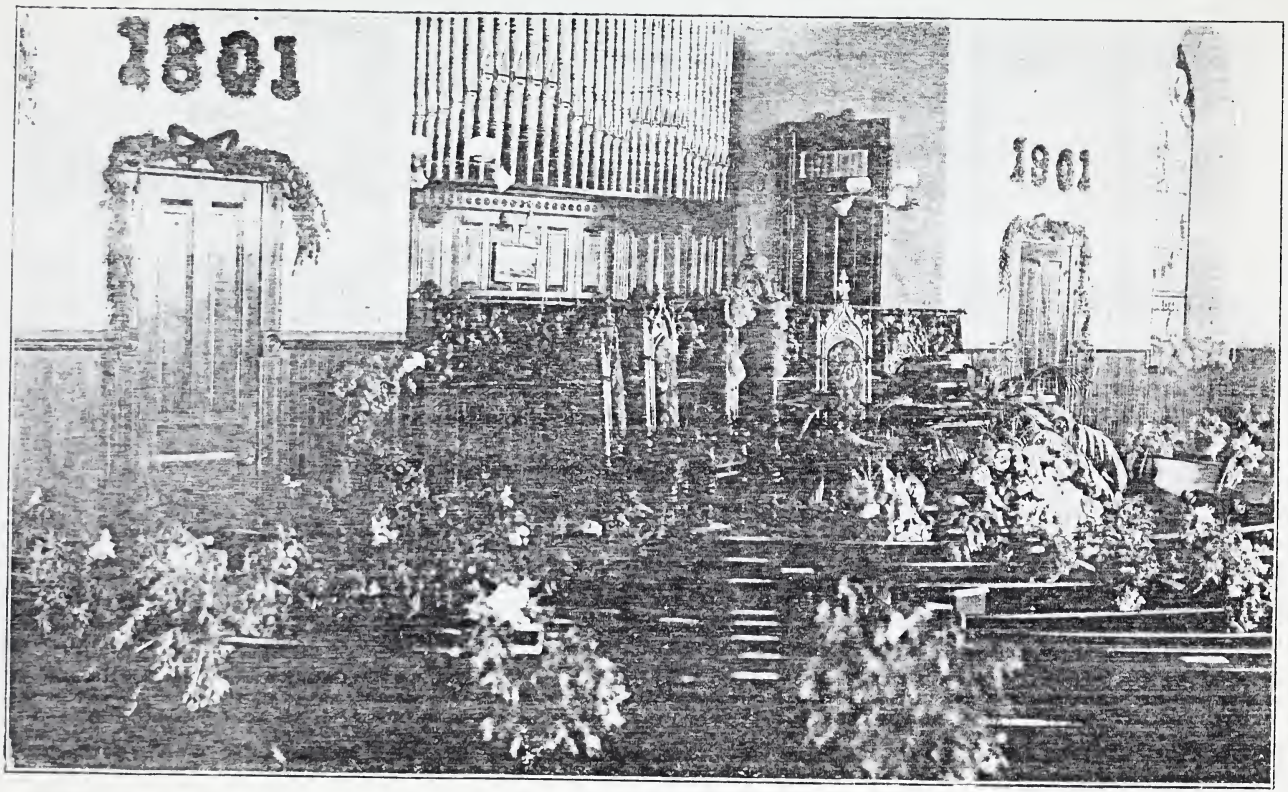
Rev. Nathaniel McGiffin.

FIRST ELDERS.

John McCord, Thomas Robinson,
Joseph McCord.

FORMER ELDERS.

1827	James Duncan,	1849	Benjamin R. Tuttle,
1830	William A. Robinson,	1849	James Whitehill,
1834	Harmon Ensign,	1849	Dyer Loomis,
1834	William Crawford,	1856	Horatio M. Gilman,
1834	James Smedley,	1856	Benjamin F. Spooner,
1837	William Dickson,	1856	Joseph McCord,
1843	Osee Selkregg,	1868	William F. Marvin,
1843	Frederick Ensign,	1868	Martin L. Selkregg.



Audience Room Centennial Celebration, 1901.

PRESENT ELDERS.

Mr. Zenas Rogers,
Mr. James L. Reed,
Mr. James A. Moorhead,
Capt. George Selkregg,
Mr. Henry S. Nash,
Mr. Edward T. Moorhead.

TRUSTEES.

Mr. James A. Moorhead,
Mr. Samuel P. Whitehill,
Mr. George Mackay,
Mr. George E. Pierce,
Mr. C. C. Hill,
Mr. Norman H. Couse.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Mr. Geo. W. Blaine, Chairman.

Rev. N. McGiffin,
Mr. Zenas Rogers,
Capt. Geo. Selkregg,
Mr. Wm. A. Ensign,
Mr. Jas. A. Moorhead,
Mrs. Maria L. Moore,
Mrs. Sarah E. Custard,
Mrs. A. Frank Jones.

RECEPTION COMMITTEE.

Pastor, Elders, Trustees, and their wives.

Programme.

JULY 17, 1901, 7:30 P. M.

Voluntary.
Doxology.
Invocation, by Rev. N. McGiffin.
Scripture Lesson, by Rev. Cyrus J. Hunter, D. D.
Duet—"Peace to this Sacred Dwelling."
Mrs. Selkregg and Mr. Towne.
Prayer, by Rev. Thomas B. Hudson, D. D.
Chant.
Address of Welcome, by the Pastor.
Solo—"A Dream of Paradise"—W. J. Towne.
Historical Address, by Rev. Thomas H. Robinson, D. D.
Hymn—"A Mighty Fortress Is Our God."
Prayer and Benediction, by Rev. William Grassie.
Organ.

JULY 18, 1901, 2 P. M.

Voluntary.
Scripture, by Rev. William Grassie.
Prayer, by Rev. A. H. Caughey.
Solo—Mrs. Winnie Eggleston. (Selected.)
Centennial Address, by Rev. George B. Stewart, D. D., President of Auburn Theological Seminary
Hymn.
Woman's Work for Missions—Mrs. Maria Moore.
Young People's Work—Miss Jennie Selkregg.
Woman's Aid Society—Mrs. B. H. Putnam.
Church Treasury—Mr. W. A. Ensign.
Solo—Mrs. G. B. Swaney. (Selected.)
Prayer and Benediction, by Rev. Thomas H. Robinson, D. D.
Organ.

Centennial Celebration Banquet, 1901.

JULY 18, 1901, 7:30 P. M.

Voluntary.

Hymn No. 139, Coronation.

Scripture, by Rev. R. Lewis Williams.

Prayer, by Rev. Geo. B. Stewart, D. D.

Solo—Mr. George Hodges.

"Caro Mio ben"—Giordania.

Saviour, Again to Thy Dear Name,—Franz.

RESPONSES BY EX-PASTORS.

Sons of our Church who have become Pastors—Rev. Cyrus J. Hunter, D. D.

Duet—Mrs. Eggleston and Mrs. Swaney. (Selected.)

History of Living Ex-Pastors—Rev. Frank W. Hays, Ph. D.

Future Possibilities of our Church—Rev. R. Lewis Williams.

Solo—Mr. Hodges—"Be Thou Faithful Unto Death." Mendelssohn.

Father Orton—Rev. Thomas B. Hudson, D. D.

Memorial for Pastors who have served this Church—Rev. A. H. Carrier, D. D.

Benediction, by Rev. T. B. Hudson, D. D.

Organ.

JULY 19, 1901.

ORCHESTRA.

Dinner at 1 o'clock.

Symposium at 2 o'clock.

Introduction of Speakers by Rev. Herbert Ross, D. D., Toastmaster.

"Our Church"—Rev. Frank J. Nash.

"Our Daughter, Harborcreek Church"—Rev. Edward P. Cleaveland.

"Our Presbytery"—Rev. William Grassie, D. D.

"Our Sister Churches"—Responses by our Town Pastors:
Rev. J. F. Kirk, of the Protestant Episcopal Church.
Rev. A. L. Kinter, of the Baptist Church.
Rev. G. G. Ruff, of the English Lutheran Church.
Rev. Willis K. Crosby, of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

"Our Ladies"—R. J. Moorhead.

Address, by Gen. David B. McCreary.

FAREWELL RECEPTION, 3:00—3:30.

PRESENT CHURCH EDIFICE, 1885.

Programme.

JULY 17, 1901, 7:30 P. M.

INVOCATION—Rev. N. McGiffin.

O, God, our Father, we thank Thee for this hour, we thank Thee for this memorable occasion, we thank Thee for Thy goodness to us ever. We thank Thee for the gift of Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. We come here this night in His name, we ask Thee to abide with us and bless us for His sake, Amen.

SCRIPTURE—By Rev. Cyrus J. Hunter, D. D.

DUET—"Peace to This Sacred Dwelling."

Mrs. Selkregg and Mr. Towne.

PRAYER—By Rev. Thomas B. Hudson, D. D.

Most merciful God, our heavenly Father, wouldst Thou help us to remember as we gather here this night that we are in the presence of Him who searcheth the heart and guideth the lives of the children of men. Knowing that Thou regardest not the outward appearance of the mere forms of worldly men, we come into Thy presence reverently and devotedly in the exercise of true faith, believing that Thou art the rewarder of all those that diligently seek Thee. Fill our hearts with gratitude to Thee for all Thy benefits to us. We are grateful to Thee, we thank Thee, we rejoice in this day and occasion: this memorial day, this day of praise and thanksgiving, this centennial day in which we are called to commemorate and celebrate Thy divine goodness to this church for one hundred years of kind and loving and providential oversight and care. We do thank Thee for all that Thou hast done for this beloved church, for all the true and holy and godly men who have been connected with it, those who have gone to their reward, and those who remain. We thank Thee for the degree of prosperity with which Thou has always favored us. We thank Thee for the influence for good which it has exerted on this community, and the surrounding region. We thank Thee

for its present condition and encouraging prospects. Surely goodness and mercy have followed these people all the days of their life, and their children and their children's children unto the third and fourth generations. O, our Father, wilt Thou still be with us and guide us. Wilt Thou give them constant and gracious manifestations of Thy quickening, converting, and saving power. Wilt Thou honor Thy word as it is spoken here by Thy servants from time to time. Wilt Thou honor all the ordinances of Thy house. We pray that here transgressors may learn Thy way, and sinners be converted unto Thee and that in all things connected with this beloved church, Thou wilt glorify Thyself and commend Thy people and the gospel to the world. Wilt Thou be with us in this particular service, and while we listen to the interesting story told to us by Thy servants, may our hearts be inspired with new purposes, may our faith be increased, and from this time forth may we all be found walking in the ways of the Lord until we shall enter into the church triumphant, and unto the Father and the Son and the Holy Spirit, will we give all the praise in the world without end. Amen.

CHANT.

ADDRESS—By the Pastor.

My Christian friends, I think I may say with enough truth, that such occasions as this are rare. In this country a hundred years of history belong to but few organizations. The fathers of this church formed a part of the far-reaching battle line of the frontier, worthy successors of Scotch-Irish Presbyterians and New England Puritans. To-night we recall them to your memory. Their acts of faith and devotion are known to you. The self-denial of one hundred years ago speaks to us to-night as we, the members of this Church, thank God for the twenty-five godly men and women who served God under the leadership of Robert Patterson.

First of all I welcome to-night the descendants of those men and women of God. We thank God for your contentment and for your good sense in retaining these homesteads, landmarks of one hundred years. May God give to you and to yours for many generations to come this heritage of home and church life.

REV. NATHANIEL McGIFFIN,

Present Pastor.

None the less warmly would I welcome all of the members of this church, some of whom are of two generations. All of you are proud of your church home. Many of you have known no other. Together with the grandchildren of the first twenty-five you have wrought, under God, this church and work.

I believe that it belongs to but few communities to enjoy the privilege of such a home of worship and such a congregation as we have here. We come to give God the glory.

I welcome to our beautiful town and to these memorial services of our beloved church your own Dr. Robinson and others who in former years enjoyed here a delightful church home. I think that many of you still consider that this is your church home. We welcome you to enjoy with us the privileges of this hour.

To-night we welcome those of you who perhaps are not members of our own denomination. I have no doubt it is a privilege for you to be here, and I am sure it is a privilege for us to welcome you, especially the pastors and members of our sister churches, who have in good Christian fellowship harmonized with our common purpose and no doubt rejoice with us to-night in the honor of our years. Together, I may say, we rejoice in the increasing liberality of our common theology and worship, in the glowing accord of the century past, and in the bright outlook for unity ahead. It is a privilege, I say, to welcome you.

In behalf of all of the congregation I welcome my predecessors, you men of God who in the years past have so ably and so faithfully led this flock in and out to find pasture.

I esteem it a privilege and congratulate myself that I have as my predecessors such a line of noble and godly men, who have given the truth to this people in the past. I account it a pleasure that it has been my privilege to sit as a member of Dr. Hudson's congregation in the old stone church at Clinton, New York. The presence of the Doctor here calls up associations that are dear to you all.

What they may say on these occasions will recall the victories of the past and the pleasant associations which you have had together in the service of the Master, and we extend a very cordial welcome to those former pastors of our church. I may not detain you longer. Together we rejoice in this century of service for God and together we turn to look at the past and then

to the future. That the future triumphs may be greater is our prayer.

Welcome to you all, to enjoy the services of this centennial anniversary.

SOLO—"A Dream of Paradise."..... W. J. Towne.

HYMN—"A Mighty Fortress Is Our God."

HISTORICAL ADDRESS—By Rev. Thomas H. Robinson, D. D.

> They that are delivered from the noise of archers in the places of drawing water, there shall they rehearse the righteous acts of the Lord, even the righteous acts toward the inhabitants of his villages in Israel.—Judges v. 11.

The ode from which these words have been taken formed a part of a triumphal song of victory that celebrated the overthrow of the hosts of Jabin and Sisera by the army of Israel. Chanted though it was many centuries ago in a far away land, it has its meanings for these later days. In the valleys of Palestine and the East, the watering places, the springs and the wells have ever been and are to this day regarded as objects of greatest value, as they were also points of fierce strife and conflict. The Bible abounds with references to the springs among the hills, and to wells that had been dug at great expense. Isaac was a great well digger, driven thereto by the necessities of his vast flocks. He would surely never forget that it was at a well that he first met the damsel fair to look upon, and drank from the pitcher in her hands, who but a little later left country, home and friends to walk with him until death parted them.

Towers were erected near these springs and wells to command and secure their possession. Parties of hostile tribes meeting at them came into instant collision. Thither, too, the natives of the hills and the wild marauders of the desert resorted to plunder the parties of travelers and merchants who came in search of water. Concealed banditti gathered near these watering places. It was dangerous often to encamp by them. Visitors would replenish their water-skins in all haste and hurry away. An Oriental traveler mentions a beautiful rill which falls into a large basin called by a name which translated reads—"Drink and

REV. THOS. H. ROBINSON, D. D.,
Son of the Church.

away"—from the peculiar danger of meeting there robbers and assassins.

The victory which Deborah celebrates in her song had not only routed a mighty army but had cleared the land of marauders and restored quiet and order. The inhabitants might now sit down unmolested at the places of drawing water. The noise of the archers would no longer be heard. It would be as safe to sit at the well as hundreds of years later it was for the weary Son of Man, our Divine Savior.

This little bit of history from the remote past has been repeated in all the generations to this day. It gives us a starting point for the services of this centennial commemoration. It is true of our grandsires that they too sought to find and build their homes near rills and streams and springs of water. They loved the places of drawing water. And though the early settlers along the beautiful shore of Lake Erie and amid these streams from the hills and the hundreds of clear, cool springs never feared the noise of archers or hidden foes, had they come hither half a hundred years sooner, they would have had the experience of their Palestine brethren of nearly four thousand years ago.

And many of them, could we have questioned them, could have told us tales rehearsed by their fathers in central Pennsylvania and elsewhere as thrilling as any from old Palestine. I have been up and down Cumberland valley and through the gaps of the Kittatiny Mountains hunting with an ancestral hunger for the homes, the churches, the church yards of the sturdy men and women from whom many of the founders of this church came, and I found them wellnigh universally close by some charming spring. The homes were there, the churches were there. Scores of them are in my memory. The very names of their churches to this day are fragrant with historic memories, Rocky Spring, Falling Spring, Middle Spring, Silver's Spring, LeFort Spring, Big Spring. Nor less are many of the homes of that valley, almost unequalled for its beauty, to this day remembered and held dear for the old spring that has quenched the thirst of generations. Around these springs in the earlier days was heard the "noise of the archers." The warwhoop of the prowling savage disturbed many a quiet home and broke the sacredness of many a worshipping congregation. The psalm

of the sanctuary was hushed by the shoutings of the stalwart men who sprung to the defense of their wives and children, seizing the muskets they had brought to the house of God.

But on these earlier days we need not dwell to-day. The fathers of a century ago who felled the forests and upturned the virgin sod of this smiling land were of a later and more peaceful time. The French and Indian wars had ceased. Two decades had passed since the flag of a foreign power had been lowered and the flag of an independent people and a new nation had been raised to the breeze to float on until this day and we trust for many centuries to come. It waved over three millions of people then; eighty millions are under its stars now.

We speak of an hundred years. They are but an hand breadth in the measurement of human history. The roots of what we are to-day lie deep in the soil of countries beyond the sea. We are not the offspring of yesterday only, nor of many yesterdays—not of one people, but of many peoples. We did not create ourselves nor are we the makers of our fortunes.

To-day is hardly a day for self-glorification. Let others sound our praises if they can, and not our own mouths. To-day we proclaim with united voice our indebtedness to the past. No individual begins his own work. Nor does he finish it. We enter into and carry on the labors of others, and into our tasks the new generation will come to do its part in the development of an eternal plan. We reap the fields our fathers cleared and sowed.

Of the fathers of the first quarter-of-the-century history let me speak to-day. It will be a theme large enough for the hour. We owe it to the men and women of that early time to keep alive the memory of the deeds they wrought, and to rehearse the virtues they illustrated in their noble lives. It may, perchance, stimulate some in this later and busy generation to revere and to imitate the stalwart character of the men and women who have gone before us. Some of you will I hope recall the inimitable story of Old Mortality written by Sir Walter Scott, one of the greatest of Scotchmen. With bonnet of blue, and with chisel and hammer, mounted on his old white nag, he rode from church yard to church yard, cleansing the lichen and the moss from forgotten tombstones, and cutting deeper in the marble the immortal names of ancestral sires who were buried there. Robert

JAMES DUNCAN,

Elder.

Patterson—and note he bore the name of the first pastor of this church—is the impersonation of that filial love that should animate every heart. We are but doing to-day the very task of that sturdy old covenanter, cleansing the lichen and the moss from the names of the worthy men and the no less noble women, who amid the hardships of a pioneer life laid sound and square the foundations of social and religious life one hundred years ago along this lake shore.

Whence came they? Who were they? What sort of men and women were they that we should recall them with gratefulness and pride?

Two main lines of immigration found their way into this region in the closing years of the eighteenth century and the opening years of the nineteenth. One was from moral, thrifty and intelligent New England, and her children who had settled for a time in the state of New York. The other was from central Pennsylvania. The former traced their ancestry back to English soil and birth; the latter were of Scotch and Scotch-Irish descent. A few came directly from the north of Ireland. Intermingled with these were some of other nationalities, but they were greatly in the minority. The names of the early settlers clearly show their ancestral origin.

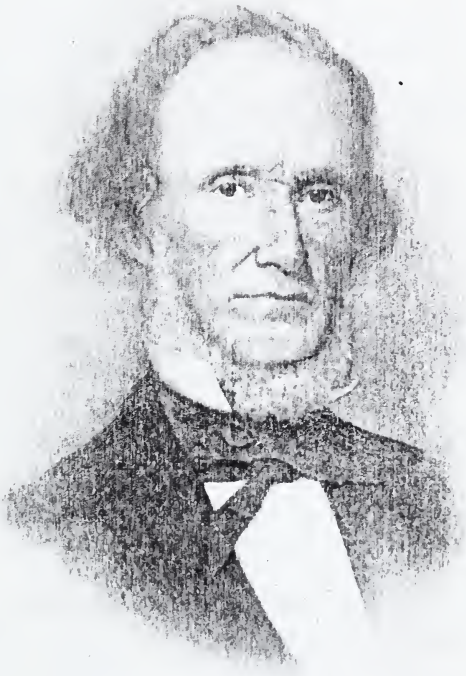
My own claim to a share in the congratulations of this centennial may be found in the fact that one of my grandsires came hither in the summer of 1797, and another came direct from the north of Ireland in 1802. And the grandfather of my wife, Mr. George Buehler, was in 1863 the proprietor of the celebrated McConkey House in Erie, in which the county of Erie was organized, and which was in the War of 1812 the headquarters of Commodore Perry. He was a member of the first town council and later, 1808 and 1809, a burgess of the borough. He too was a native of central Pennsylvania, but by descent a Moravian of German ancestry.

Upon the opening of this region to purchasers the new settlers poured in with great rapidity. Grants of land were offered to the first comers. Reports of the beauty and richness of the country along Lake Erie were widely circulated, and the prospect for thriving and happy homes drew men hither in large numbers. It was no light, gay trip to reach this promising eldorado. The New York and New England families came

from two to four hundred miles, and the households from central Pennsylvania four hundred. The trains by which they came were not christened as "the Cleveland Flyer" or "The Pittsburg Limited." No Pullman sleepers soothed the wearisomeness of their journeys. They came hither not at the rate of fifty or sixty miles an hour, day and night. Even a mile an hour was at times fair progress, and they were glad to stop and rest as the shadows of evening began to lengthen about them. The country through which they passed was not a sea of meadows and flowers, of smiling farms, villages with their church, and towns with manufactories. Much of their way was through densely wooded forests, with scarcely a trail to guide them.

In the spring of 1797 two young men, brothers-in-law and four years later Ruling Elders in the first Church Session of the first Presbyterian Church on the shores of Lake Erie, the church of Lower Greenfield, now North East, might have been seen, adjusting their saddle bags, mounting their horses, and leaving their homes, with good byes to their fair young wives, in the western part of one of the valleys along the Juniata. Near them were the wooded heights of the Kittatiny Mountains, close by were the ruins of an old fort into which their ancestors had often fled for safety, and the church where they had been baptized. They have left us no record of their long journey, and of their slow and perilous way to seek a new home for their children. They spent the summer here, selected and purchased their lands, reared small cabins for future use, sowed the seed for next year's harvest on a few cleared acres, and returned to the homes they had left. We can well imagine the wonder with which their families and neighbors listened to the story of their wild adventures, of what befell them in their journey, where they halted and built their camp fires, how they crossed the Alleghenies, how, too, they crossed the unbridged rivers on their way, and the scores of smaller streams, what bears and wolves and deer they saw, and how the fair land of their new home looked, the blue lake and the creeks beside which they were to live. They talked and talked the winter through, for they had been spies to see the goodly country and report. But there was something more than talk, for in the spring of 1798 another journey was undertaken. There was the mending of old wagons and the making of new ones. There was the getting

1825734



WILLIAM ANDREW ROBINSON,
Elder, 1830.

ready of horses and oxen, of ploughs and spinning wheels, a grinding of axes, a mustering of pans and pots and household furniture, the bagging of grains and beans and flour for the journey and the housekeeping until the new crops came in; the barreling of pork and beef, a few books of substantial sort—no light literature—and beyond all the Psalm-book and the Catechism and Confession of Faith—and the family Bible.

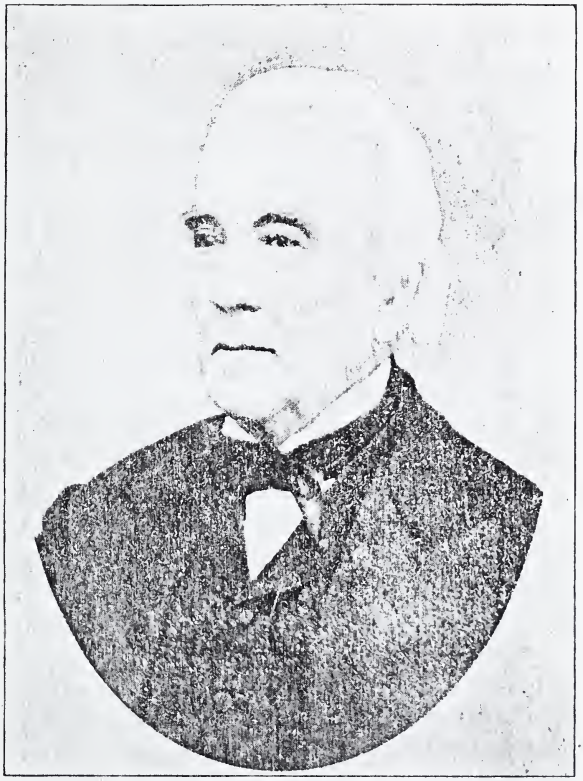
It was a small company, Joseph McCord and Elizabeth, his wife, with their two children, Eliza, subsequently the wife of Col. James Moorhead, Thomas Robinson and Mary McCord, his wife and two children, William A. and Hetty, and James McMahon with his wife and one child. Mr. McMahon and his family settled later near Westfield, New York. Their goods were sent by boats up the Allegheny to French Creek, and thence to LeBoeuf, the site of the famous fort of that name and the rest of the way in wagons over the wildest of roads to their destination. The three households came from Pittsburg by horseback. The children, then of tenderest age, were carried in the arms of their parents. The two boys brought hither in the arms of their fathers, in later years took the places in the Eldership of this church made vacant by death. In following years others came from the same region in central Pennsylvania, Moorheads, Blaines, Crawfords and many others.

Our fathers who came hither from New York and New England found it no easy and pleasant jaunt. The first stage route from Albany west was laid out in 1810 and reached Buffalo nearly twenty years after the first settlers began to fell the forests of this region. The journey from Buffalo hither was one of extreme difficulty. The swamps and bogs of Cattaraugus county were equalled only by those that imperilled the way of Bunyan's Pilgrim to the Heavenly country. Corduroy roads scarcely availed to keep the pilgrims to this Canaan from being submerged in unfathomable mud. Many came, as did some of my own ancestry, in small boats following the line of the lake shore and landing at the mouths of the creeks along the way. One of my own grandfathers landed direct from Ireland at the mouth of the Twelve Mile Creek and the other was one of the contractors for the first public road built from Erie to Buffalo.

The present generation and their children, surrounded as they are with the conveniencies and luxuries of to-day, may well

listen with wonder to the tales of the hardships and privations of the early settlers. More than thirty years ago I heard from the lips of one of the earliest settlers, a woman then of 86 years, her story of a journey she had made in 1813 from her home on the lake shore some four miles away to her old home in Lancaster county, accompanied only by her son of eleven years. The journey thither and return was made on horseback, a trip of nearly nine hundred miles.

The mode of living in their early forest homes was simple and rugged. My own memory, running back for nearly seventy years, began in the second quarter of the century of the history of this church, but my eyes saw the faces and my ears heard the voices of some of the good and brave men and women who dug and laid the foundations of what is now visible to every eye. It was done as every thing good and great is done, by hard work and self-sacrifice. They were not afraid of hard work. They believed in it. They kept it up all their lives long. Nor had they anything to say by way of complaint. It was a part, the chief part, of their religion and their philosophy, that to have the loving fear of God in their hearts, to love their fellow men and to keep their hands busy for useful ends, was the essence of highest happiness. The great majority of them were farmers. It was serving God, who led them hither, as surely as He led Israel of old to the hills and vales of Palestine, for them to fell the big trees and burn the huge log heaps, to build their cabins for family prayers and get ready for the good time coming. It is a matter of history that when William Dickson, an early Ruling Elder and the father of my school mate, Rev. Dr. Cyrus Dickson, came, the neighbors helped him to build a log cabin that was without board or nail or bit of iron in its construction, and with a fireplace reaching from wall to wall. It was as good as any of his neighbors had. There was no multiplication of parlors and halls and dining rooms, of chambers and closets and libraries, of smoking rooms and kitchens and verandas. At first the floors were nature's own, for it took time to build along the streams the saw mills and grist mills and fulling mills of a later day. The ceilings were guileless of plaster and stucco and the windows of damask and lace. Sofas and sideboards were not to be seen. The family silver and plate was no temptation for thieves. Coming so far they could bring but



HARMON ENSIGN,

Elder, 1834.

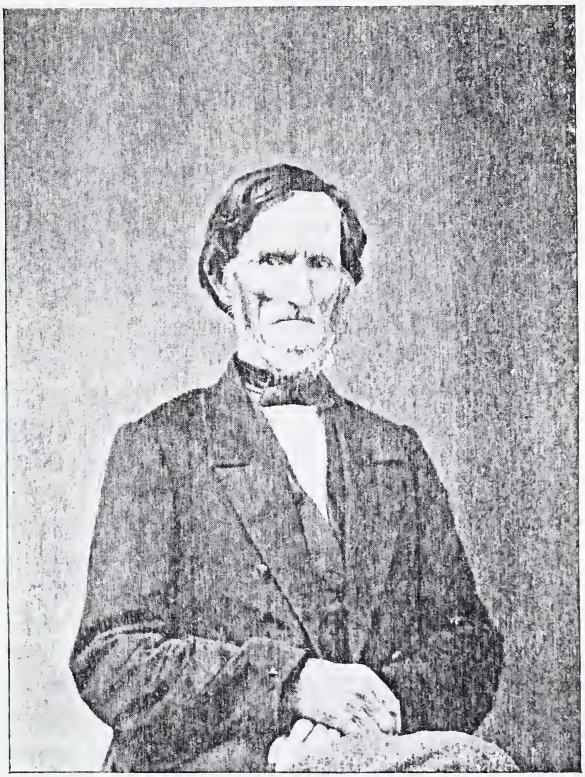
little with them, though it is written that the largest of the "Old Pennsylvania Wagons" would carry one hundred barrels of flour.

No silver knobs graced their doors; no engraved plate informed the passer-by who was the lord of the primitive mansion. The latchstring hung out a welcome to all. The hearths of their fire-places were ample and broad, and the large-throated chimneys welcomed the blaze of the hickory and maple. Their chairs were the primitive stool and bench, unless they had been able to bring from the old homes something of better fashion. They were a social people, though living on farms often miles apart. When on a winter's evening the friends and neighbors gathered and sat around the old broad fireplace, with its huge back log of hickory all ablaze and crackling, and the hosts of the evening brought out the pitcher of cider, the pumpkin pie, and the plates of apples and nuts, and they talked of their clearings and crops, their spinning and weaving, the mothers with knitting work in their hands, or recalled the earlier days of the Revolution, of the old New England and central Pennsylvania homes and neighbors, the children playing about the room, or listening with eager eyes and open mouth, we have, I think, a vision of social life, the like of which few of us have ever seen, or will ever see. They were happy times, for the men and women who settled here an hundred years ago were loving and sympathizing and lived in sweet harmony and fellowship. They helped and were helped in turn in the spirit of brotherhood, erecting their cabins and barns, cutting down their forests, reaping their fields, husking their corn, and doing many another work in friendly aid. They were up in the morning with the sun or before it. The men and boys out in the fields, the mothers and daughters, when the early breakfast was over, spinning the wool, carding the flax, singing the hymns to God or patriotic songs or love songs brought across the water, weaving the linen for trousers and white table spreads—noble women, noble mothers were they. They had few of the things our later civilization has brought—pianos, square, upright and grand, Brussels and Axminster carpets, sideboards, and an hundred things now so necessary. But they had the open arms of nature around them, the smell from the meadows of the new-mown grass, the fragrance of the pines and hemlocks from the woods nearby, the scent of the clover,

and the blooming apple trees, they heard the lowing of the kine, the songs of birds and brooks, the murmuring swish of the waves along the shore of the lake, and that grandest music man may hear, the roar of the deep woods when the storm was up. Did they love nature? Did they hear its hymns and see its glories of spring, and its brighter glories of frosty autumn and whitened winter? Of course they did. They were an intelligent people, thoughtful and observing. They read the Bible, psalms of nature and of God's handiwork in sky and on land. One of the Ruling Elders of this church, who joined the Eldership on high thirty years ago, testified that the happiest years ever known along the sands of this blue lake near by were when the homes were all log cabins and the people for miles were all neighbors. The manners of the people were simple, open and hearty. Plainly dressed they were to be sure, the fathers and sons in the best of homespun. It was an age of homespun. The indolent, weak-minded and nerveless were not the class of men that were likely to undertake the enterprises that brought our fathers here. It required fortitude and courage and resolute wills to face the hardships of a pioneer life. Money was scarce. The products of the forest and the soil were a substitute for legal tender. A cord of bark or of wood would buy a pair of shoes. A bushel of wheat was equivalent to a day's work in the harvest field.

They had no daily papers nor daily mail. Slowly came the mail-boy on horseback, then the stage coach with crack of whip and sounding horn, to be followed at last by the "fast mail" screaming along its rails of steel.

Quickly after the building of homes came the log school houses. A huge fireplace occupied one end of the interior and the teacher's table the other. Writing desks, in unbroken lines, extended along the sides and in front of them rough benches of slabs without backs. Goose quills and homemade ink were furnished from the home. Books were few and plain, the Bible, a spelling book, Pike's or Daboll's Arithmetic, an English reader, mayhap a geography. A capacity to keep order was one of the main qualities of a good teacher. The birchen twig and the ferrule were the insignia of office and the implements of law. Nor was school law confined wholly to the school-room. The scholar was under the jurisdiction of the teacher from the time he left the parental roof until he returned. While going to and



DR. JAMES SMEDLEY,

Elder, 1834.

from school he was on his good behavior, and if he chanced to meet a traveler by the way he was required to remove his hat in token of respect. Courtesy and obedience were primal laws of that early time. They were on the statute book still in the days of the next generation. The teaching, too, was generally as thorough as the discipline. What was taught was well taught. The schools were maintained without state help. School masters were few and untrained. They were taken out of the homes. Young men who followed the plough in summer were the pedagogues of the winter.

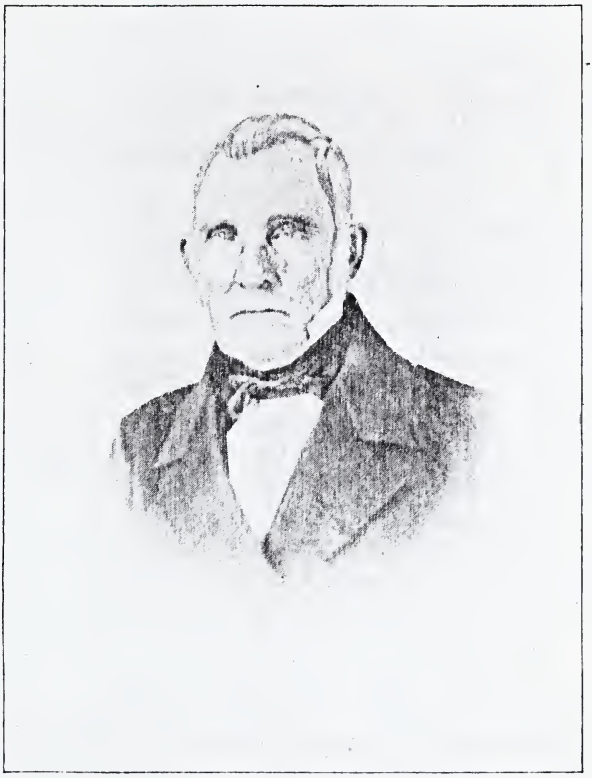
With the school came the church. To our grandsires education and religion were alike necessities. There was not at the time our fathers came hither a church or an organized congregation of Christian believers within an hundred miles. They brought thrift, civilization, and godliness with them. As in New Testament times, the church was in the house. Meetings were held in dwellings, in barns, in school houses, or under some spreading beeches and shady maples. Missionaries came as occasional supplies, but their visits were few and very irregular. At length came the rude log churches and preaching, song and sacrament. Organs and quartet choirs were unheard of. Solos were unknown. The singing master had not yet appeared. Hymnbooks were scarce. The Psalms were lined out by a leader who stood by the preacher's desk. There was no affectation of seriousness, no putting on of any religious airs. The services were free from all mannerisms. Some of us might say there was too little of the manner and forms of worship. The people universally stood at prayers, for they believed that was the Biblical way. The prayers were usually of good length and the sermons much longer. Their length was not criticized; their orthodoxy was a fair subject for debate. The people came to church to hear and learn. They had a digestion for strong meat and for a good supply of it. The pulpit was their teacher and the old log church their school-room. The pastor was expected to be an oracle and leader, the man of learning for the community. They had but few books in their homes, no light literature, but solid, substantial matter that would bear frequent re-reading. Nothing was dull to them that had matter and orthodoxy in it. They were ready for deep thought and spiritual digestion. Two things were great in the eyes of our fathers,

education and religion, and they were willing to pay for them by close living, hard work, and serious thinking. The muscles of their outward man were no tougher than those of the inward man.

For want of church buildings and preachers they at first held meetings for worship, prayer and singing and the reading of a sermon by some sound divine of the past. Later when missionary preachers visited them they met in dwelling houses, school houses, barns, shady groves. When their log churches appeared the people would travel many miles and many hours, rising at early daybreak, coming not in any stylish equipages, but on foot, on horseback, man and wife, brother and sister on the same animal, in lumbering wagons large enough for their large households, ploughing through the mud of spring and fall, wallowing their way in winter time on oxsleds through the deep or drifting snows, that they might together worship the God of their fathers. Mothers brought their babies. Often no one was left to keep house.

The earliest churches were never warmed in the coldest winters. The great stone chimney and ample fireplace were necessary for the farm house, but for a meeting house they were unessential and inappropriate, savoring of sinful luxury. If the preacher spoke through the frosty air in his great coat and thick gloves while the blasts of winter howled without, so also were there great coats and mittens and moccasins and foot stoves for a few of the mothers in the listening congregation. In the interval between the sermons, they ate their lunch, looked after their horses, discussed the sermon, talked of the crops, greeted friends and relatives from miles away, and when the second service was over wended their way homeward with something to think of in their brains and to be glad of in their hearts.

As we look back it may seem to us there was too much rigor in their piety and too little gentleness in their lives. Their Christian graces seem solid rather than beautiful, to possess less of grace than of strength. The memories of my boyhood recall some of the lingering sires and dames of that early day. I shall never forget the stately bearing of John McCord one of the first Elders, the dignity of Judge Baldwin, the winsome grace of some of the grandmothers, and one who knew him well told



WILLIAM DICKSON,

Elder, 1837.

Father of Rev. Cyrus Dickson, D. D.

me of another of the earliest Elders that he was the most courteous and gentlemanly man she had ever known.

We have been speaking mainly of what the founders of this church did and whence they came and only incidentally of what they were. They were a hardy, intelligent and noble race of men. You need not go into the old burial places and look about for tall monuments and titled names. The epitaphs on their lowly head stones displayed no eulogies. They were simply honest, worthy men and women, who unconsciously laid the good and strong foundations for coming years.

I have said that two streams of population sought this region in the early days. They were the men and women who had been born and educated in New England and in the central parts of Pennsylvania. The New Englanders were Puritans in blood, Puritans in their principles and habits, and originally English in their descent. They were Congregationalists mainly in their church polity. They had inherited the stern Calvinism of their ancestors and were for the most part men who feared God and trusted in Him, men who revered the Sabbath and the Sanctuary, the Bible and God's ministers, and taught their children to walk in their steps. They were a reading and thinking people. They believed in mind as they did in God. Their religion was the choice of free, thoughtful minds. They lined the memories of their children with Catechism and Bible truths as conscientiously as they covered their bodies with coats of wool and tow. They were staunch in character, temperate, frugal, religious.

As they came hither they met the men and women from central Pennsylvania, the descendants of the Covenanters and the martyrs of olden times in Ireland and Scotland. Men they were of like type, trained in stern schools, with like memories of revolutionary sires and of battles for religious freedom. They, too, were the Lord's freemen. They held to the book their mothers read. They believed that "the chief end of man was to glorify God." They never thought of doing anything heroic or divinely great, or of making splendid history for coming generations to read. I don't think they looked far into the future. It has been even impossible to learn what was the names of some of them. It does not matter, we should be none the wiser if we could name them and they themselves none the more honorable. Enough that they were kings and queens of a good old time gone

by, when farmers gave good measure for their wheat, and millers took honest toll of the rye, when social manners and customs were beautified by simplicity, and piety was deep and true.

I do not mean to say that they were all saints, nor that any of them were stainless in their lives. I mean only to say that they met, here in the wilderness—New England Puritan and Scotch-Irish Presbyterian, clasped hands as brothers, and determined by close living and hard work, by building schools and churches, by maintaining order and honesty and exalting God and religion to make this a happy place for Christian homes. They did not fail. The victory was won.

It was no holiday task, for I now tell you, that with our grandsires other and rougher and more lawless settlers came, some who had no religion to bring, some who lost all their piety on the rough journey hither. They loved a free and border life, where every man should be a law unto himself. There were some who neither feared God nor regarded man. It took time to subdue the savage spirits of men who had left other places to get free from the restraints of law and morals. It took time and hard struggles (so I have learned from one who was nearer the period of conflict) to make righteousness the law of daily life and to lead men to see that virtue is beautiful and God is to be feared. It is due mainly, under God, to the men and women who planted this church one hundred years ago and who nourished it with marvellous love and self-sacrifice that the lawlessness and barbarism which came hither in the earliest times were conquered and the spirit of Christianity took the throne. I would that I were able to picture an event that took place close by where we now are on September 27, 1801. It was a great day, the birth-day of this church, awaited, heralded and prepared for. Missionary preachers had been sent from near Pittsburg as early as 1797 and 1798 on tours of visitation to the scattered settlements north of Pittsburg and the Ohio River. They came into this region seeking their brethren in the wilderness. In 1801 the Rev. Elisha McCurdy, who may justly be called the Father of Presbyterianism on the lake shore, was sent hither, accompanied by his famous Praying Elder, Philip Jackson, and three brother ministers, James Satterfield, William Wick, and Abraham Boyd, to preach and organize

churches. The news of their coming was sent everywhere, and from near and far the people came to greet them. On the 27th of September they met in a grove of forest trees on the farm of William Dundass, a few hundred rods west of the place where we are now gathered, and near the little stream beside which the parsonage of this church stands, a congregation of three hundred people. It was a marvellous assembly for this thinly settled region, but they were hungering for the word of God, for the Sacraments of His House, and for a church organization, and they counted not the miles of their journey. At that service held under the shade of oaks and maples, this church was organized, the first of the Presbyterian order, and it is believed of any other, on the shores of Lake Erie. About forty persons participated in that first communion service, of whom twenty-five pledged themselves to be true and loyal servants of their Divine Lord and to keep this fair land for Him and for His Kingdom. This number united in the organization of this church.

Most of them were young men and their wives in their early manhood and womanhood. Some of them entered other churches that were soon organized nearer their homes. It is impossible to give the names of all the twenty-five who formed the first organization of this church. Two brothers, Joseph and John McCord, and their brother-in-law, Thomas Robinson, formed the first Board of Elders. Their wives were also in that first band. With them were Thomas Moorhead and wife, Judah Colt and wife, Mr. Colt uniting upon the profession of his faith, William Dundass and wife, James McMahon and wife, Robert Hampson and wife, Alexander T. Blaine and wife, Seth Loomis and wife, Timothy Tuttle and wife, Mrs. Jacks, Mrs. Brawley, and others of the Stewart, Shadduck, Wilson, Burras, Gallagher, and Lowry families. A few of these may only have shared in the first Sacrament, but not in the church organization.

During the first quarter of the century's life of this church many new families came into its membership and took part in its strenuous and noble history. I mention a few names that were familiar to my boyhood, some of whose descendants still are connected with the church:

Baldwin, Crawford, Culbertson, Dickson, Duncan, Ensign, Hall, Mellen, MacIntosh, Nettleton, Orton, Smedley, Selkregg, Milliken, Silliman.

We have been thinking of the men and the women of the earliest days of this church. Unconscious heroes and heroines were they, and the more so because they were unconscious that the Providence above them was shaping all their doings to the issues of to-day. No grand schemes had they for themselves or their children, for the state or for the dear Kingdom of Christ. They were working quietly and patiently at the root of things, seeking no praise of men, families of righteous men they were laying the sacred beginnings of Christian homes, planting the seeds of civil order and nursing the germs of religious liberty in the hard grindings of practical life, standing as they could for faith and duty. Let us uncover our heads in grateful memory of what they were and what they did. Down the stream of time they have sent to us a gracious heritage. We are the heirs of what they won with no light struggle and contest. They lived for us. Their successes are our possession. Their courage and patience made this a goodly land for us. Let us enter into their labors. Let us enter into sympathy with them as in those lowlier, harder times they trod the path to God. And let us see to it that we pay over with large interest to the coming generations the goodly things we have received from the men and women who have helped each other, and served their God and ours.

HYMN—"A Mighty Fortress is Our God."

PRAYER AND BENEDICTION—By Rev. William Grassie.

Almighty God, our heavenly Father, we look to Thee this hour with thankfulness for all the goodness and mercy with which Thou hast followed this Thy people in the hundred years that have gone by. We praise the Lord for the existence and the continuance of this local church of Christ, for the faith and self-denial, the energy and persistence of the fathers and mothers that unto God were the seed of this church, for the holy men of God that preached and sought their way through the wilderness wherever they might find the people scattered in their homes and gathered them together as followers of the Lord.

God bless this church. We thank Thee for its faithfulness, for the revival seasons that have greatly augmented its numbers

OSEE SELKREGG,

Elder, 1843.

and increased its spiritual force. The Lord God remain in it, and dwell in it by His Holy Spirit, and bless the truth that is preached, and O God, we pray that at the beginning of another century of Christian work these men and women who are now members of the church and bearing the burdens and heat of this day may be undergirded with the might of God, and take to themselves new heart, new faith, new courage, and with consecration such as the holy spirit of God gives to men and women, go on making themselves a power unto God in this community. We commend them to Thee, the word of Thy grace.

We thank Thee, Lord, for this history and unfolding of the life of the church and we pray that these men and women and children who live at the end if one century and the beginning of another, may go forward and be a part of the church of God, may be a power for good in the land. We ask it in Jesus' name.

AMEN.

BENEDICTION—

And, now may grace, mercy and peace from God, the Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ our Saviour be with each of us now and forever. AMEN.

ORGAN—

The following discourse was given in 1877 by the Rev. J. T. Oxtoby, who was at that time pastor of the Church, and has been deemed eminently worthy of re-publication in this permanent form:

A HISTORICAL DISCOURSE CONCERNING THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF NORTH EAST PA.

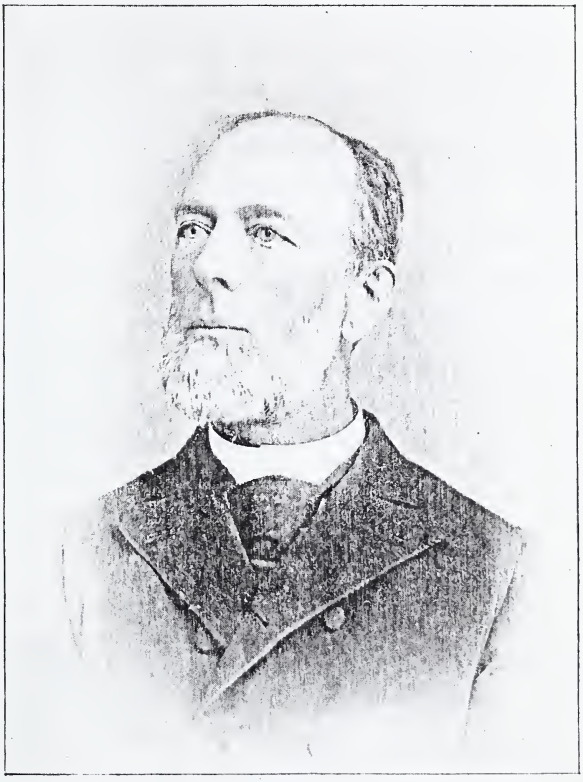
By Rev. J. T. Oxtoby.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America, at its meeting in Cleveland, in May, 1875, adopted a resolution urging the pastor of each of the churches under its care "to deliver a discourse on the history of his church," during the Centennial year of 1876. In accordance with that resolution I have taken a hurried review of the prominent history of the First Presbyterian Church of North East, Pennsylvania.

At the close of the Revolution, New York and Massachusetts both claimed sovereignty over this region of country. New York based her claim on her charter from the Duke of York, afterwards James II., and upon her alliance with the Six Nations. Massachusetts claimed that her charter projected her west line all the way to the Pacific. March 1st, 1781, New York surrendered to the Federal Government all lands lying west of a meridian line extending through the most westerly bent of Lake Ontario, providing said line should not be less than twenty miles from the most westerly part of the strait or river of Niagara. As the claim was surrendered for the common benefit of all the states, to pay the national debt incurred by the war, Massachusetts also, April 19, 1785, gave up her claim. Thus what is now known as the triangle come under the proprietorship of the United States.

In 1788, Pennsylvania began negotiations for the purchase of the triangle. Gen. William Irvine, then representing this district in Congress, was prominent in securing it, that his state might have a harbor on Lake Erie.

On the 3d of March, 1792, the triangle was purchased from the United States by Pennsylvania, and not from New York, as some have been led to believe. The price paid was seventy-five cents an acre. As there were 202,187 acres, the entire cost was $151,640.25. Then, this was Allegheny County and Greenfield Township. In accordance with the policy of the Penns, ever



REV. JOHN T. OXTOBY, D. D.,

1870 to 1880.

pursued by this state, the Indians were given about $3,000 for rights they claimed to the soil.

While the lands on both sides of it, in New York and in Ohio, were being rapidly settled and improved, the triangle was seriously retarded not only by the disturbed state of the frontier, but by serious and bitter litigation, lasting for years. The Population Company could give no titles to land as long as the state held a lien for monies unpaid. Settlers began to move in about 1795; but it was ten years later, or 1805, before the legal strife fully cleared away, under the decision of Chief Justice Marshall, confirming the Population Company in their claims. Several of the early settlers bought their lands twice; first from the previous settlers, and afterwards from the Population Company.

On Sunday, July 2d, 1797, was held at Colt's Station the first religious service in what is now Erie County. Thirty or forty persons were in attendance, and one of Dr. Blair's sermons was read from I. Cor. 14:4: "Let All Things Be Done Decently and in Order." A good subject for a new colony.

Among the early settlers in this region was Wm. Dundass, a ruling elder of the Presbyterian Church from Ireland. His house was situated near where the parsonage of this church now stands. Mr. Dundass, in company with Mr. Lowry and Mr. Campbell, held religious meetings, both in the open air and in private houses. Often the people gathered at his house for prayer, and for reading the scriptures, and sermons out of books. Mrs. Robert McNeill tells me she remembers having been present at some of these meetings. Thus church history, in Erie County, begins in the bounds of this church.

Rev. Messrs. Elisha McCurdy, and Joseph Stockton came twice to Erie County, in 1799, on missionary tours. They were sent by the Presbyteries of Ohio and of Redstone, and met with a cordial reception. One of the facts indisputable that gild our church history with glory unfading is, that as soon as a tent was pitched an altar was erected. Not many log cabins were up before a log church was built. The people brought the church with them.

March 12th, 1800, Erie County was erected as a separate county. In 1801 Rev. E. McCurdy was sent back on a second mission by the Presbytery of Ohio, now called the Presbytery of

Pittsburgh, to preach and organize churches, accompanied by Philip Jackson, who was known as the "Praying Elder."

During this visit, the churches of upper Greenfield, afterwards known as Middlebrook, and of lower Greenfield, now known as North East, were organized. So that the first Presbyterian Church of North East is the oldest existing church in Erie County. Next comes the Presbyterian Church of Fairview.

Mr. Judah Colt says:—"On Sabbath, September 27th, 1801, the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was first administered in this county, on the plantation then occupied by Mr. Dundass, and a congregation of 300 assembled; about 40 communed. Ministers present: Revs. McCurdy, Satterfield, Wick, and Boyd. Services over they adjourned to the residence of Mr. John McCord and came together on Monday to hear preaching."

This communion was held in the woods somewhere near the residence of the late Col. Gould, and this church was organized then and there. It is not surprising that Judah Colt remembered that sacramental occasion. On the day previous he had talked with Mr. McCurdy about joining the church, but the way was not plain before him. This communion was held in the open air. As the occupants of one table dispersed, Mr. Colt felt that he must join the church just then. So a meeting of the session was called, and Mr. Colt was received into membership, and at once sat down at the table of the Lord. This is one of the most striking incidents in the history of the Presbyterian Church of North East. It is mentioned in Dr. Elliot's "Life of McCurdy," and was testified to by many of the older members. Rev. Dr. Orton bore witness to me of its truth. Mr. Colt afterwards became an active and honored elder in the First Presbyterian Church of Erie.

Social affairs at that time are pictured by the following incident:—When Thomas Moorhead and Jane, his wife, were at the meeting to organize the church in 1801, a party of Indians, traveling along, stopped at their house to rest and take refreshment. Such things were common in those days, and did not terrify the children. Penn's equitable treatment of the Indians had its effect from Philadelphia to Lake Erie. Macauley's injustice to Penn is rendered more glaring by such a fact. After a time the Indians set out their dinner, consisting of jerked ven-

ison, as a sort of bread, and bear meat. But when they drew their huge knives out of their belts, the children became frightened and fled to the barn for a while. Col. James Moorhead, as one of those children, very naturally has a distinct recollection of the incident. He was then eight years old. In 1817 he established in Moorheadville the first Sabbath school ever held in Erie County, Pa. April 13th, 1802, the Presbytery of Erie was organized. In June, 1802, Rev. Robert Patterson accepted calls to the churches of upper and lower Greenfield (Middlebrook and North East) for two-thirds of his time, at a salary of two hundred dollars. The other third of his time was to be spent in missionary work. Mr. Patterson was a student of theology under Dr. McMillan, of Cannonsburg, Pa. September 1st, 1803, he was ordained and installed pastor. The ordination took place at John McCord's bark house, on what is now the farm of Samson Short, Rev. Mr. Badger preaching the sermon, and Rev. Messrs. Tait and Stockton giving the right hand of fellowship, and this was followed by preaching for three or four successive days.

Our church history naturally groups itself about the three edifices in which the congregation has gathered. I shall therefore divide the subject into the log church, the frame church, and the brick church.

1.—The Log Church. This was built in 1805. It was about thirty feet long by twenty wide, made of plain logs, hewed smooth on the inside, filled in with sticks, and daubed with mortar. The front was on the south; the entrance was on the west, and the high pulpit was on the north side. It was located in the midst of our present beautiful cemetery; the Robinson family monument is on a portion of the site. Five acres of land was the amount originally set off for the property of the church. In this building no fire was ever made; but after the school house was built adjoining and a door was cut through from the church, on extremely cold days some of the people used to go in there to get warmed. Some of the women carried foot-stoves into the church, and many warm bricks and soap-stones served to keep off the chills. The seats were portable, and there were no sheds for horses; but as the woods were thick and warm, there was no urgent necessity for them.

Rev. Robert Patterson as the first pastor found twenty-five members in the church. Yet the congregations were large, as

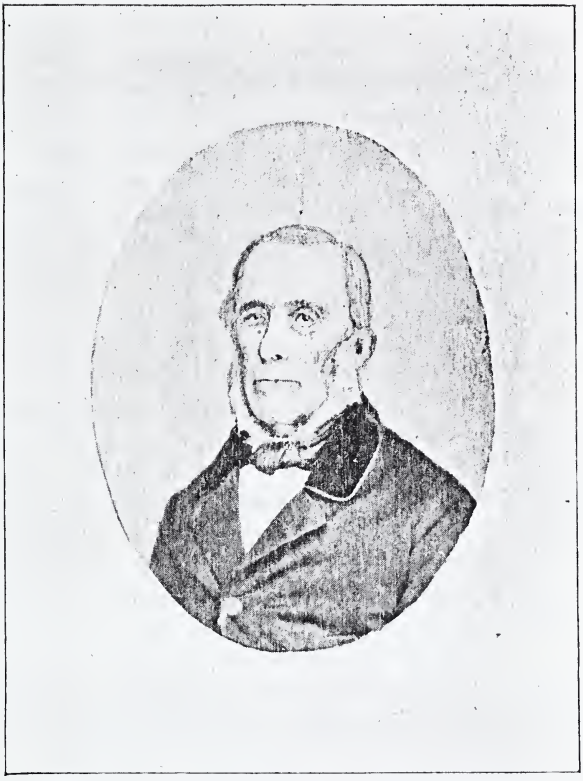
the people came from all the region round about, and the settlement was chiefly Presbyterian. Mr. Patterson at first boarded with John McCord; then lived at the mouth of Twelve-Mile Creek; then kept house in a part of the dwelling of Mr. William Wilson, and then lived on the old Whitehill place. Often the services were held in the woods, so large were the congregations. Communion was served from tables in the aisles, sometimes held in the woods. Tokens were given to all the communicants, being a piece of lead with or without initials.

Wm. McCord tells me that one day, while Mr. McCurdy was preaching in the log church, one man was taken with what was then called "The Power" and fell down, weeping and praying, and became stiff and rigid as death for a time. Such things were not at that time infrequent. Banns of marriage used to be published in the log church, so that the people had due notice and an opportunity to object or to approve. A snake three feet long was discovered after services had begun one Sabbath, lying at ease on one of the logs on the side of the church. The men soon clubbed it to death and threw it out of doors.

Services were quite lengthy in those days. Preaching would last two hours or more. During intermission of an hour the people would take lunch and some of the old people still remember the wintergreen or mountain tea, and the huckleberries that were then so abundant about the log church. Then they went back to hear a second sermon of at least an hour and a half long. Sometimes three or four went to "meeting" on one horse. And the old people insist that there was a great deal more sleighing in those days than we have now, partly on account of the dense woods.

The first elders were John McCord, Joseph McCord, and Thomas Robinson. All of the names of the first members I am not able to obtain. Here are some of them:—McCord, Moorhead, Robinson, Brawley, Lowry, Jacks, Stewart, Loomis, Shadduck, Gallaher, Cochran. Most of these names are still found in this church.

The greater portion of the original members were of Scotch-Irish descent, coming here from the regions of the Susquehanna River. Old Mr. Hunter, grandfather of John Silliman, and Daniel Wilson came from French Creek, ten miles distant, and many came from Colt's station, seven miles away, and were quite



FREDERICK ENSIGN,

Elder, 1843.

regular in attendance. Our beautiful cemetery is the continuation and outgrowth of the cemetery in the rear of the log church. The first grave was that of Miss Sarah McCord, sister of William and Joseph, who are yet with us in the flesh. The second grave was that of Hugh Crawford, brother of Robert, of our town. Col. James Moorhead was one of the first directors of that Presbyterian cemetery. April 15th, 1852, the North-East cemetery was incorporated. Twelve acres and a half were added to the five belonging to the Presbyterian burying ground.

April 12th, 1807, Mr. Patterson resigned the charge of this church. His reason assigned to Presbytery, was "insufficient salary, so that I have neither leisure nor due composure to engage in that reading, meditation, and study which are necessary to a faithful and profitable discharge of ministerial duties." Of the people he said: "I have found them respectful, obliging, and friendly; and though the dispensation of the Gospel and its ordinances have not been attended by any remarkable success, yet we are not without some encouragement and dawnings of hope." He left the church with forty members.

This church was certainly nourished in its infancy by good preachers. McCurdy and Stockton were men of mark in church and educational circles. Stockton was the author of the "Western Calculator." Patterson was a tutor in the University of Pennsylvania for five years, and also had charge afterwards of the Pittsburgh Academy, now the Western University. Tait was considered one of the best preachers of that time, and he was a frequent and welcome visitor to the log church.

From the resignation of Mr. Patterson the church had no permanent minister until 1812, when Rev. John McPherrin supplied the church for six months. Of Mr. McPherrin the following is related: A young man wanted to marry his daughter, and she had agreed to be his wife. The father was inexorably opposed to the match, and threatened to prosecute any one who would perform the wedding ceremony. Late one night a couple presented themselves to be married at the door of his residence. They were in great haste, it was said, and so he married from the window. When all was over he discovered that he had married his own daughter to the man he so much disliked. Mr. McPherrin thereupon declared that thereafter he would marry no one without first publishing the banns. He adhered to this rule, to the discomfort of several couples in his congregation.

During Mr. McPherrin's labors a communion service was held in the open air. Just in the midst of it rain was much threatened, and public prayer was offered that it might be averted, and there was no rain until the congregation had reached their homes. This incident of our early history is well authenticated.

After leaving this church Mr. McPherrin went to Butler, where he was pastor from April 7th, 1813, to the day of his death, February 10, 1822. His memory is greatly revered in Butler as an evangelical laborer in the cause of Christ. Hon. Walter Lowrie, who left the United States Senate to become the first honored and efficient secretary of our Board of Foreign Missions, married one of his daughters.

It is certainly a striking coincidence that this church should have one of its sons, Rev. Cyrus Dickson, D. D., the secretary of the Board of Home Missions, and the grandson of one of its ministers, Rev. John C. Lowrie, D. D., as the secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions.

Rev. Johnston Eaton preached in 1815-16 to this congregation one-third of the time. He was living in Fairview and was giving to that church a portion of his time. Of Mr. Eaton I need only say that he was pastor of the Fairview Church for forty years, and was one of the chief pioneer pastors of this lake region. Faithful to Christ, his family follow in his footsteps.

The log church enjoyed a most precious revival in 1818. Rev. Phineas Camp, an Evangelist, who spent most of his life in revival work and died in the triumphs of the Gospel, conducted the meetings. Not only were the members fired with a new life and zeal, but twenty members were added to the church.

This was about the close of services in the log church, and it was the crowning blessing; the approving smile of the Master; a fitting seal and end to the devotions held in the first church of the fathers reared for the worship of the Lord.

Glad, indeed must have been the hearts of the people of God. In seventeen years they had only had two pastors, serving seven years; and only one that had lived among them. Ten years out of seventeen they were dependent on supplies; yet they faithfully clung to the services of religion. Whenever they could, they had a minister; when they could not secure one they read sermons or held prayer meetings. As the filling of the Jewish Temple

Old White Church in the Park.

1820 to 1860

with the cloud, must this ingathering of souls and refreshing of hearts have seemed to that congregation. Considering the privations and hardships of the people, that log church must be regarded as a monument to the piety and liberality of the early settlers of North East township.

Turn we now to the second church building.

II. The Frame Church. In 1818 began the project of erecting a new church building. As usual, the first question was concerning the location. The old site had become endeared to many; sinners had been converted; Christians had enjoyed many delightful hours, and then the dead were buried near the old church. We are assured that there was a great deal of feeling on the subject. The village was becoming quite a place, for that time; now it would seem strange to see Main street dotted with log houses at long intervals, and the intervening spaces filled with girdled trees.

However, it was decided by a majority of one, to leave the old site on Cemetery Hill, and build a church in the village.

Mr. Colt had laid the town out about 1801, and called it Gibsonville, after his friend Gibson, who was a large owner of the town lots, and gave the land at present occupied as the park: on the Map of 1825 the town was called Burget Town, and the name was changed to North East in 1834. The project of erecting a new Presbyterian Church was agitated as soon as 1818, almost as soon as the town was settled to any considerable degree.

From 1818 to 1822, the work went forward, as the means were furnished by the subscribers. The manner of building is of interest, as showing the state of society and the method of doing business in that time. I have given a careful study to the subscriptions to that church building, for they are still in a good state of preservation. Very few of them were made or paid in money. Lumber and labor are the chief items, while grain, flour, nails, and so on, figure prominently. Even whiskey was given in one or two instances, for it was then readily convertible into money, and was used by the majority. Mr. Judd was the builder. It was put up, not by contract, but by days' work. As lumber was abundant, and freely given, a great deal of it was used; enough, it is said, to build two or three such churches.

The frame church stood in the center of the present park, and the front and entrance was on the south. In it there were both

pews and slips; a pew was a sort of family box, having seats on at least three sides, and the corner ones having seats on four sides. A slip was a straight seat, such as are now exclusively found in most churches.

At the time of its erection, the frame church was believed to be the best edifice of its kind this side of Pittsburg. Many people came from a distance to see it as a model of most excellent building. During the "raising," the women of the church provided dinners for all who aided. Long tables were set out on the common, and for more than a week all were bountifully supplied. In contrast with the rest of the town, the church edifice was a great ornament. In seating capacity, including the gallery, there was as much room, if not more, as in any edifice ever put up in this borough. This is beyond dispute: that in each of the three buildings in which the Presbyterians of North East have worshipped, they have shown a commendable desire to have the best for the service of the Lord.

The first regular preacher in the frame church was Rev. Judah Ely, a licentiate of the presbytery of Buffalo. He remained six months of the year 1823, filling the pulpit half of the time.

In 1824 came Rev. Giles Doolittle, who was ordained and installed April 15, 1825, and became the first *pastor* of the frame church. Then the church numbered sixty-eight members. John McCord and Thomas Robinson were still the elders. It is noteworthy that of the original elders of this church, John McCord served thirty-seven years, and Thomas Robinson twenty-nine. Much of the harmony and efficiency of the organization is doubtless to be ascribed to this fact.

Of the members on the roll of 1825, I believe the following are the only survivors: Col. James Moorhead, Mrs. Nancy Crawford, William Duncan, Mrs. Sophonia Baldwin, and Mrs. Nancy Robinson.

February 2d, 1827, the sesssion received its first accession, for on that day James Duncan and Wm. Dickson were ordained and installed elders, in the presence of a great congregation. For twenty-six years there had been no addition to the members of session.

September 9, 1829, the "First Presbyterian Congregation of North East Township" was chartered by the justices of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. First trustees: Wm. Doolittle,

Nathaniel Norris, Wm. H. McCord, Wm. McCord, and Robert Hampson.

For five years Mr. Doolittle gave half of his pastoral labors to Ripley, but for the remaining two years and five months he gave all his time to North East.

In 1831 W. A. Robinson was ordained and installed an elder, to take the place vacated by the death of his father.

Mr. Doolittle's labors were greatly blessed in this church. Several revivals of religion crowned his ministry. He took charge of the church with sixty-eight members; he dismissed fifty-eight to form the church of Harborcreek; and yet, after sending out this colony, almost as large as the whole church when he came, he left a membership of one hundred and five. Never very robust, he only lived seven years after leaving North East, having died in Hudson, Ohio, where he was pastor, in the 49th year of his age.

November 15th, 1833, Rev. W. A. Adair, a licentiate of Hartford, now Shenango, Presbytery, was ordained and installed pastor. Rev. A. McCready moderated this call. Harborcreek took half of his labors for the first year.

November 30th, 1833, this action was taken by the Session: "Unanimously resolved, that this Session will receive no one to the communion of this church, upon examination, who will not wholly abstain from the use of ardent spirits, except as a medicine, and who will not use his or her influence in favor of total abstinence."

March 26th, 1835, we find a member suspended because this pledge was violated. February 23d, 1836, there is another suspension for the same reason. As friends of temperance, we rejoice in the early action upon this important subject, as showing that in the very inception of this effort this church ranged itself on the side of the Lord, and in favor of humanity.

September 10th, 1834, James Smedley, M. D., Harmon Ensign, and Wm. Crawford were ordained and installed ruling elders.

From the very beginning of the pastorate of Mr. Adair, there were many accessions to the membership of the church. In 1834 there were forty-five members received at one time. The minutes show some judicial proceedings against some members, yet it was a very prosperous era in this church, as in most

of the churches in this region of country. Our roll of members was increased from one hundred and five to two hundred and fifteen. Much valuable work and aid was given, at this time, as afterwards by Rev. S. G. Orton, D. D. In April, 1838, Mr. Adair closed his labors for this people.

In June, 1838, came as pastor Rev. Nathaniel West, D. D., a remarkable man in many respects. A Scotch-Irishman of strong endowments, especially of memory and of logical faculty, he was a preacher of power, thoroughly versed in the Bible, original and instructive to an eminent degree, yet positive and peculiar in his relations to the church and community. About twelve members were added to the church during his ministry. He was released by Presbytery July 17th, 1841, and died as chaplain of the Satterlee U. S. Hospital, Philadelphia, September 2d, 1864.

In 1839, the first bell for any church in this neighborhood was obtained. Mr. Bester Town assumed the responsibility of the debt, and was chiefly instrumental in collecting the funds to pay for the purchase. Mr. B. Town was the largest subscriber, by one-third, of all on the subscription list for repairs, etc., made during the year 1839. He also took a prominent part in the movement to obtain the organ.

January 1st, 1842, Rev. Miles Doolittle took charge of the church, and remained until August, 1844. Fifteen members were received into the church under his ministry.

December 31st, 1843, Osee Selkregg and Frederick Ensign were set apart to the eldership, as additional members.

November, 1844, Rev. Samuel Montgomery came and ministered to the church. He was a fine writer and good sermonizer, and was succeeded in 1848 by Rev. Rodney Paine, who is still laboring in the west.

November 25th, 1849, James Whitehill, B. R. Tuttle, and Dyer Loomis were ordained and installed as additional elders. Rev. James Cochran took charge of the church in 1850, and ceased his labors here August 19th, 1852. Thirty-six members were received during his ministrations. He removed his home to Minnesota.

Rev. David D. Gregory commenced his labors here October 15th, 1852. As he has entered into rest, I may say that he was an able and winning ambassador of Christ of fine presence,

REV. SAMUEL MONTGOMERY,

1844 to 1848.

and of good delivery. During his ministry a lot was purchased and a parsonage built, chiefly through the efforts of the women.

March 2d, 1856, B. F. Spooner, Joseph McCord, and H. M. Gilman were installed elders, after having been elected and ordained.

Mr. Gregory closed his labors here March 7th, 1858.

April 23d, 1858, Rev. A. H. Carrier began his ministrations in this church.

February 21st, 1859, a committee was appointed to purchase a lot upon which to erect a new church building. March 12th, 1859, it was fully decided to build. To quote from the felicitous and very appropriate sermon preached by Mr. Carrier on the last occasion of worshipping in the frame church, February, 1861, which he has kindly placed at my disposal, "The result of that resolution is the beautiful structure which now adorns our village—a result which is exceedingly creditable to the enterprise of the church, greatly promotive of the comfort of those who will attend the services and through the grace of God, will, as we hope, prove the source of great spiritual prosperity."

With such hopes, which have been abundantly realized, this church entered into its third edifice.

This brings us to III—The Brick Church.

I shall be brief in treating of the history of this church since it had its worshipping home in this building, chiefly because the history is recent and well known.

In the erection of the brick church the following building committee was appointed: A. W. Blaine, James Whitehill, Osee Selkregg, B. R. Tuttle, and John Greer. Chief among the builders were B. R. Tuttle, Richard Bran, and D. R. Fairchild.

This church was taken possession of for religious purposes in March, 1861. With Mr. Carrier in charge of its spiritual interests the church entered upon its third chapter of life and development. On account of ill health Mr. Carrier was released from his connection with this church in the latter part of 1863. During his stay sixty-nine members were received into the church, and at the close of his labors here one hundred and ninety members were enrolled. He is now the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Erie.

October 17th, 1863, while this church was without a pastor, it was voted that "the Methodist Church be invited to worship

in our church until theirs is repaired," and I may here observe that the most fraternal relations have ever subsisted between this, the original church of the township, and the younger sisters of the household of faith. Union Thanksgiving services and union temperance meetings are now parts of the religious features of every year in our borough.

January 1, 1864, came Rev. T. B. Hudson, who continued pastor until June 16, 1869.

November 8, 1868, William E. Marvin, Zenas Rogers, and Martin L. Selkregg were ordained and installed as additional elders in this church, Rev. S. G. Orton, D. D., assisting.

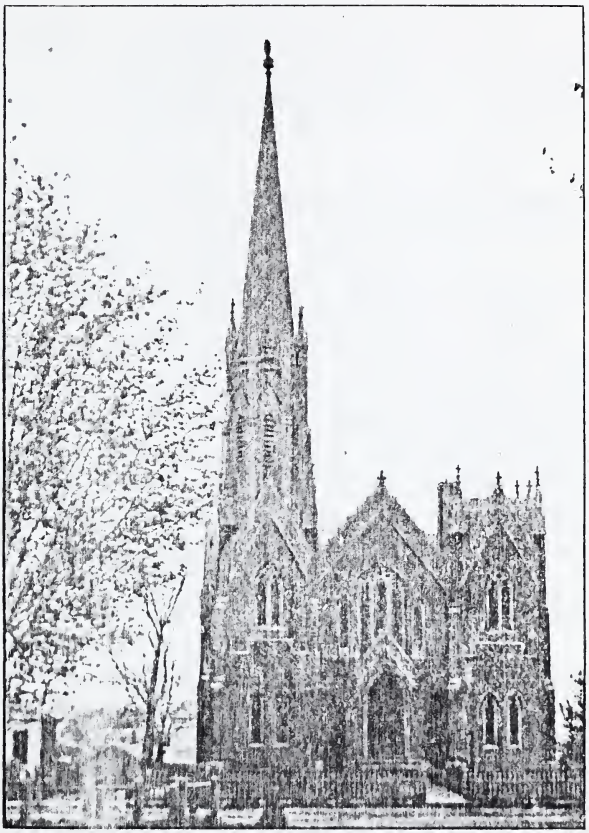
During the pastorate of Mr. Hudson the excellent manual of the church, containing a summary of the history of this church and a list of previous and present members, was prepared and published. He received one hundred and twelve members into this church, and he left it with a membership of two hundred and forty-one. Mr. Hudson was called from this church to be pastor of the Presbyterian church at Clinton, N. Y., and there he still upholds the Banner of the Cross.

Your present pastor feels that much of the policy and efficiency of this church is due to the wisdom, prayers, and efforts of Bros. Carrier and Hudson. Those familiar with the methods and economy of this church can see at a glance that a new era dates from the entrance into the brick church. As the third pastor of this era, I have often said, there is nothing better than having had good predecessors.

Rev. J. T. Oxtoby entered upon this field April 1st, 1870; installed May 3d, 1870.

At the beginning of this pastorate the re-union of the two Presbyterian families had become complete, and one of the first notable features after the opening up of the relation of pastor and people, was a contribution of five hundred dollars to the memorial fund, in commemoration of that happy re-union, all given to charitable objects outside our own bounds chiefly to the Freedmen and to the Western Theological Seminary.

On the opening of the year 1872 there was a glad time of revival. One hundred and twenty-two presented themselves for prayers, and at the March communion fifty additions were made, which is the largest accession ever made to this church at one time during its history. Some connected themselves



Brick Church, Burned 1884.

1860 to 1884.

with other churches in this and other places, as some students were among the number of inquirers.

Under the present pastorate, one hundred and forty-six members have been received. Now, December, 1876, there are three hundred and twenty-four members, and there are two hundred and sixty-seven members in the Sabbath school.

The church contributes to all the Boards of the Presbyterian Church, to the Bible and Tract Societies, and to charitable objects, with a constantly increasing liberality. From the beginning until the present there has been a total membership of seven hundred and forty-five.

At present the session is composed of the following persons: B. C. Spooner, Wm. E. Marvin, Jos. McCord, Dyer Loomis, Clerk, Zenas Rogers, Martin L. Selkregg.

Trustees for this church year: James L. Reed, S. T. Moorhead, George Selkregg, N. H. Clark, Wm. E. Marvin.

During this pastorate Rev. S. G. Orton, D. D., was called from earth to that rest that remaineth for the people of God. Any history of this church is incomplete that makes no mention of his eminently wise and good services. For nearly forty years he was the assistant and counsellor of the session and ministers having charge of this congregation. In revival work he was a valuable auxiliary, and in cases of difficulty he rendered important aid in the interests of peace and purity. For years he lived here, while laid aside from infirmity, and the records of the church testify to his great value to the congregation. As one who upheld the hands of the pastor, who could tell the exact truth to the people without giving offense, and who helped in every way, financially and spiritually, he will long be remembered as an example worthy of commendation and imitation. The memorial sermon to his memory is in our hands, his grave is in our midst at his request, but his enduring memory is in our hearts, and in the memories of the ten thousand souls believed to have been converted under his ministry as an evangelist and pastor.

Now, as we near the close of this historic sketch, let us gather up the fragments.

Two great historic elements of people flowed into the composition of this church. First came the Scotch-Irish element of Presbyterianism from Lancaster, Franklin, and Cumberland Counties, of Pennsylvania, with the Bible, the Westminster Con-

fession and the Shorter Catechism. Next came the New Englanders with the blood of the Puritans in their veins, bringing new zeal for the Master, together with the old Bible, and the spirit of the Independents of Cromwell's time, which will have freedom in Church and State. These two people, in their mingling, have formed, in the language of Dr. Eaton, a son of one of the pastors of this church, "the very highest style of the Anglo Saxon race in the world." Of such timber, in the main, has been constructed the first Presbyterian Church of North East.

The only church building in the borough for more than twenty-five years was that in which the Presbyterians worshipped God.

Two wars, those of 1812 and of the Great Rebellion, have found this church on the side of the right and of patriotism, and she has contributed to each of her men and money.

Three ministers have been furnished by this church to the Presbyterian church. First, Rev. Geo. W. Hampson, one of the members of this church on the roll of 1825, who was pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Titusville for several years, and died as pastor of the church at Cambridge, Pa. His remains lie in our cemetery, in the bounds of his native church, and his good works are yet following.

Next, Rev. Cyrus Dickson, D. D., who joined this church on profession in 1831. He is a son of William Dickson, formerly an elder, and has been pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Franklin, Pa., Second Church of Wheeling, W. Va., and of Westminster Church, Baltimore, Md. As one of the secretaries of our Board of Home Missions, as one of the greatest orators of the church, as an organizer and manager of missionary laborers, on his continent, his reputation has become national.

Then comes Rev. Thomas H. Robinson, D. D., who is a son of one of the elders of this church in days gone by. He is now the beloved and efficient pastor of Market Square Presbyterian Church, Harrisburg, Pa., and is one of the prominent and rising men of the whole church.

It has been the sad office of the present pastor to officiate at the funeral of many of the old citizens of this section. The following are mentioned as funerals of persons all over sixty years of age, many over seventy, some eighty, and one eighty-

JAMES WHITEHILL,

Elder, 1849.

seven, under the present pastorate: James Whitehill, James Scott, Mrs. Ann Custard, Edmund Orton, Mrs. Betsey Stockton, Bester Town, Mrs. Eleanor Moorhead, John McCord, W. A. Robinson, Booth Caldwell, Mrs. Bester Town, Robert McNeill, Mrs. Sally Ensign, Charles Clark, Mrs. Eliza Moorhead, Mrs. Mary Pratt, Mrs. Rebecca Mills, Mrs. Huldah Bowers, Rufus S. Loomis, Mrs. Therina Hall, Samuel Talcott, Mrs. Bathsheba Clark, Alexander Robinson, Mrs. Booth Caldwell, Mrs. Emiline Caldwell, Harmon Ensign, Jeremiah Badger, Miss Asenath Loomis, Mrs. E. Moorhead, John Milliken, Amos Gould, Mrs. P. P. Barker, Mrs. Mary Dix.

Up to date, the present pastor has attended one hundred and one funerals and sixty-two weddings in this community.

What need I say more, at this time? We have seen a feeble church grow into a strong one—into the largest church of the Presbyterian Church and order in the county—into one of the largest churches in the synod of Erie, in the actual number of its communicants. The small seed, sown in faith, has grown into a mighty tree, and all this neighborhood has been sheltered, religiously, under its blessed shade, and tasted of its hallowed fruitage, in days gone by.

Seventy-five years have rolled away since the fathers organized a Presbyterian Church; became a portion of that ecclesiastical body which believes it derives its doctrines alone from the Bible, and its form of theology from Paul, through Augustine, Calvin, Knox, and Witherspoon; and became a part of that church which regards it as her chief mission to seek the salvation of souls on the plan of exalting the sovereign grace of God, the covenant love of Christ, and the effectual call of the Holy Ghost.

The forest has yielded to the log village, the log village to our beautiful borough; the Indian trail has been superseded by one of the best natural roads in any country; one of the prominent railroad lines of the land puts us in ready and easy communication with all the great cities.

What is the force, of equal potency, in the realm of mind, ever exerted on this community? There is none. What has done as much in the regions of the moral and the spiritual, in this section, from State Line to Erie, as this old mother of the churches? Nothing, I answer, unhesitatingly, without fear of

exaggeration. Amid the passions of evil and the deeds of iniquity that have thronged human hearts or vented themselves in action, during three-quarters of a century, this old church has stood out as a spiritual lighthouse, illuminating the pathway of the soul, and pointing men to the haven of eternal peace and joy.

This is not the time for a eulogy of this church. In words, none is needed, at this late day. Words are too feeble to measure the influence of a church. That record is inscribed in an influence upon every old family connection in this region. Our services have cheered the weeping penitent and pointed him to the cross, solaced the Christian heart, comforted the mourner, and buried the dead with the sacred, soothing offices of religion.

For nearly one generation in this borough this was the only church. As such, necessarily, her power for good has been wide and extended as no other can be, possibly, in the future.

Our outward history and growth may, in great measure, be related. The inward history of its members is known only to God. As your friends gone before may gaze over the battlements of Heaven I suspect they care little for the things which most interest us in our daily lives. The farms they tilled, the positions they filled, the occupations they followed, are now things of naught. That church in which they first had fellowship with Christ— in which they were fitted for Heaven— that church is the one bright spot, the one glorious centre, to which they look back with joyful recollections and blissful memories.

JULY 18, 1901, 2 P. M.

VOLUNTARY.

SCRIPTURE—Rev. William Grassie.

PRAYER—Rev. A. H. Caughey.

O Lord, our Heavenly Father, we thank Thee that in Thy goodness and mercy we have been enabled to come together this afternoon in this house, dedicated to Thy worship, and we beseech Thee our Father, that Thou wilt be present with us by Thy Holy Spirit, that in all these services we may from our hearts indeed recognize God and his Son, our Savior Jesus Christ, and that we may from our hearts worship Thee, the infinite God and Father, the Son, and Holy Ghost. We thank Thee, our Father in Heaven, for the infinite loving kindness and tender mercies unto Thy people here, and that for so many, many years past Thou hast preserved to themselves a church devoted to the service of God and to the advancement of the Kingdom of God, and the proclaiming of the gospel of Thy Son, our Lord Jesus Christ.

Many people here can look back on these many years, many generations indeed, since the first words of God were spoken in this vicinity. They look back with thankfulness on all that Thou hast done for them, and with them, and for them. Churches have been maintained often through difficulty and trials and troubles.

We beseech Thee, O God, that the words of Thy Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ, that have just been read to us, may be deeply impressed upon our hearts, remembering that we as Christians, abide in the love of our Lord Jesus Christ; that all may be enabled to bring forth much fruit to the advancement of the Kingdom of God. And we beseech Thee, O God, that the same spirit may continually prevail among them and devotion to the cause of the Saviour, our common Saviour, Jesus Christ; that this same spirit may continue to prevail and we ask Thee, O God, that thou wouldst put it into the heart of every one of our children here to continue in Thee, in their own homes, and in their individual lives, in much prayer to God for help and grace and strength, and that many souls may be borne into the Kingdom of God. We thank Thee, our Father in Heaven, that

especially in this community and in this part of Thy moral vineyard so many souls have from time to time been borne into the Kingdom of God, and, we trust, made heirs of the inheritance of the Saints.

As thou dost work through men and women in the work that is accomplished in the world for the cause of Christ and the salvation of souls, we beseech Thee to let Thy blessing rest upon every one here to-day who has acknowledged himself or herself to be for Christ and for the Kingdom of His love, that they may be thus encouraged and led on in their work which Thou hast given them to do.

We thank Thee for the abundant prosperity that has attended this church of Christ in the one hundred years that have passed, and for the great good that has thus been accomplished, not only for the people themselves, but in the building up of the church of Christ and the promotion of the cause of education and Christianity among all people here.

Our Father in Heaven, we thank Thee for these Thy many mercies, and pray that Thou wilt still be our Leader.

Our Father in Heaven, we would thus invoke Thy blessing upon this people, and as they enter upon another century of work may they and those who shall succeed them, be prospered in the work that Thou hast given them to do.

We thank Thee for the many pastors who have ministered and those who have proclaimed Thy truth here, may a blessing be upon all those who have discharged their duty in the fear of God and continually made known the blessed gospel of Christ, that men may come to know themselves, and we beseech Thee, our Father in Heaven, that Thou wouldst bless all the churches of our Presbytery: that Thou wilt guide them, that the blessing of God may come to them, and the spirit of God dwell with them, and that they be brought into the fullness of Thy blessings.

We thank Thee, O God, for the many souls who have in the various churches been brought into the Kingdom of God. May we be given power to maintain the gospel of Christ and the work that Thou hast given us to do.

All these things we ask in the name of Him who died for us. Amen.

SOLO—Mrs. Winnie Eggleston. (Selected.)

BENJAMIN ROYCE TUTTLE,

Elder, 1849.

CENTENNIAL ADDRESS—By Rev. George B. Stewart, D. D., President of Auburn Theological Seminary, Auburn, N. Y.

Permit me to offer my sincere congratulations upon this auspicious occasion. It is an occasion that I know has awakened profound interest in your congregation, and has called forth some of the kindest and best impulses in your hearts.

The honored church in Harrisburg to which Dr. Robinson ministered for thirty years with such conspicuous success and from which he was severed with such profound regret on the part of his beloved people, during my pastorate which immediately succeeded his celebrated its one hundredth anniversary as you celebrate to-day yours. On that occasion we had the pleasure of listening to Dr. Robinson, and I am sure that the pleasure which we had then was reproduced last night in this congregation.

I cannot forget the joy that pastor and people had in preparing for, and in participating in our centennial celebration, and to-day, I have been living over something of that experience as I have shared with you the happiness of this occasion.

When I received the highly complimentary invitation to come and speak to you at this time, I was all the more ready to accept it, because of several considerations which might not appear to you, but which with great force appealed to me. I recalled that my honored and revered friend Dr. Robinson had come forth from this congregation and if this church never did any other good thing for the church at large, it did enough to justify its one hundred years of existence when it gave him to serve his generation. That may sound a little like taffy. But some one has said that "an ounce of taffy is worth a ton of epitaphy," and I am sure that whether it be taffy or not, it is perfectly sincere.

My friendship for Dr. Robinson aroused the desire many years ago to see the church and the community from which he had come, and now was the opportunity. Then again my friendship for your present pastor led me to accept the invitation. I had learned to love him, and I wanted to see how much you had learned to love him. I am beginning to see. And then another consideration. I knew that this was in the second generation of Scotch-Irish churches. The Scotch-Irishman be-

lieves in the doctrine of election, and he is sure that whatever may be the fate of others, he is elected.

A royal aristocrat is this Scotch-Irishman.

Having the good fortune myself to belong to this distinguished race, I never miss an opportunity to fall in with the worthy sons of those noble sires, and with them to recount our history; for it is a common heritage which we have. It is true that our sires had faults that were on the same magnificent scale as their virtues, but we say nothing of our faults. We allow others to point to them if they are so disposed. We find ourselves sufficiently and delightfully occupied in speaking of their virtues. And there was another consideration which led me to rejoice in the opportunity to come here. I wanted to see you.

During the fifteen years that I was a member of the Synod of Pennsylvania, it was my good fortune and high privilege to be a member of the Committee on Sustentation. Thus I came to have a rather intimate knowledge of the various churches in the Synod; and for one reason and another, some reasons good, and some not quite so good, came to be very well acquainted with the churches of the Presbytery of Erie.

The committee all rejoiced in the work of faith and labor of love and patience of hope of the church of North East. Thus it was that I desired to see this church of which I have heard with the hearing of the ear, and now I am quite prepared to believe that the Queen of Sheba knew what she was talking about when she said "the half had not been told."

In thinking of what I should speak to you about to-day I was embarrassed by the roving character of my commission. "A Centennial Address" might be anything, and that is just about what I have brought you. In other words, I have decided to speak to you upon a theme that ought to be of great interest to you upon any occasion, and what may be regarded upon this occasion as not inappropriate, Certain Elements of Power in the Presbyterian Church.

I assume that this is a happy family gathering in which we may with some propriety speak of our excellencies and if perchance in so doing we seem to have a good opinion of ourselves, surely our neighbors who may happen to overhear us will not think ill of us. They will good naturedly allow us

once in a hundred years to pat ourselves on the back and talk of our own good points.

In speaking of Presbyterianism, I am speaking of my mother (not my mother-in-law) and so I am not disposed to feel as did the Irishman—he was not Scotch as well as Irish—who proposed the toast "my mother-in-law! God bless her! However, I will not insist upon it." I say, "To my Mother! God bless her! and I will insist upon it."

May the Lord bless this noble heritage of ours, this splendid communion of His true disciples, and give to it increased power and influence among men. I speak of the church in which I was born, my father's church, the church of my fathers for many generations.

A friend said to me some little time ago: "You are a Presbyterian for the reason that you were born so, and could not help it, while I am a Presbyterian from choice." True I came into this heritage as a birthright privilege, but it is also true that I continue in it because of my mature choice and deliberate conviction.

What are some of the elements of power of our Presbyterian Church? The first to which I call your attention this afternoon is in fact that it is a historic communion.

The Presbyterian Church is strong because it is historic. Out of the darkness of the Middle Ages it emerges with the Reformed churches and takes its place easily in the front rank of those churches. We flatter ourselves that in the New Testament we discover our form of government among the apostolic churches. Some of our brethren of other denominations lay great emphasis on the fact that their church is a historic church. We have the same privilege. Our church is as old as any Protestant church. We have a history. Our church strikes its roots deep into the past. We are proud of our history; that is, we are proud of some of it, and some of it we are just as willing to allow to be unnoticed and unmentioned.

A second reason why Presbyterianism is strong is in the fact that it is a permanent element in all government. I am willing to accept Dr. Leonard Woolsey Bacon's statement that no form of church government will be permanent and final that does not embrace the three elements, Congregational, Presbyterian, and Episcopal.

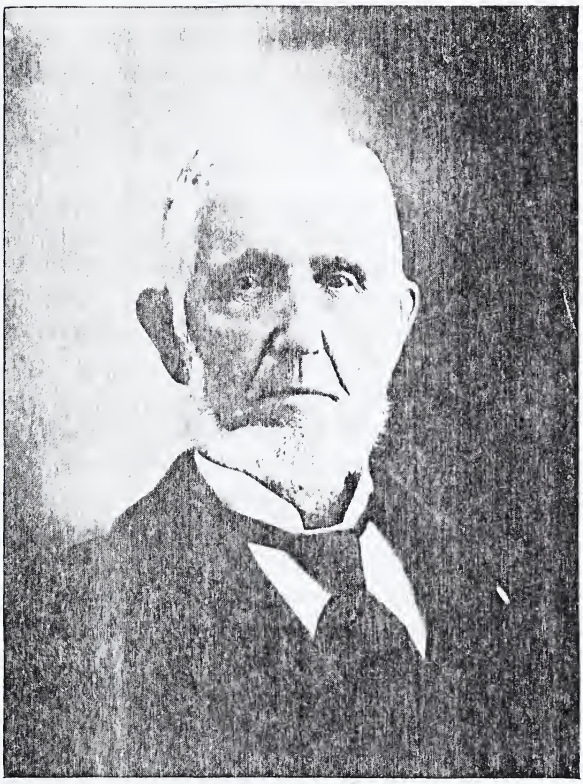
These are all permanent elements of government. While I might under persuasion admit that the Presbyterian was the form of the Jewish Commonwealth, as a friend of mine claims in a scholarly review article, I am willing to take the position of the enthusiastic elder who proclaimed that Presbyterianism is the order of Heaven. He said, "We read in the Revelation not of the four and twenty Episcopalians, the four and twenty Baptists, the four and twenty Methodists, but of the four and twenty Presbyterians which stand about the throne." The principle of government of the people, for the people, and by the people is a paramount principle of government. Such government will not perish from the earth. This is the essential principle of Presbyterianism. We are a representative church. We believe in a government of the people, for the people, and by the people, through a well ordered system of representation.

Therefore Presbyterianism is big with promise for the future.

A third element of strength is to be found in the fact that Presbyterians recognise the existence of and preserve a just balance between the two essential principles of wise government. Individual liberty, on the one hand, and supremacy of law, on the other, are the two essential principles of all government.

Liberty has a tendency to run into license and authority into despotism. To set one over against the other as the centripetal and centrifugal forces is the purpose and aim in all wise government.

Our church government aims at this. Presbyterians love liberty; they also respect authority. It is sometimes said that our church is a narrow and illiberal church. For example, note our regard for the liberty of the private church member. We do not pretend to interfere with the politics of the private member, nor with his creed, nor with his social code. All this is independent of the church. Into that sphere of private rights the church, as an ecclesiastical organization, may not enter. We deny the right of the church to control the political, social, religious faith of its members. It is true we give instructions in all these departments of truth, for we are a teaching church; but the imparting of instruction and the exerting of influence is as far as the church may go. We show respect, also, for the liberty of our ministers. We exact certain vows of our ministers when they enter upon their office, for example, we require them



CAPT. DYER LOOMIS,

Elder and Clerk of Session, 1849.

to accept the system of doctrine contained in the "Confession of Faith," but beyond these vows our Church does not curtail the liberty of her ministers. My political views are my own, and not subject to the review and control of the Church. Even my theological views so far as they are not inconsistent with the system of doctrine taught in the Confession are independent of ecclesiastical supervision. I do not have to subscribe to the Confession, but to the system of doctrine contained in it. Anything in the Confession not essential to the system, I may believe or reject as I prefer. There is in fact a large part of my life over which the Church exercises no authority.

Presbytery has its own autonomy. It is free, for example, to determine the qualifications of young men seeking the ministry, and to carry forward its own work.

This liberty of members, ministers, sessions, and Presbyteries is not under the power of majorities. Our liberties are not determined by majorities, but by our Constitution. We are not a Church in which the majority rules. No majority however large, or however permanent, can rightfully dictate to a church session whom it shall admit to its membership. This is one of the rights granted to the church by the Constitution, and in the enjoyment of this right it may remain, whatever may be the views of the rest of the Presbytery or of the whole Church. No matter how radical be the difference between me and the rest of my church on theological views not essential to the system of doctrine, our Church Constitution secures to me the enjoyment of my views against any member who holds opposite opinions.

Our Church has guarded with jealous care the sphere of the individual's liberty against the despotism and assumption of the many.

But liberty with us is not license. We are not a Church of independent units. We believe not in the ecclesiastical atom, but in the ecclesiastical molecule. No man is saved alone. No Church can be independent of the world. We are bound together, not by sentiment nor by common interest nor by the rule of the many, but by the supremacy of law. In its sphere the majesty of law is as precious to us as individual liberty and we fight equally hard for both.

Now this is our strength. We preserve the widest liberty consistent with the supremacy of law and we yield to the su-

premacy of law, so far as it does not destroy the autonomy of the individual. The tendency perhaps to-day is toward centralization. The sphere of liberty is being curtailed and the domain of law is being enlarged; the larger organization is invading with power the territory of the smaller and destroying its free, autonomous life. This tendency to centralization is asserting itself in commercial life in the growth of trusts; in political life, in the increasing powers of the general government; in ecclesiastical life, in the growing powers of the General Assembly.

While this tendency prevails to-day, it nevertheless remains true of our church that we prize the rights of the individual; we believe in a balance of liberty and law; we protest with Kipling against the reseating of the king upon his throne, even though the name of that king be Majority. Majority, as other kings, loves autocratic power; "He shall break his judges, if they cross his word. He shall rule above the law, calling on the Lord."

Another element of strength is the Catholicity of our church. No church is more catholic than ours. In other organic law we recognize the validity of the order of other churches, and the fallibility of our own. We nowhere claim a "divine right" for Presbytery to the exclusion of other churches. Our definition of the church recognises the existence and Christian character of other communions.

In practice we open the widest doors to church membership. The sole requirements we make of any one seeking admission to our church are faith in Jesus Christ and repentance toward God. He who repents of his sins and believes in the Lord Jesus Christ is entitled by virtue of that attitude toward our Father and Saviour to belong to the church. Persons seeking to join our church are not asked to subscribe to any creed, nor to promise to observe a minute set of rules, nor to deny the validity of the ordinances as observed in any other church, but are admitted toward the head of the church.

Another illustration, our invitation to the communion table. The directory for worship says, the minister "shall invite to this holy table such as, sensible of their lost and helpless state of sin, depend upon the atonement of Christ for pardon and acceptance with God; such as, being instructed in the gospel doctrine, have a competent knowledge to discern the Lord's body;

and such as desire to renounce their sins, and are determined to lead a holy and godly life."

This is the Lord's table, therefore let all of the Lord's children sit at it, whether they be Presbyterians or not. We admit to church membership and to the Lord's table those whom he admits to Heaven.

Take another illustration of our catholicity. Where is the Christian church that we do not fellowship with? We recognize in the members of the other churches by whatsoever name they may be called and by whatsoever differences they may be separated from us, true disciples of our Lord and our Christian brethren.

Another illustration, we are recognized as the one church that uniformly gives cordial and substantial support to all union movements and efforts, whether they are of a local or general character. We can always be depended upon to co-operate with other churches in every good work. This is thought by some to be an element of weakness, but it is an element of strength. We may at times, in our zeal for union and fraternity, go so far as to neglect our own work and interests, yet it is our distinguished glory that we do not confine our love for the Lord's Church and activity in her service to the narrow and narrowing limits of our particular denomination.

We rejoice in the fact that, as Presbyterians, we regard ourselves as chosen, the elect, to serve the whole Church of Christ, and to build up in all ways and everywhere the kingdom.

Catholicity is engraved upon our banners and is a mighty element of power.

Another element of strength is the close harmony of our church with our American institutions. In the present stage of the evolution of the church, it is inevitable that it will tend to conform to the national institutions. If a denomination is to be national in extent and purpose it must also be national in form and character.

In the next stage of church development it is to be hoped that there will be one universal church, and then it will not be a national, but a cosmopolitan church. But till then churches will tend to conform to national institutions; and other things being equal, the church that most strongly conforms will be the

strongest. There is no one to deny the American spirit and form of our Presbyterian church.

Our national government may truthfully be said to be Presbyterian. Indeed it would be more correct to say that the government of the United States is Presbyterian than to say that the government of the Presbyterian church is American. Both are representative governments. Presbyterians led in the formation of our national government, and consciously or unconsciously modelled it after the form of government which obtains in our church.

An Episcopal friend of mine, a clergyman, said to me, the Presbyterian church has the distinct advantage of being thoroughly American in its form and spirit, and it is the only form of church government that is. Other churches, the Congregational, the Episcopal, even the Roman Catholic, the most immobile of all, are becoming more and more American, and are gaining in strength because they are.

But our's is American, and has been from the first. We have more right to be called the American church than any other. May we never be guilty of such arrogance, but may we be also never heedless of our real character and strength.

A sixth element of strength is in the fact that we have a definite message and a definite mission. I do not say that other churches have not, but I do say that no church can be strong that has not a definite message and a distinct mission. We stand for clear thinking and exact teaching. One may not like Presbyterian doctrines, but it cannot be objected to because it lacks clearness, definiteness, and explicitness. This explains our requirement of subscription to a creed from our ministers. We do not require credal subscription of our members, but we do of our ministers, because we are a teaching church and our teachers must teach the truth as God gives us to see the truth. Entering a hospital as a patient or a practicing physician are two different things. If you seek admission there to receive its benefits, you are admitted without question. But if you desire to be a member of the hospital staff and to practice medicine among its patients, you must expect your qualifications to be closely scrutinized. Our private members may believe what they please, but our teachers must believe the truth as the church believes it, if they desire to teach with the church's sane-

HORATIO M. GILMAN,

Elder, 1856.

tion. It is not our belief that as men swing away from a creed, they swing nearer to God. It is not our belief that men who abandon exact forms of thinking become any more correct in their living. It is worth while to contrast the history of creed breakers with that of creed makers. We believe in creeds, and we see in this attitude of our church to creeds a distinct mission to the thinking world. We say that it is a matter of vital concern whether men think loosely and incoherently upon the great themes or think with clearness and to a purpose. God and man and the relations of these personalities are facts in this world in which you and I live. To live in the midst of these facts, and have no clear convictions with reference to them, to have no serious thought about the problems they start, and to be able to give no clear ringing statement regarding them, is to proclaim ourselves as men lacking intellectual honesty and moral purpose. Now the Presbyterian Church believes her mission to be to stand for the value of clear thinking and profound conviction. The world stands by and says, "Why are these Presbyterians so earnestly discussing their creed? What do they want with a creed? Why not put the old confession away and get along without any?" We doubtless should be less criticised if we magnified forms of worship and contended earnestly for the rubrics of a prayer book. This we might do if we thought rubrics of more importance than truth, or the way in which a man worships God of more consequence than what he believed about God. But so long as we believe that truth and character cannot be divorced, that deeds are governed by dogmas, that what a man thinks determines what he is, so long will we emphasize the value of doctrine.

It has been charged that ours is not a church of the poor and ignorant. We are a church of the poor and ignorant, and we rejoice, as did the Master, to minister to the lowliest of our fellow men. But we are not a church of the permanently poor and ignorant. For we regard it as our positive duty to the poorest and most ignorant to lift them out of their poverty and their ignorance. And our insistence upon the vital connection between truth and character aids us in the discharge of this mission. The problem that confronts the Church of Christ in all its branches is this problem of lifting up men and building them

up in character. Our part of the church is equipped for this service.

Lastly Presbyterianism is strong because it has a glorious opportunity. Others may or may not have the same or a greater opportunity. But we have an opportunity in which we ought to rejoice. This is an age of intense intellectual activity. We are an intellectual church. The age demands a high standard of education among ministers and laymen, a definiteness in religious thinking, a grappling with the great problems of life in a scientific and philosophic spirit, a fearless defence of high truths, an intellectual anchorage that will prevent drifting, a spiritual pole star that gives promise of a pathway across the sea, a freedom within the limits of the supremacy of law that guarantees competent seamanship. For these we stand, not always wisely, not always consistently, but nevertheless for these we stand, and for these we must ever stand and in this is our strength. We may never be a popular church, but if we are true to our distinctive mission, we must always be an influential church. This is now our opportunity. Our opportunity is to enter upon the new century and tread the unseen and untried pathway of the coming years, in the full confidence that we have a message to give to the world, the thinking world, that we have the truth of God to proclaim, which we believe and revere and proclaim with such clearness and earnestness that others will understand and believe and be saved thereby.

Now these seven elements of power, historic continuity, permanent governmental element, harmonious adjustment of liberty and law, catholicity, sympathetic conformity to American institutions, distinct mission, definite message, and glorious opportunity; these I have recounted with sufficient fullness and with sufficiently disregard for the claims of modesty to let you see, what I firmly believe that this church, which celebrates to-day its one hundred years of life and starts out upon a new one hundred years of service and usefulness, belongs to a great church. Our beloved church is great in influence great in effectiveness, and great in promise for coming days.

HYMN.

BENJAMIN F. SPOONER,

Elder, 1850.

WOMAN'S WORK FOR MISSIONS—Mrs. Maria L. Moore.

Woman's Work for Missions in our church has been assigned to me. I find it is not easy to trace back through all these years to its source a movement which has done so much, not only for the women of our church, but for the cause of Christ throughout the world.

But I can say that the women of the Presbyterian Church of North East were not slow in catching the spirit which pervaded the women throughout the churches of our land in the early sixties, and they soon learned the lesson that there is a work to be done for women in foreign lands which can only be done by women.

While we feel that our entire church is one great missionary society, we had learned by experience during our civil war what women could do as organized workers, and our women seemed to hear as never before the Master's commission which was first given to a woman.

"Go tell the brethren that I am risen," and our women were not long in falling into line, and our Foreign Missionary Society was organized, and soon followed by our Home Missionary Society, for those who do most for foreign missions, are the ones who do most for home missions, as we know "the light that shines farthest shines brightest at home."

Gov. Roosevelt says, the nation that spends most effort in doing work well at home can spare the most effort to see that work is well done abroad. So we feel that our work for missions is one.

For the past thirty years these two societies have worked harmoniously together, holding their regular monthly meetings, where much instruction has been given and received which has proved a spiritual blessing to our women.

I wish I could say that we have done all that we could and that all our women are interested in this, but we have only begun to see what great work we can do. We have during these years given to Foreign Missions $3,938, and have given to Home Missions in money and boxes $5,158, besides giving to all the other boards of our church.

Eugene Stock gave as his farewell words at the ecumenical conference: "The hand of God was to give them one heart.

All the people answered with one voice. All the people arose as one man. God grant to give us one heart, one voice, and may we work as one in this greatest of all work,—missionary work."

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK—Miss Jennie Selkregg.

Strange that in looking over the century in the interest of Young People's Work, we have found no record of work done in 1801, nor for many years following by the young people of the church. This leads us to one of two conclusions—either there were no young people in the church at its founding or the retiring spirit of the time as regards young people would not permit of their taking active part in church work until reaching the age of manhood and womanhood.

Let me grasp the latter conclusion, for what a solemn, doleful meeting house that log structure would have been without the demure damsels slyly glancing toward the stalwart young men on the opposite side of the house.

History tells us of the custom of early marriage, which custom we have little of to-day, thus leaving us more young people with heart and hand for church duties. With the comely crowd of young people around us to-day, we feel that the hope of the church is in its young people, and though in 1801, they were rather silent forces held in reserve, to-day they are marching step by step with the older members, coming to the front of the ranks, and giving splendid service, where the older ones perhaps feel incompetent to take up the work.

Our Christian Endeavor and Missionary Societies have for years held steadily to the plough they have been guiding and the furrow has not been shallow that they have turned. Strong in their purpose of Christ-serving, cheerful and helpful, full of the enthusiasm that makes the charm of earnest workers, to-day our church holds a sure foundation for the future generation.

Appeals for help have been eagerly responded to outside of the regular work of Home and Foreign Missions.

The Willing Workers Mission Band, organized by Miss Sarah Hitchcock in 1880, has at no time been extinct and still exists under the name of Do-What-You-Can-Band. Since its organization in 1880, it has sent to the Foreign Field $614.00 for scholarships and support of Missionaries. The Young Peo-

Old Parsonage.

1856 to 1902.

ple's Missionary Society organized in 1890, has contributed to Foreign Missions $759.00.

Our Christian Endeavor Society was organized between 1883 and 1887, historians differ as to the exact date. This society has placed at the service of God $126 for Home Missions, and $98 for Foreign Missions. This includes the contributions of the Junior Endeavor Society, which to-day is resting on its arms, waiting for the Lord to send up a Moses or an Aaron as leader. With the church teeming with the life of our young people, with every day new possibilities for young workers for God, we are hopeful that this church, our church, may ever stand firm, leaning heavily on the strength of its young.

WOMAN'S AID SOCIETY—Mrs. B. H. Putnam.

As we lift the veil of the past to review the share that the women of our church have borne in its work, only one event stands out prominently in the first half of the century.

It is not to be supposed, however, because there is no record of his work, that they were not an aid in that work. Our women have ever been active and enthusiastic to help in every improvement and all the advanced work carried on by the church, and we feel sure that in the early years of the century they bore nobly their part.

That one event was the furnishing dinners for a week to the men at the raising of the old frame church on the common, in 1818, 83 years ago.

For thirty-three years there was a blank until 1851, when occurred the first regular work of the ladies which finally evolved the present L. A. S. It seems a coincidence that while we are celebrating a century completed of our church organization it proves to be a semi-century of the L. A. S. It was called a Sewing Circle, and as the name indicates its method of raising funds was by sewing.

Before the days of sewing machines, many of the families of the congregation availed themselves of the opportunity of having the family sewing done, by paying stated sums for the work to the Sewing Circle. The ladies met in the afternoon whenever there was an invitation, the hostess furnishing the supper, which the gentlemen attended, contributing a dime each.

These first meetings were marked by great hospitality and sociability and good cheer, and *good* suppers, as many of those who were then the "young people" now bear witness.

We have good authority for stating that the first meeting was at the home of Mr. Osee Selkregg, at the old homestead just across the R. R. tracks, in December, 1851. Notwithstanding Presbyterians have always been accounted strict and severe in matters of amusement, there was no lack of gaiety, especially when the Society would drive from the village to the country homes of Mr. Whitehill, Mr. Harmon Ensign, Mr. John McCord, and many others. To supplement this work as special need of funds arose in the passing years, festivals were given at intervals, sometimes at the Haynes House, and again at the old Academy, with the usual attractions of entertainments of that description, booths and a P. O., grab-bag, and many other things.

During this period, no record of the amount of money raised or the manner in which it was expended is to be obtained, but it is known, and we are proud of the fact, that the ladies bought the parsonage lot. It comprised at first, beside what is known now as the parsonage lot, the lot on which the home of the late Mr. Earl Pierce stands, extending in a south line to Main street. At that time only the Greer home was built to the east. In 1856 the parsonage was built, but we could not learn what part, if any, the Society had in that. Later the ladies bought carpets for the parsonage at the time Mr. Carrier occupied it. Time passed until the project for a new church was agitated, a new site had to be purchased, leaving the park unobstructed by any buildings, and again the ladies come forward with money for the lot where the present church stands, or part enough at least, always leading in plans for some great improvement. Here again it is a matter of regret that no records can be obtained, so much is left unsatisfactory of those earlier days that we would like to review. In 1879 at the time when it began to be realized how much could be accomplished by organized effort along all lines of church work, the ladies decided to effect a permanent organization with constitution and by-laws and officers. This was accomplished, and has been carried out very successfully, with slight remodelling in 1895 to the present time.

The committee appointed to draft the constitution and by-laws consisted of Messrs. N. H. Clark and W. E. Belnap, and

Mrs. N. H. Clark, Mrs. Galey, Mrs. S. Louise Ross, and Miss Nettie Belnap. The first president to serve was Mrs. N. H. Clark, who very efficiently inaugurated the new regime. The presidents following in regular order were Mrs. H. S. Southard, one year; Mrs. C. J. Hunter, one year; Mrs. S. Louise Ross, four years, and until her death in the fifth year in 1887.

It is with loving remembrance that we pause to pay a deserved tribute to Mrs. Ross. She was always very active in the Society from its very beginning, and at the time of the building of the present edifice, after the first brick church was burned, she was especially interested, seemingly giving up her life to the work of getting the church ready for occupancy, but she was called home just before the auditorium was ready for service, and hers was the first funeral from this church, very soon after it was finished. She was a kind, true friend, and zealous in all good works.

SOLO—Mrs. G. B. Swaney. (Selected.)

PRAYER AND BENEDICTION—Rev. Thomas H. Robinson, D. D.

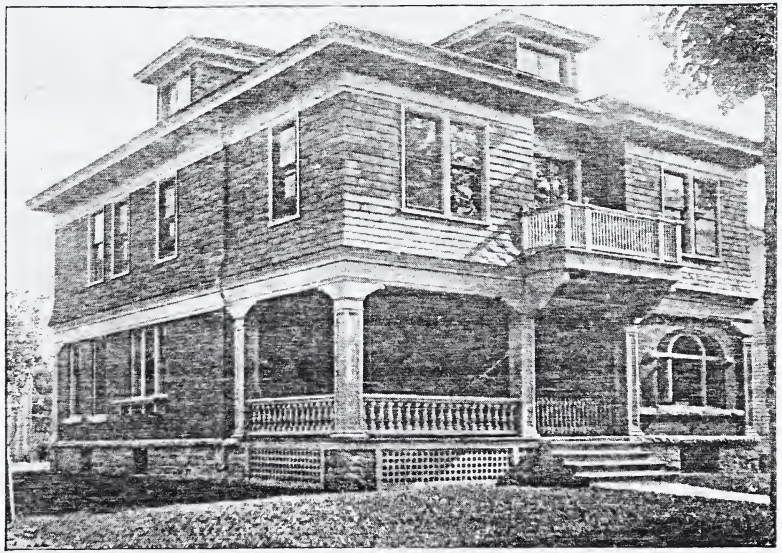
Almighty and gracious God, our Heavenly Father, we draw near to Thee with happy thanksgiving, and first of all, O God, we rejoice in Thee, we praise Thee, we thank Thee that we have Thyself, the source of all goodness, of all spiritual truth, of all our rejoicing for the years that are to come.

O God, the Father of our great and living Saviour Jesus Christ, we thank Thee for the church of all the ages, for Thou hast never left the children of man without the signs of Thy presence, without the assurance of Thy gracious care and love. For the saints of the Old Testament times, for the believers of later days, for those who through the storm and stress of bitter persecution and trial and death maintained their faithfulness to Thee, O God, this day we praise Thee. We thank Thee for this long line of holy ancestors. We thank Thee for the truth that under God they have presented and kept for our teaching and our salvation.

We praise Thee for Thy special care of this church of Thy Son. We thank Thee for all the grace Thou hast given it to be true and loyal. O God, unto Thee we pray that Thou

wilt maintain it in all the years that are to come, and keep it true to Thee, and to Thy Son who redeemed it with His precious blood. We pray that this especial church so beloved by us, whose history has been recalled throughout our gathering, may be kept in continued grace and in loving service of Thee, and be found ever abiding in the faith of the fathers and mothers of the past. We praise Thee for their lives and we pray Thee that in the years that are before this church Thou will guide it still by the consciousness of Thy presence, by the continued manifestations of Thy gracious and sustaining power, by the faithful preaching of Thy Holy Truth, by delivering it from all that is evil and sinful in Thy sight, making its officers men of righteousness and men of prayer and men of godliness. Make all its members, old and young, loving and true and faithful to Him who is loving and true and faithful to them and who shed His most precious blood for them. We commend ourselves to Thee. We would shield ourselves, great God, in none other than Thyself through Jesus Christ. We pray that the signs of Thy presence may be with us in life and death. O God, let not our feet swerve from the path of Thy commandments, or our hands fail in their work for all mankind and their changeless love, O God, to Thee. We ask all for Christ's sake. Amen.

And now may the grace of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ and the love of God the Father and the communion of the Holy Ghost be with you all. Amen.



NEW PARSONAGE.

1902.

JULY 18, 1901 7:30 P. M.

ORGAN.

HYMN—No. 139, Coronation.

SCRIPTURE—Rev. R. Lewis Williams.

PRAYER—Rev. George B. Stewart, D. D.

Almighty God, our Heavenly Father and the God and Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, regard, we humbly beseech Thee, these Thy servants now bowed before Thee. Graciously grant unto us in this hour Thy blessing, for we seek a father's benediction. We have come up from our several homes to this place of worship where Thou hast revealed Thyself in times past; showing Thyself to be a God of mercy and truth and love; dispensing Thy grace unto the just and unjust; revealing Thyself even unto those that sought Thee not, so that the testimony of years is that whosoever calleth upon the name of the Lord, the same shall be saved. We thank Thee that as we gather here we can make mention of that marvellous grace which Thou hast shown unto our fathers and dost continue to show unto us, their unworthy sons.

As we commemorate the great goodness of God and all the faithful, devoted, and reverent service of the disciples of Jesus who have been enrolled in the company of believers here, do Thou grant unto us that we may know the same goodness, and that we may adorn the doctrine of Jesus Christ our Lord with the same Christian virtues. Do Thou be pleased, we humbly beseech Thee, to grant that the services of this hour may be profitable unto us and acceptable unto Thee. May the memory of the fathers' discipleship stimulate in us a desire to walk in the way of everlasting life; to be as they were, faithful even unto death, that we come into the enjoyment of the blessings which Thou hast promised to those that endure unto the end.

Fill us with sincere gratitude for the goodness of God revealed in this place and in those believers who through the century have lived a life of faith and wrought for the glory of God.

Grant that we may desire to know more and more of that grace ourselves, to be filled more and more with that divine

spirit, to be drawn closer and still closer unto the side of our loving and gracious God. Be Thou with this beloved people, we beseech Thee, build Thou them up upon Thy most holy faith; grant that they may be zealous of good works, may they be careful to depart from iniquity and to avoid any appearance of evil. May they labor with all fidelity and patience, knowing that of the Lord they shall receive their reward. May this church which the fathers planted and which the children now nourish and support, be in the coming generations as it has been and is now, a light to enlighten those that sit in darkness, a joy to those that sorrow and are oppressed, a comfort to those that weep, a strength and help unto those that falter and fall.

May the glorious gospel of the Son of Thy love, which has wrought such marvels in this world of ours, continue to be the gospel that Thy ministers proclaim from this pulpit, that is believed in these pews. May the servants in this place and in every place make known the power of God, that men may praise the Lord for His marvelous works among the children of men. May we by Thy grace and in our love for righteousness herald the glorious appearing of our gracious God, teaching men everywhere to worship and abide in Thee, until the time shall come when no man shall need to say to his brother, Know the Lord, for all shall know Thee from the least to the greatest.

Our prayer is before Thee, Almighty God, our Father, and we humbly ask that Thou wouldst grant it unto us, together with the pardon of our sins and life everlasting through Jesus Christ our Lord.

(Lord's Prayer.)

SOLO—Mr. George Hodges.

"Caro Mio Ben."—Giordani.

"Saviour Again to Thy Dear Name."—Franz.

RESPONSES BY EX-PASTORS.

SONS OF OUR CHURCH WHO HAVE BECOME PASTORS—Rev. Cyrus J. Hunter, D. D.

It is said that seven cities contended for the birth place of Homer; but North East is the birth place of men who have done more for their day and generation than a hundred Homers.

REV. C. J. HUNTER, D. D.

1880 to 1893.

The history of her sons would make a brilliant record; but I am confined to her Presbyterian sons who have entered the ministry.

Our subject is important and uplifting:

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

Some one has asked the question: "When should the education of a child begin?" The wise answer was given: "A hundred years before it is born." Ancestry has very much to do with our success. Blood will tell in the life of every man and woman. As far as I can trace the ancestry of the men we are to consider to-day, we find clean blood, brains, character, and above all religion. At the head of the roll, in point of age, we find the name of Rev. George W. Hampson.

Mr. Hampson was born at North East in 1797. Like most of the prominent men of his day, he had to fight his own battles with poverty and win an education by his own personal effort. The student of to-day has but little idea of the self-sacrifice and pluck of our pioneer college boys. Young Hampson made up his mind to graduate at the fountain head of Presbyterian education, and hence graduated with honor at both the Princeton College and Theological Seminary. He finished his theological training in the spring of 1827. A year before graduating, 1820, he married Miss Annie McCord, a daughter of the North East Church. Thus equipped with a fine education and a splendid wife, he was ready to do the Master's work in whatever field he should be called.

The first sermon he preached, outside the Seminary, was in his home church, a log building which stood in your now beautiful city of the dead. His father, Robert Hampson, obtained the deed of his farm directly from the government, and I am told it is the only farm in Erie County that has never passed out of the original name. Rev. Mr. Hampson did not start out candidating for some big, rich city church, but settled at Titusville, at that time a poor town and a weak struggling church. All the poverty and indifference of that day confronted him.

He had a brave heart full of divine grace and he was red hot with zeal for immortal souls. He laid the foundation for

the Titusville church broad and deep. The after life of churches, like that of men, is determined by their early training. The impress of a master builder has ever been upon the church. In the bounds of the Presbytery of Erie, I doubt if it has its equal in all that constitutes a live, working, giving church. My impression of Mr. Hampson as a man and as a preacher, and of the kind of preaching he gave his people, were derived from conversations years ago with his sister, Mrs. Joseph Moorhead. He was what would be called in this day a doctrinal preacher. Of course, this is a silly distinction for any man to make. No man can preach Bible truth and ignore the doctrines. It will be a sad day for the church when this sneer at doctrines shall lead men to preach on the "live" topics of the day, and try to find immortal souls with sensationalism. Rev. Mr. Hampson was not a creed tinker. When he was ordained to the ministry he said: "I do believe the Confession of Faith and did not play the Roman Catholic with mental reservations." He perhaps would not be called an "up-to-date" preacher for this superficial, materialistic age; for he was honest enough to follow Paul when he said: "Preach the Word."

He truly believed that this was a lost world; that churches were not built to give some preacher a place to entertain ruined souls. He preached as an ambassador sent of God and not to please human culture. That is why God honored his life and ministry. That is why he was so successful as a soul winner. That is why he was sent for far and near, to preach at protracted meetings. He was not satisfied to preach to his own church alone. There were places all around him where the people did not have the means of grace. It meant hard work, but he gave it gladly to the blessed Master. Take a map of the Presbytery of Erie and mark that group of ten churches around Titusville and you have the result of this tireless worker for God and man. In young manhood he and John Brown became fast friends. Their friendship was welded by the intensity of their natures. One friend by the love of souls, the other for the shackled slave. He always considered it an honor that he officiated at the marriage of John Brown and keenly followed his history and mourned his untimely death as a martyr of human liberty. Rev. Mr. Hampson did not believe in short pastorates. He did not believe churches could be built up by "yearlings," but believed

REV. GEO. W. HAMPSON,

Son of the Church.

that there was no limit to a pastorate but loss of power and usefulness.

He preached at Titusville twenty-five years and seventeen years at Cambridge. He died in the harness, in his last pastorate, at the ripe age of 72 years. His grave is in your cemetery near the spot where the old log church stood, where he first heard the Gospel, where he gave his heart to Christ, and where he preached his first sermon.

It is with a feeling of unfitness I now take up the next son of the church in point of age.

The life of Dr. Cyrus Dickson is too great and important to be considered within the limits of a few minutes. I have not the heart to leave out nine-tenths of his history and yet this is my task to-day. Cyrus Dickson was born in a log house, about a mile and a half west of North East, on the road to Erie, December 20th, 1816.

He grew up a rugged lad familiar with farm work and the privations of a pioneer life. It is said: "The child is father to the man," and to indicate the drift of young Dickson's mind and the germ of that eloquence that thrilled the hearts of his fellow men in after years, we find him the boyish preacher whenever the children "played church." The children recognized his ability as did children of an older growth in after years. My old friend, Barnett Moorhead, once related to me the funeral sermon young Cyrus preached over the remains of his favorite dog. The children cried as if their little hearts would break; for the eloquence and pathos of after years were in that boyish effort. At the age of 15 years, August, 1831, he gave his heart to Christ and united with the North East Church. Indeed he was dedicated by his mother from his birth to the Christian Ministry His mother was a Moorhead. Dr. Eaton says "she was small and graceful, with large blue eyes." She was the first one to defy and break up the universal custom of dealing out grog at the raising of houses and barns. It was a terrible undertaking in that age of pioneer life, but her courage and unconquerable will were victorious.

With her deep religious life and noble character she impressed her boy with an influence that time and death could not efface. The boy was given to the Lord, but how was he to be educated and trained for his work? The farm could barely give

the family a living, and the outlook was gloomy indeed. But in spite of the lions in the way, we soon find the boy in the old Erie Academy.

Next we find him entering College in 1832. Jefferson College, the school he entered, was at that time the best institution of learning west of the Alleghenies. Few students, now-a-days, would like to raise potatoes at twenty-five cents per bushel, to help them through College. This is what he did for four years. Dr. Matthew Brown, the President of the College, took a warm interest in the red-headed lad from North East. He had studied boy nature so long that he realized that young Dickson had the genius for hard work and would some day be an honor to his Alma Mater and a blessing to the great busy world. He graduated with honor in 1837. In one month after leaving college he began teaching school at Girard, Pa. He was now a very busy man. Besides the duties of school teaching, his spare time was spent in the study of theology. He could not afford to attend the seminary and it was customary in that day to study theology privately. He was not too busy, however, to fall in love with Miss Delia McConnell, of Girard, and they were married in January, 1840. This noble helpmate, this grand Christian woman, survives him to-day, busy as ever for the loving Master.

Dr. Dickson was licensed to preach the Gospel by the Presbytery of Erie in October, 1839. With his commission in his hands, where should he preach? This was a very anxious question. Presbytery sent him to supply the church of Franklin, one hundred miles from home, and the journey to be made on horse back. Franklin was then a small sleepy town with no indication of its present importance. The church was small and discouraged. A call was given to him at once, April, 1840.

With his native born fluency, tireless energy, his soul on fire in the pulpit, his off-hand manner with the people, he soon made friends with both saint and sinner. He had that which is better than talent or scholarship, he had common sense, Scotch-Irish tact! He had that which won the Presidency for McKinley, and had Dr. Dickson entered politics he would have been in the U. S. Senate or the Presidency! But a man of Mr. Dickson's ability must go up higher. After eight years of faithful and successful labor at Franklin he accepted a call to the Second Church of Wheeling. This was in 1848.

REV. CYRUS DICKSON, D. D.

Son of the Church.

This was a new church. A colony had gone out of the old First Church. They had no church building and met for worship in a hall. From the start the growth was wonderful. A fine building was erected within a year or two, and to-day it is a monument of the zeal and ability and fidelity of Dr. Dickson. Had he been asked why he was so successful he would have answered: "Not by might, nor by power, but by My spirit, saith the Lord."

His preaching, like Rev. Mr. Hampson's, was doctrinal; yet he had such a fund of illustrations that these doctrines glowed and burned with living power. He spoke with great rapidity and yet his enunciation was perfect as the notes of a flute. Like all great orators he was full of intense passion and feeling. His face glowed from the fires burning upon his heart. It was my fortune to have heard him in the greatest efforts of his life, before the old Synod of Wheeling and the General Assembly, and he carried his hearers with him by a magnetic power few men possess. After another eight years pastorate at Wheeling Dr. Dickson was called to the Westminster Church of Baltimore, Nov. 1856. As in all his churches he was successful, so his work here was no exception. He gave it an impetus it has never lost. He was there in a period of our history that tried men's souls. He was there in the years covering the agitation of the slavery question, the war for the integrity of the Union, and the days of reconstruction.

Many of the people sympathized with the South. A weak man would have failed and split the church. It was a time when he needed all his common sense and tact. His people knew how he stood on the burning question of the day, but he had grace and gumption enough to keep it out of the pulpit. He weathered the storm and brought his ship of Zion into port without a leak or the loss of a single spar.

His rugged health now began to fail and he made up his mind to cross the ocean and visit Europe and the Holy Land. He returned invigorated in both body and mind. After fourteen years of exhausting labor in Baltimore he was elected the Permanent Clerk of the General Assembly. At the re-union of the Old and New School Churches in 1870, he was elected, with Dr. Kendall, as Secretary of the Home Mission Board of the United Church

This was the last round of the ladder he had been climbing from North East to New York, from a village pastor to one of the highest and most honored places in our great church. I have not the time, nor have you the patience to recount his wonderful career in this responsible position. His history for ten years at the head of this great Board is the common history of our church. Few men know, or care to know, the awful burden laid upon his heart and brain in the care of 1,200 Home Missionaries. When the churches failed to respond in their benevolence to the Home Board and he realized how his men must suffer, it would grieve his heart, and he carried his troubles from his office to his home. Sometimes large sums of money had to be borrowed and that crushed his sensitive nature. It was his duty to make appointments of men for the vacant fields, to receive and pass upon their quarterly reports, a clerical burden enough to crush a giant. Every now and then he traveled over vast Missionary fields, personally visiting the frontier stations covering many thousands of miles. Once a year he was expected to stand before the Assembly to give an account of his stewardship and plead, with the pathos of an angel, for more men and money to build up the waste places of our great land.

As a minister, as a patriot and as the responsible head of this great work, he trembled and staggered under the fearful load. It was at this time Mr. A. F. Jones, of your church, paid him a visit in his stuffy office at 23 Center Street, New York. "Oh," said he, "I can't stand this wear and tear much longer. Nothing I could wish better for myself than a little church on the shores of Old Lake Erie, where I might rest and die where I first saw the light."

The General Assembly now voted the weary worker a vacation, but it came too late. Insomnia now began to plague his life. Restful sleep to repair the waste of mind and body was denied him.

It was the beginning of the end. As Christ could not come down from the cross and at the same time die for the world; neither could the great Secretary give his life for the church and yet keep it. Loss of memory now set in and he could no longer electrify synods and assemblies. He had burned his candle at both ends. And now to him, as to Abraham of old, there came the "horror of a great darkness." Law ever demands its

pound of flesh. We may over work even in the service of the Master. Softening of the brain followed with all its awful gloom, and then this Prince in Israel went to his reward!

The sun that had risen amid the storms and mists of the Lake Shore and had traveled to its meridian glory as student, preacher, pastor, and secretary, now went down amid storm and darkness only to arise in the "Sweet Bye and Bye" to newness of life and eternal vigor. Thus ended the life of the old man eloquent of the Presbyterian Church, crowned at last a King and Priest unto God.

The third ministerial son of the North East Church we desire to notice, is the Rev. Dr. Thomas Hastings Robinson. I could not find the date of his birth in the Ministerial Directory. It may be he intends to do some candidating, and a man's age would kill him far quicker than if he had mental and spiritual paralysis.

Dr. Robinson graduated at Oberlin College with the degree of B. A. in 1850. In 1854 he graduated at the Western Theological Seminary. He was licensed to preach the Gospel by the Presbytery of Ohio, June 13th, 1854. He was ordained Jan. 21st, 1855, by the Presbytery of Harrisburg, and was the pastor of the Market Square Church, Harrisburg, Pa., from 1854 to 1884.

He was elected Professor of Pastoral Theology, Church Government and the Sacraments, and Sacred Rhetoric in the Western Theological Seminary in 1884. He resigned a few months ago to enjoy a well earned and needed rest.

Like most of the men who have reached eminence, Dr. Robinson had the heritage of poverty and a will power discouragement could not throttle. Whilst his brothers entered the race for a business life, young Robinson made up his mind, by the grace of God, to preach the Gospel. I have no data of his early struggle; but his history is doubtless like all the rest.

I know he taught school at one time, at Canal Fulton, O., a small town just north of my present field of labor.

Through thick and thin, dark and bright days, he struggled on until his first and only pastorate was one of the best churches of our denomination. He had the brains and grit and tact to remain in this important field thirty eventful and useful years. Laymen, as a rule, do not comprehend what reserve force a

man must have to come before the same people with something fresh and bright, Sabbath after Sabbath for a whole generation! But that is not all. The most remarkable thing is yet to be stated. He preached thirty years without ever repeating a single sermon! I do not believe this can be said of very many men in our church. I do not mention this mental achievement as something worthy of imitation. I do not believe it was any advantage to his people and it was no kindness to himself.

The dear people in the pews are not exhausting the gray matter of the brain and dying of nervous prostration in their effort to remember sermons. After ten years Dr. Robinson could have put a new collar and a pair of new cuffs on an old sermon and they would have declared it was the best sermon they ever heard! But was it any wonder that for years he suffered with the awful fight between his stomach and brain?

My first acquaintance with Dr. Robinson began with his visits here at his old home. He came to get the ozone of his native air, and brace up his fagged out mind and body. I was always near enough to ask this tired worker to preach for me for the sake of a patient and long suffering congregation! I shall never forget this uniform kindness to a village preacher who was frightened at the idea of preaching before such a noted man. I found my fear was needless, for when I learned to know him as a Christian brother, one in perfect sympathy with myself and church, "love cast out fear."

Dr. Robinson believed with Dr. Cuyler that the best vacation was spent in some small place, helping the tired pastor with a little of his "dried tongue." Mrs. Robinson would often give the doctor a curtain lecture for preaching when he needed rest. But he had the best of the argument, for he would answer. "It is not the preaching but the preparation that drives nails into a man's coffin. I feel far better to preach than to be idle." I well remember his vacation in the summer of '97. I eagerly inquired the cause of his trouble. He said a message in his hand. He looked exceedingly sad and downcast. I eagerly inquired the cause of his trouble. He said 'I have just received word that Prof. Samuel J. Wilson of the Seminary is dead, and I am worried as a director how to fill his place." I said to him, "I have the man selected now." "Who?" he asked, greatly excited. I said, "Dr. Thomas H. Robinson."

He stared at me for a moment and the blood rushed to his face, and he said, "no, that will never do." He showed his modesty and I honored him for it, but the button was pressed and the Board of Trustees did the rest at the next election.

From the days of the sainted Dr. Plumer down to the election of Dr. Robinson, the professorship of Pastoral Theology had been neglected, although one of the most important functions of a school of the prophets. The students needed a man from the busy pastorate, and not from the cloister. They wanted a man full of experience, of sanctified common sense and ripe in grace, to mark out the rocks and shoals of the young pastor's life. They needed the sympathy of a big hearted man, whose best years had been in active church work. They found it all in Dr. Robinson. He was also Professor of Sacred Rhetoric. Sermonizing was to be their life work. They might get along without Greek or Hebrew, but this was the "Sine qua non," the essential study of the whole course. Thirty years of sermonizing, in one of the most intelligent churches made him the fit man for the place, a worthy successor to Dr. William M. Paxton. When I read in the Banner a few weeks ago that Dr. Robinson had been Professor in the Seminary seventeen years it was hard to realize. How time speeds on and the crow's feet and gray hairs multiply! Fifteen years as alumnus, twelve years as a director, and seventeen years as a professor! What a noble and useful life has been evolved from that North East boy, who like the father of the faithful, went out, not knowing whither he went, or what he should become. On his retirement from the position he held so long and well, the Board of Directors passed the following resolutions:

"We cannot allow Dr. Robinson to retire from active participation in the work of our Seminary without recording our appreciation of his fidelity, ability and uniform courtesy. And to mark our esteem and exhibit, in some measure, the honor in which we hold him, we recommend that he be continued in the Faculty as Professor Emeritus of the Reunion Chair of Pastoral Theology, Church Government, and Sacred Rhetoric."

A lady once said she could sum up the life of John Quincy Adams in five words. Those five words will express my esti-

mate of the life and character of this worthy son of a noble church:

"Par negotiis neque supra."

(Equal to duty, but not above it.)

Your committee gave me only ten minutes to give the history of eight of her noble sons. Had I obeyed the law laid down, you would have concluded the sons of this church played a small part in this great historic gathering. I will take up the other five in less than ten minutes.

Dr. Nathaniel West comes next. He is not, in a sense, a son of this church. He was born in England and was here as a boy during his father's pastorate. Dr. West became a great man. He was the pastor of some of our most important churches east and west. He was professor of Sacred and Ecclesiastical History at the Danville Seminary. When I met him at the General Assembly in 1889, at New York, he did not seem to remember very much of North East. He could remember a boy he played with by the name of William Selkregg, but that was all. Dr. West was a great ecclesiastical lawyer, and I presume no one in our church appealed so many cases from the lower courts to the General Assembly.

Whilst he was a fine scholar he was not a brilliant preacher. He was logical, combative, and ponderous. He has a son who is a professor at Princeton.

He is living at Clifton Springs, N. Y., at the age of 75 years.

We come now to the younger sons of the church. The first in point of age is the Rev. Frank J. Nash. You all know his history and I shall be forced to say less than I had intended for the want of time. He was born in Ohio in 1852. Whilst not in fact to the manor born, he came here at four years of age. His spiritual birth place is in this church. He entered the freshman class of Allegheny College in 1870, but was removed from there to a college started in North East, called the Lake Shore Seminary. He graduated in 1874, but remained as one of the teachers for several years.

When his Alma Mater died of too much mortgage, Allegheny College took back the motherless boy, and gave him the degree of A. M. Mr. Nash has a very active mind and is a fluent speaker.

As a member of the church he was an all round worker. He was always in demand to use his gift as a public speaker at home and abroad. He felt that he ought to consecrate his talents to the Master. He was licensed by the Presbytery of Erie, under our new law, as an Evangelist. A candidate for this church took a fancy to him and made arrangements by which the Congregational Church ordained and installed him over a small church at Chipacket, R. I. No place could have been better for a beginner.

After six years of faithful work here, he was called to Pawtucket, R. I., a city of 40,000 and a church membership of 300. Christ recognized the truth that a prophet is not honored much at home, but Frank seems to have plenty of it in his New England home. Brother Nash, like all the sons of the church, has common sense and tact. As a pastor he is cheerful, and always at his best, "a hale fellow well met." In the homes of his people he does not do all the talking, but is a close sympathetic listener. He listens to their "tales of woe" but never burdens them with his. Rev. Mr. Nash, for the time he has been in the work, has been more successful than the two pastors from whom he gathered his inspiration and his orthodox theology.

We now come to the sixth son of the church, and a son of the most cultured pastor in the history of the church.

Rev. Augustus S. Carrier was born not at North East, but at Ripley, N. Y. He graduated at Yale in 1870. Received his theological training at Hartford, Conn., in 1884. He was licensed to preach by the Congregational Council of Hartford and ordained by the Presbytery of Indianapolis in 1884. He was Stated Supply of the Bloomington church, Indiana, from 1884 to 1885. He is now Professor of Hebrew and Cognate Languages in McCormick Theological Seminary, Chicago. Parsons College, Iowa, gave him the degree of Doctor of Divinity in 1893.

It ought to be noted by you all and remembered with pride that three of the sons of this church became professors in our Theological Seminaries. As these younger sons have yet to win their spurs, we will say more about them at the next Centennial.

Rev. William Henry Oxtoby was born in North East sometime during the pastorate of his father, between the years 1870 and 1880. He is not only a son of the church, but of the manse.

He received his education at the University of Michigan and graduated at McCormick Seminary in 1895. At McCormick Seminary he won a fellowship by his good scholarship which entitled him to a post-graduate course at Jena and Berlin, Germany. After his return in 1897 he was ordained by the Presbytery of Grand Rapids and installed over the fine church of six hundred members at Muncie, Ind.

Last but not least is the name of F. G. Ensign, a kinsman of your townsman and fellow member, W. A. Ensign. F. H. Ensign was born at North East, July, 1837. His parents were Frederick and Huldah Ensign, and they were among the first settlers of Litchfield, Conn. In 1844 this son of the church removed with his parents to Illinois. His boyhood days were spent on a pioneer farm. He received his education at Beloit College, Wisconsin. In 1861 he entered McCormick Seminary.

Like almost all the rest of the sons of this church he had to contend with poverty. He paid his way in the seminary by acting as janitor. After two years at the Seminary, in 1863, there was an urgent call for Christian work in Grant's army, which was then at Vicksburg. He was in the employ of the American Tract Society at $20 per month.

After the war, in 1866, he finished his course at the Seminary. I find no account of his being licensed to preach, although he had taken the whole course of study. I presume the reason was in the fact that in 1870 he was elected Superintendent of the American Sunday School Union for the great northwest, and did not seek a local church.

He is simply called plain Mr. F. G. Ensign. If Beloit College did not seek to honor itself by giving this modern Barnabas a title, I will confer the degree of D. D. and LL. D. upon this noble man of a church one hundred years old. He began his work with seven missionaries and now there are over eighty.

Fifty thousand persons were brought to Christ and over a thousand churches organized of almost all denominations, through the agency of his Sabbath school work.

We should praise God to-night that one of the sons of this church has lived such a devoted, useful life, leaving the impress of his life and character upon ministers, missionaries, and Sabbath school teachers all over the northwest.

In attempting to condense such a life, we belittle the universal, heroic deeds of one of God's most useful servants. What is time for, and what is it worth if it cannot be used in doing simple justice to the men who went out to work for God and man and honor the history of this church? If this church had never been instrumental in saving hundreds of souls, had it never given thousands of dollars to build up Christ's Kingdom on earth, had it done nothing, in the hundred years of its history, but send out these eight sons, the recording angel would have written in the book of remembrance: "Well done, good and faithful servants."

DUET—Mrs. Eggleston and Mrs. Swaney. Selected.

NOTE—The paper prepared by the Rev. F. W. Hays on The Living Ex-Pastors of the Church and read at the Anniversary was unfortunately and unaccountably lost while in the editor's hands. He has undertaken to supply the deficiency as well as he could under many disadvantages.

It has also been a matter of mingled pride and affection to write a paper on the Deceased Elders of the Church. He was led to it not only by the high and worthy character of the men, and their noble work for the church, but by the fact that of the twenty-five men in the honored roll of the Ruling Elders of this church no less than twelve are related to the writer by blood or by marriage. His claim for kinship with the North East Church is a cherished one. Of the nineteen pastors he saw and knew all but four and of the twenty-five Elders he saw and knew more or less fully all but one.

This church owes a large debt of grateful memory not alone to the men who in its pastorate gave themselves to its welfare and have since passed to their rewards, but also to the honored men who having fulfilled their mission here are still serving the Church Militant, some of them by active labors and others in the quiet retirement of advanced years. They also have entered into the history of this church and done their part in promoting its growth and shaping its character.

NOTE ON THE LIVING EX-PASTORS OF THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,

By Rev. T. H. Robinson.

Rev. James Cochran was a native of the North of Ireland and received his collegiate and theological education abroad, coming to the United States but a short time before he was called to the pastorate of the Presbyterian Church in North East, in 1850. He served the church for less than two years when he removed to Minnesota, where he carried on his ministry for some years. He is now retired from active life in his profession and resides at Minneapolis. His stay in North East was too brief to leave a strong and lasting impression upon the church and the community.

Rev. Augustus H. Carrier, D. D., was born March 2d, 1831, in the town of Canton, Hartford County, Conn. His college studies were pursued at Yale College, where he graduated in 1851. The following two years were spent partly in teaching and in a sojourn at the south. He entered Andover Theological Seminary in 1854, but, without concluding the full course at Andover, pursued his studies still further at Union Seminary, New York, and also at the Divinity School of the Congregational Church in New Haven, Conn. He was licensed to preach on June 6, 1855, by "The Associated Pastors of New Haven Centre," and was ordained on Jan. 27, 1856, by a council of New Haven ministers and churches. During the year 1857 he served as Stated Supply in one of the Presbyterian Churches of Paris, Kentucky. Early in the spring of 1858 he was called to become the Stated Supply of the Presbyterian Church at North East and began his labors here in March, 1858. During his pastoral work here a new brick church was erected in place of the old frame building that had fulfilled an honorable service during nearly forty years. Mr. Carrier's labors in North East continued from 1858 to the close of the year 1863, when he accepted a call to the Congregational Church in Auburndale, Mass. In November, 1866, by reason of ill health in his family he resigned his charge and removed to Minneapolis, where early in 1867 he became pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of that city,

REV. JAMES COCHRAN,

1850 to 1852.

serving it until the spring of 1871. He then accepted a call to the First Presbyterian Church of Erie, Pa., and remained in charge of this church until early in 1879. During that year he was called to the Fourth Presbyterian Church of Indianapolis and accepting the call served the church until June, 1885. After spending a year abroad with his family, he was invited to the pastoral charge of the Presbyterian Church in Santa Barbara, Cal., and became its pastor in 1886, and after fourteen years of congenial and faithful service, he retired from active service and became Pastor Emeritus. He still resides in Santa Barbara, enjoying a happy and honored old age.

Dr. Carrier was greatly beloved by the North East congregation and the tie between him and the people was severed with mutual regret. His character as a man and as a minister of the Gospel won the confidence and great regard of all who knew him. He was invariably courteous and affable in social life, greatly devoted to his calling, a lover of his fellow men, a trusted and faithful pastor, and a preacher of marked ability and power. His warm and glowing letter read at the Centennial Anniversary is characteristic of this servant of God and of man. His son, Prof. Augustus S. Carrier, D. D., of McCormick Theological Seminary, adds new honors to the name of this beloved ex-pastor of the North East Church.

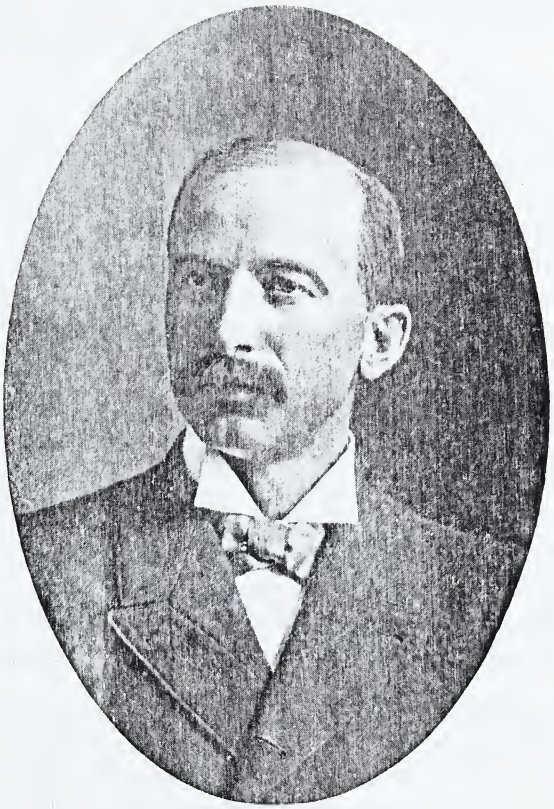
Rev. Thomas Boyd Hudson, D. D. Mr. Hudson was born in Auburn, N. Y., on the 5th day of July, 1826. He graduated from Hamilton College in 1851, received from his Alma Mater the degree of M. A. in 1854 and of D. D. in 1892. He was a tutor in Hamilton College from January, 1854, to July, 1856. Choosing the ministry of the Gospel for his life work he studied theology in Auburn Seminary, graduating in 1859. He was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Cayuga in 1858, and ordained by the same Presbytery in January, 1860. His first pastoral charge was at Union Springs, N. Y., from July, 1859, to November, 1861, when he became chaplain of the 75th Regiment, N. Y. Volunteers, serving in that capacity for about one year, when failing health compelled him to resign. He then served the Presbyterian Church in Fulton, N. Y., for thirteen months, during the absence of the pastor of that church as a chaplain in the army.

In January, 1864, he accepted the call to the pastorate of the Presbyterian Church in North East, Pa., remaining in that charge until September, 1869. In October, 1869, he entered upon the pastorate of the Presbyterian Church in Clinton, N. Y. This relationship continued until October, 1891, a period of 22 years. He has continued to reside in Clinton since that time.

In 1884 he was elected a trustee of Hamilton College and in 1885 was made secretary of the board and a year later was made also the treasurer of the college. This position he still holds, his bow abiding in strength at the age of seventy-six.

Dr. Hudson's pastorate of the North East Church was a most acceptable and successful one, honored of men and openly approved by God. He won and held to the last the warm love of his people and was beloved by his brethren in the ministry of his own and of other churches. He was an excellent preacher of the Gospel, clear, winning, and sympathetic in his presentations of the truth. He was a prince among pastors, genial, brotherly, ready to bear every man's burdens and carry every man's sorrow. All classes and all ages were sure of his friendliness. The gentleness of his Divine Master was in him. It is not strange that in a late letter he thus writes: "The pastorate of the dear old church in North East was to me and my family a most delightful one, and many of the pleasantest recollections of my life are connected with that charge. Friendships were there formed which I am sure will never be interrupted in this world or in the world to come." Into the web and woof of the spiritual history and character of this church, the happy influence of Dr. Hudson's character and life have been inseparably woven.

Rev. John Thomas Oxtoby, D. D.—Mr. Oxtoby graduated from Washington College in 1864 and completed his theological course in the Western Theological Seminary, Allegheny, Pa., in 1867. He was licensed to preach the Gospel in April, 1866, by the Presbytery of Butler, and was ordained by the Presbytery of Erie, July, 1867. He was pastor at Petroleum Center from 1867 to 1870, when he accepted a call to the church at North East and served it until 1879. He was then called to the Warren Avenue Presbyterian Church, East Saginaw, Michigan, where he continued his ministry from 1880 to as a pastor and



REV. FRANK W. HAYS, PH. D.,

1894 to 1896.

since relinquishing his charge as an evangelist. During the nine years of Mr. Oxtoby's ministry at North East, his faithful and earnest devotion to the church, his character as a man, and his great acceptableness as preacher and pastor gave him a place of power in the community. His letter to the church at the Centennial Anniversary shows how greatly he appreciated the many friendships he formed while here.

Cyrus J. Hunter, D. D., was born in Cadiz, O., May 31, 1836. He graduated from Franklin College, O., in 1861, and after a three-years' course, from the Western Theological Seminary, Allegheny, Pa., in 1864. He was licensed to preach the Gospel by the Presbytery of St. Clairsville, O., in April, 1863, and ordained by the Presbytery of Steubenville, O., in April, 1865. His first pastorate was in New Philadelphia, O., from 1865 to 1871. He became pastor at Denison, O., in 1871, serving that church until the year 1880. He was then called to the First Presbyterian Church in North East, where he preached for fourteen years, from 1880 to 1894, without being regularly installed. During the year 1895 he was called to be pastor at Chrichsville, O., where he still resides.

During the fourteen years of his connection with the church in North East he was recognized as an able and earnest preacher of the Gospel and was deservedly popular. The church grew under his labor and fostering care in numbers and in efficiency. His pastorate was the longest in the history of the church.

Rev. Frank Winfield Hays was born at Industry, Pa., October 21, 1861. He graduated from Grove City College in 1887 and pursued his course in theology for three years, 1887-1890, at the Western Theological Seminary, Allegheny, Pa. He was licensed to preach the Gospel by the Presbytery of Butler April 24, 1889, and ordained by the same Presbytery April 23, 1890. During his course of study at the Seminary he carried on his work as professor of mathematics at Grove City College and for four years longer to 1894 gave his whole time to the college. In the year 1894 he accepted the pastorate of the North East Church and remained there for two years, when he returned to his professorship at Grove City, where he still remains. Mr. Hays as

a student, professor, and pastor has revealed fine qualities of mind and heart and has won a wide and merited esteem.

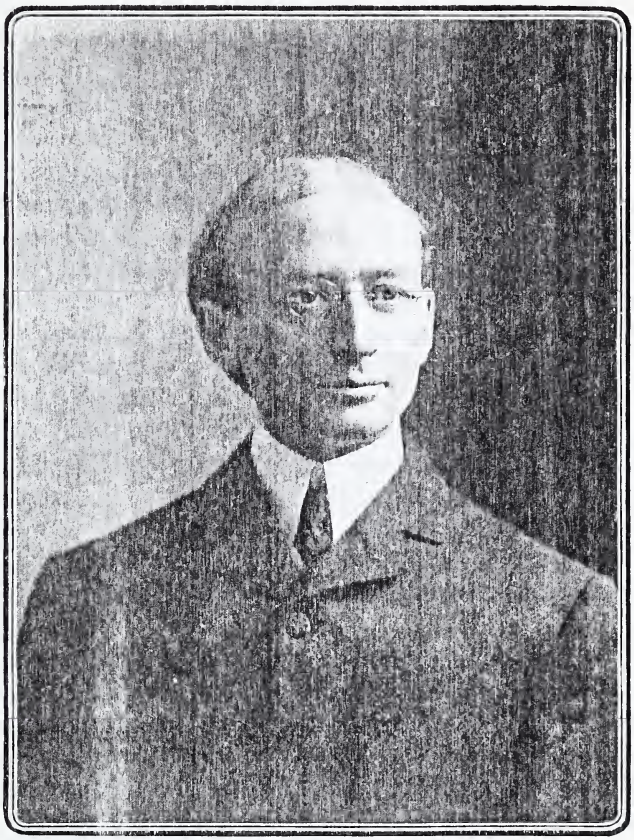
Rev. Robert Lewis Williams, the immediate predecessor of the present pastor, was born in Mercer County, Pa., October 13, 1864, and pursued his studies at Grove City College, and entered the Western Theological Seminary in 1889, completing his course there in 1892, holding a high rank as a scholar at both college and seminary. He was licensed by the Presbytery of Butler on April 29, 1892, and ordained by the Presbytery of Blairsville on April 30, 1892, and on June 7, 1892 was installed as pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Derry. He served this church until his call to the church at North East, where he was installed in November, 1896. In October, 1900, he accepted a call to the Lake Street Presbyterian Church, of Elmira, N. Y. The memory of Mr. Williams's pastorate will be held dear in this church for many years. He was recognized as one of the most gifted and eloquent of the men who have filled the pulpit of the church and the regrets of his departure are still keenly felt. During his pastorate many were added to the church.

FUTURE POSSIBILITIES OF OUR CHURCH—Rev. R. Lewis Williams.

A few weeks ago, when preparing the program for a popular meeting of Presbytery, I wrote a note to a minister, asking him to deliver an address on the probable features of Christian activity in the twentieth century. He replied, "I don't know anything about the features of Christian activity in the twentieth century. A hundred years from now I might tell something about them. But I am willing to do the best I can toward pointing out what I think they ought to be."

To-day I do not know what the North East church will be in the twentieth century, or what it will do. But in common with you all, I hold some ideas of what it may be and do. It is easier to tell what has been than what shall be. You are on more certain ground. And yet, I like the forward look. I believe I would always rather speak of the possibilities.

Indeed it is the chief duty of life to look forward. True, much of the message of to-day calls us to look backward. We are reminded that we owe the past a duty. A right use of the



REV. R. L. WILLIAMS,

1896 to 1900.

past is a moral uplift, and an equipment for the future. We are to search the past and appreciate it. We are to exalt its virtues, and govern its fruitage, and reincorporate its wealth of thought and experience, and transmit its good to posterity.

On this centennial day, we rejoice in the hundred years of a magnificent history of this splendid church. We honor the men and women who made this history. We thank God for the record.

But I am one of those who believe that, for the world, for life, and for the church, the golden age is ever in the future. I believe better history is going to be made than has been made.

There are those who sigh for "the good old days," but in broad perspective the good new days are preferable. Progress has been made. Much has been gained. Not one of you would be willing to go back to the life and the conditions of a hundred years ago.

God's ideals are being worked out, and that means growth and progress. There can be found better specimens of manhood and womanhood to-day than in any previous age. It would be a shame if it were not so. The world is better to-day at the opening of the twentieth century than it was at the opening of any other century. The church is more the ideal than it has ever been.

Progress is in the very air. Growth is the law of the Kingdom of God. It is no disparagement of the old order of things to so believe. Why, the whole look of the church is toward the future.

A redeemed world is in the future. Heaven is in the future. The nineteenth century was glorious. The twentieth century shall be greater.

This centennial would be a failure did it not bring to this church an importance and a hope for a greater and a better work in the next centennial of years.

When any man's presence has slipped into the past; when his ambition has died out and his hope for better things has fled, that man's advancement has stopped. It is just as true of a church. Unless that church is looking with hope and vision and faith for a better future its progress has ceased.

I heard the report of a certain church the other day, of which it is said, "It is holding its own." That was a poor report. No

church should be holding its own. It ought to be doing more than that. I believe this church will do more than that.

Self satisfaction means stagnation, and stagnation means decay, and decay means death. "Where there is no vision the people perish."

Faith is the primal thing in this world, but hope is the last thing, and it is hope that does things. I like the everlasting enthusiasm of Paul, who in the midst of the most abundant and large-planned work, was always saying, "Forgetting the things behind and reaching forward unto the things before. I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling."

Present attainments did not satisfy. History was glorious and he was glad for it, but better history still was to be written. It is by such future-beckoned men this world is to be saved. It is by hope-filled, purpose-thrilled, ever progressive churches, the kingdom is to be ushered in.

And this is one of the possibilities before this church: to be a hopeful church, an aggressive, wide-awake, earnest, enthusiastic church! A church mastered by the thought that it has been planted in this community to do things, to bring things to pass for God.

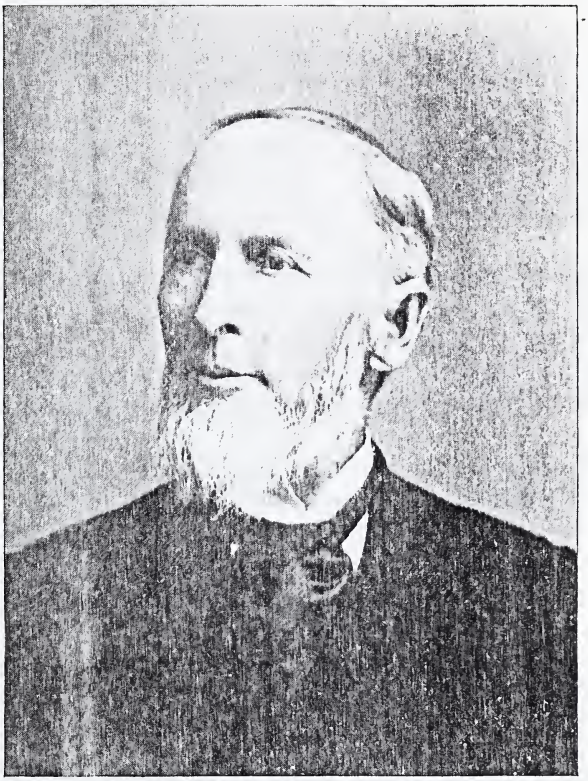
It is possible for this church, realizing that the King's business requires haste, to thrill this whole community with the tremendous importance of the truth that "now is the accepted time."

Most churches lounge over their task too much. This church less than many others. It is possible for this church to be so fired with holy zeal, and so filled with glowing hope for larger and better spiritual harvests, that other churches will catch the same fire, and the whole community will be stirred and moved, and made ready for the kingdom.

And that leads me to speak of another possibility before this church, and a more specific possibility. It may and it should grow in membership, and bring more lives and more homes into the circle of its influence.

This church should have in the not great distant future a membership of seven or eight hundred. Where are they to come from? Largely from the unchurched population round about.

Whether or not North East is to greatly grow, there is ample field within reach of the First Presbyterian Church for



ZENAS ROGERS,

Elder.

magnificent growth. Do we speak of the unchurched population in an old and conservative and church-going community like this?

I have never been in a better church-going community. I know of communities where the proportion of those interested in the church is much less.

And yet there is a great multitude living within the sound of this church bell who seldom, if ever, see the inside of a church.

I remember that a little more than a year ago the officers of this church made a careful calculation of the proportion of the population of North East borough and North East township who were members of churches, and it was found that the proportion was not more than 40 per cent.

That proportion is still much smaller in other places. If the Kingdom of Christ advances, and to be true to its nature it must, then that proportion of church members must increase with the years, and while that other 60 per cent remains practically unchurched, this church has not reached its limit in membership by any means.

What though the pessimists say that the world is overlooking the church, rather than the church overlooking the world. It is a mistake. It is the purpose of God to save the world: this community and every other, and it is His promise.

The church is making great gains upon the world, and in the near future the gains will assuredly be much greater.

And one of the possibilities before this church is to extend its influence to many homes which it has not before touched, and so largely increase its membership.

Another possibility before this church: it may exert a great influence in favor of a pure Gospel. I rejoice that nothing but the old simple Gospel of the Crucified has ever been preached from this pulpit. And I rejoice that nothing but the Gospel would ever have been tolerated by the people of this church.

None of the light-headed, puerile, milk-and-water ideas of the Gospel now-a-days promulgated by some pulpits would ever have answered here, and I am glad of it.

As one of the former pastors I rejoice in the demands of this church as to the character of the preaching it received. May those demands never grow less.

If this church is to be in the twentieth century what its history of the nineteenth century has promised that it should be, then it must face the world on the threshold of the twentieth century, as the church of Christ did at the opening of the first century, with the protest: "If any man preach any other Gospel than that ye have received, let him be anathema."

The Gospel, the simple undulterated Gospel, is the tower of strength in the church. No church can repudiate the old Gospel and prosper. I know a church which ten years ago was one of the most conspicuous and influential churches in the state of New York, but to-day is struggling to keep up appearances, pathetically fighting a losing battle, rapidly declining, not because it does not have intellectual genius in the pulpit; not because men are losing interest in the church in general, but because they have preached the Divine Christ out of the church, and have substituted for the Gospel of a Saviour crucified a lot of new fangled notions about evolution and the "higher life" and a "reconstructed Bible" and a "new faith."

There is much talk now-a-days about a new Gospel, and a new faith for a new age. But as we swing on into the new conditions and the fogs lift and the light comes in, it will be found that the new Gospel needed is the old Gospel of the cross and the open sepulchre and the endless life, and the "new faith" needed is the old faith in a Sovereign God and a True Bible.

The coming contest for the church is going to be on this battlefield of fidelity to the Gospel. I cannot conceive of this church assuming any other attitude toward the Gospel than that of the utmost fidelity. And one of the possibilities before you is to exert a strong influence in this community, in this Presbytery, in this county, in this part of the state in favor of the old Gospel of Christ.

One more possibility before this church is this:

It should continue to exhibit the strength, beauty, steadfastness, and substantial aggressiveness of a strong type of Presbyterianism. We have heard of the influence of Presbyterianism in this community during the past century. The splendid story of this community, for it is splendid, would not have been fairly told had not a considerable share of its worthy deeds and its worthy life been attributed to the solid faith, the large courage,

JAMES A. MOORHEAD,

Elder and Trustee.

and the undying perseverance of the Presbyterian type of character planted and developed here.

What Presbyterianism has done for this corner of the state is but an introduction to what it may and should do. What the Presbyterian type of character has been to this community is but the prophecy of what it may and should be. Calvinistic Presbyterianism is sometimes misunderstood and often misrepresented. In frothy novels, sensational sermons, and in part of the secular press it is made a target of attack.

But Calvinistic Presbyterianism still stands and is growing, and if what Carlyle says is true, it is worth something in a community. He says: Calvinistic Presbyterianism has produced in all in which it really dominated a definite type of character and conception of morals, which is the noblest that has yet appeared in the world."

And such writers as Froude, and Morley, and Macauley, and Bancroft, and Fiske and many others who are competent judges express similar sentiments.

This is the verdict of history upon our system of faith.

Then it is a great possibility before any church to maintain and develope that type of character, which is the result of such a faith.

Let there be more Presbyterianism and not less in this community, under the influence of this church, for that shall mean strong characters, strong men and women for the work and service of life.

With the most magnanimous charity for all others; with the feeling of the largest and widest brotherhood toward all of whatever name and faith who love our common Lord, this church, Presbyterian through and through for a hundred years, will best fulfil its larger mission by continuing Presbyterian through and through in the coming years.

I was to speak for ten minutes. I fear I have over-run the time, and have broken my record, for you know I always believed in beginning on time, and closing on time.

Permit me this. For this church which I have loved more probably than you will ever know I predict a splendid future.

With such a history, and with the opening opportunities and more than all with the overshadowing and surrounding love

and promise of God, we may confidently expect great things for you.

May the God who has led through the past lead on into the future.

SOLO—Mr. Hodges. "Be Thou Faithful Unto Death."—Mendelssbon.

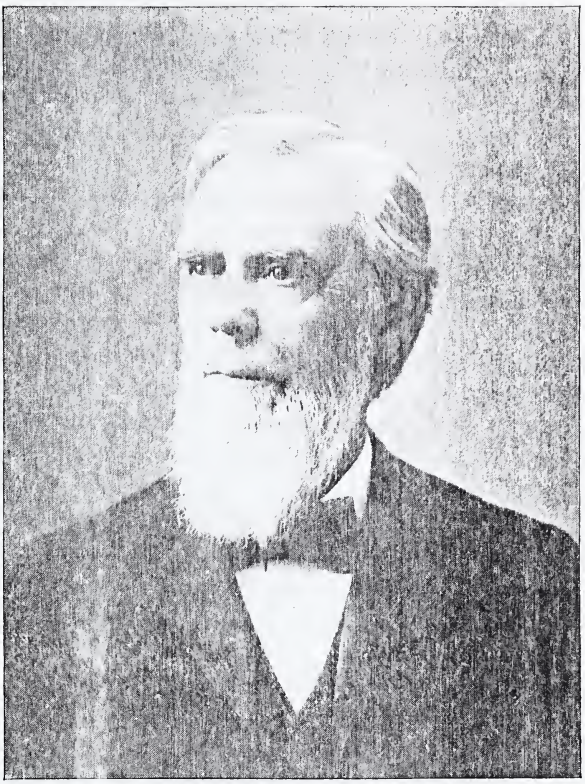
FATHER ORTON AND SOME OF HIS WORK—By Rev. Thomas B. Hudson, D. D.

In the first place I want, in this public manner, to thank the committee of arrangements for assigning to me this interesting and suggestive theme. They could not have given me a more acceptable one. To think of it, and to write about it, has been a labor of love. I only regret that, notwithstanding its agreeableness, I have not been able to do it justice.

There is to me a very special significance in that word "Father"—Father Orton. He was more to me than an acquaintance. More than a friend and Christian brother. More even than a reverend and beloved minister of Christ. He was my spiritual father. He was the principal instrument in the hand of God in giving direction to my whole life. But for him, and his work, I should not, in all probability be here to-day. But for him, it is probable I should never have been pastor of this beloved church.

I was a wayward boy of 13 years when Father Orton's influences first touched my life. That I should ever become a Christian minister or even a Christian seemed at that period of my life the slightest of probabilities. Everything in my circumstances and habits and inclination was against it. My associates and the influences around me were most unfavorable to such a result.

Father Orton was holding a series of meetings in Auburn, N. Y., in the old First Presbyterian Church. I had no interest in them. I am not sure that I had any knowledge of them, though living within a stone's throw of the church. I was not in the habit of going to church, or to Sabbath school, or to any religious service. But the church was being richly blessed. Awakened to a new zeal under Father Orton's preaching, some of the members became Home Missionaries and went out in



REV. THOMAS B. HUDSON, D. D.,

1864 1869.

search of the lost. One of these zealous disciples, one pleasant Sunday afternoon, on his way to the afternoon session of the Sunday school, found a company of boys, of whom I was one, in the outskirts of the city in bathing. After much kindly persuasion, he induced three or four of us to join his class in the Sunday school, that very day. None of us had any serious thought of ever going again, and I was the only one of the group, I have reason to believe, who ever did go again.

From the Sunday school I naturally went to church and, for the first time in my life, saw the face and heard the voice of Samuel G. Orton. What he preached about I do not remember. I can recall absolutely nothing in connection with the service. But it made an impression upon my mind and heart. A new interest began to be stirred within me. My indifference to religious things began to yield. The following week found me in a boy's prayer meeting which grew out of Father Orton's services. And in the course of a few days, after a mental struggle which I think was unusual in one so young and which is the most vividly remembered of all the experiences of the time, the decision was reached which placed me on the side of Christ and his people. That decision brought with it other things besides peace of mind and joy in the Holy Ghost. It brought with it some sore trials. It was followed by sneers and insults and much persecution from my former associates, but never one regret nor one wavering of purpose in my boyish heart. From that day to this Father Orton has filled a large place in my affection. But Oh, how little thought I had then and for twenty-five or more years after, that I should ever become the pastor of him at whose feet I learned the very alphabet of religious knowledge, and to whom under God I owed all my religious hopes and all the good that had ever come to me out of my religious life and experience.

I have sometimes said that after I left college and entered upon a somewhat public life, I have never had or done just what I wanted to have or do. Every public position I have held as teacher, pastor, chaplain, and the place I now hold in connection with Hamilton College, was not of my choice or inclination. But I must make one exception to that statement. I did want to come to North East. The pastorate of this church is the only public position I ever sought. It was at my request

that Dr. Condit of Auburn Seminary wrote to the session of this church about me. There were several reasons why I wanted to come to North East, but one of the strongest was the desire to be brought again into contact with Father Orton. I knew in him I should find a true friend and a wise counselor and an efficient helper. And I was not disappointed. Retired ministers are not always regarded as a pastor's best parishioners. I think it is a mistaken impression and I can speak from considerable experience on that point. In my last pastoral charge of twenty-two years duration I almost always had a dozen or more clergymen in my congregation. The knowledge of that fact made me hesitate long before accepting the call to Clinton. But I am bound to say that, with one or two exceptions, they were the most considerate and sympathetic of my hearers. Of course I never expected to find a Father Orton among them or to feel towards any of them as I felt towards him. None of them had ever done for me what he had done and not one of them, nor all of them could hold the place he had held and deserved to hold in my heart.

Father Orton, if I have been correctly informed, set himself vigorously to work to lighten my pastoral burden before I entered upon my pastorate here. There was a troublesome debt upon this church at that time, not large but troublesome as all debts are apt to be. At a church gathering of some sort the matter of this debt was spoken of and regrets expressed that it should exist, especially in view of the beginning of a new pastorate. Father Orton said, "Let's pay it. Let's get rid of it before the new pastor comes." But when and how? some inquired. "When? Why now, right here at this meeting" was the good man's response. And he immediately led off with a generous offer. His enthusiasm and generosity were contagious. Others followed his example, and in a very short time the whole amount was pledged and soon collected, and the new pastor had no trouble from that source. And a pleasant and harmonious pastorate of nearly six years followed. How much Father Orton had to do with harmony we have no means of knowing. We know he never did anything to disturb it. I know that his prayer and exhortation and counsel in public and private were an inspeakable comfort and encouragement to the pastor, and I should feel much happier to-day if I knew, or had

REV. SAMUEL G. ORTON, D. D

good reason to believe, that words from my life had ever brought half the consolation and strength to him that his did to me. How much interest his presence created in our Prayer Meeting! How he edified and cheered us by the lessons he was able to draw from his rich religious experience! What strong faith he had in the power and preciousness of God's word and promise! What thrilling and convincing evidences he had seen of the power of God's truth in the results of his own ministry! What transformations he had witnessed in the lives and characters of men under his preaching! I used to wonder, sometimes, what he must have thought of my poor preaching, so barren of results as compared with his own. How could he sit in his pew so patiently Sabbath after Sabbath without hearing a single sinner cry out for mercy, he who in his own ministry had heard the cry so often and from hundreds of convicted souls? Why did he not rise up and rebuke the preacher for his tameness and inefficiency? It must have required a marvellous degree of self control. Heavy indeed must have been the burden of sorrow in his heart. How do we account, dear friends, for the difference in results? Why was Father Orton's ministry so remarkably fruitful in conversion? The answer to these questions involves an analysis of his methods and the characteristics of his preaching.

In the first place Father Orton, during the greater part of his ministry, was an Evangelist so called, and it was in connection with his evangelistic labors that the majority of conversions occurred. When he went into a community to preach he aimed at immediate results, and the congregation to whom he preached expected immediate results, and usually heartily co-operated with the preacher in producing them. Even the unconverted, in many instances, expected then to be converted, and saw, in the coming of the Evangelist, their opportunity to settle the question of the soul's salvation. But this explanation is hardly sufficient. Other ministers have been Evangelists and have sought for immediate results without securing them in any such measure as Father Orton did. There must have been something peculiar in his case.

Yes, my friends, there was something peculiar, not so much in his methods of his work perhaps, as in the spirit of the man and the quality of his preaching. These things were true of

him, in a most remarkable degree: singleness of purpose, intensity of desire, a profound conviction of the necessity of conversion, an unquestioning faith in the representation of the Bible as to the consequences of sin both here and hereafter, and an importunately prayerful spirit. This last, especially, was one of his most marked characteristics.

Dr. Hopkins, pastor of the church in which he preached in Auburn, said he never knew a man who prayed so much. He could hear him pleading with God at all hours of the night. He seemed to realize most vividly the significance of Christ's word, "This kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting." He was a wrestling Jacob. He would not give up without a blessing. Like the Master he sometimes continued all night in prayer. In this respect he resembled Charles G. Finney. He went to the pulpit right from communion with God at the throne of grace, with his heart all aglow with tenderness and love. Tenderness and persuasiveness were the prevailing characteristics of his preaching. He possessed one element which it seems to me is a kind of lost art, yet not an art, rarely found in modern preaching, and which, I am sorry to say, seems to be discounted and even criticised in some quarters, but which in my humble opinion is the most urgent need of the pulpit, and the absence of which, more than anything else, accounts for the barrenness of the pulpit to-day. Father Orton, while not lacking in intellectual force and reasoning power, was an emotional preacher. A man who prayed so much and communed with God so constantly could not help being an emotional preacher. His heart preached as well as his head. There were tears in his voice as well as in his eyes, and for that reason, his preaching took hold of other people's hearts and melted them in contrition, and that, I believe, is the most effectual way of bringing men to Christ. A man's religion, in my judgment, is not good for much unless his heart is in it, and it is in his heart. We don't love God with our heads. We love him with our hearts. We don't hate sin with our heads. We hate it with our hearts. Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart first and then with all thy mind and soul and strength. To invert this order is to run the risk of losing love altogether. If our hearts are right in the sight of God, our minds will not be far out of the way. It is in our hearts that spiritual declension commonly begins. Hence

JAMES L. REED,

Elder.

the necessity of having our heart quickened and stirred by the truth, and emotional preaching will do it more quickly and thoroughly than anything else. And by emotional preaching I do not mean mere sentimental drivel to which, possibly, it may, in some instances, degenerate, but rather those tender, loving, sympathetic utterances which evince the sincerity of the preacher, and reveal his intense love for souls. Of this kind of preaching I feel justified in saying Father Orton was a fine example and hence his great success in winning souls. And I ought not to close this part of my talk without mentioning one other quality of the man which certainly did not hinder but greatly augmented his usefulness, and that was his sanctified common sense. He never did foolish things. He was not guilty of extravagance. He never joked in the pulpit, or tried to attract attention or draw a crowd by any such sensational nonsense. He never did anything, I am sure, to lower the dignity or lessen the sacredness of the pulpit or of God's house.

But I must not forget that my subject to-day is a restricted one. It is "Father Orton and Some of His Work." The committee, remembering probably some of my long sermons, and knowing the ministerial tendency to prolixity, have very wisely and mercifully put a limitation upon me. They do not ask me to speak of Father Orton and his work, but only of some of his work. It would not be possible, certainly for any human pen, to show all the results of his work. For that work is still going on and will probably continue to the end of time. Take that one wonderful instance of work wrought through him when he was a junior in Hamilton College in 1821. In order to earn something to pay his college bill, he went that year to the town of Deposit in New York state, and took charge of a school of fifty pupils, and before he left them to return to college the members of that school were all converted and a large number of others outside. Of those fifty scholars it is said that six young men, and perhaps more, entered the Christian ministry! Who can fix the limit of the good accomplished by that single revival brought about, under God, by the zeal and devotion of Samuel Orton, long before he himself entered the Ministry?

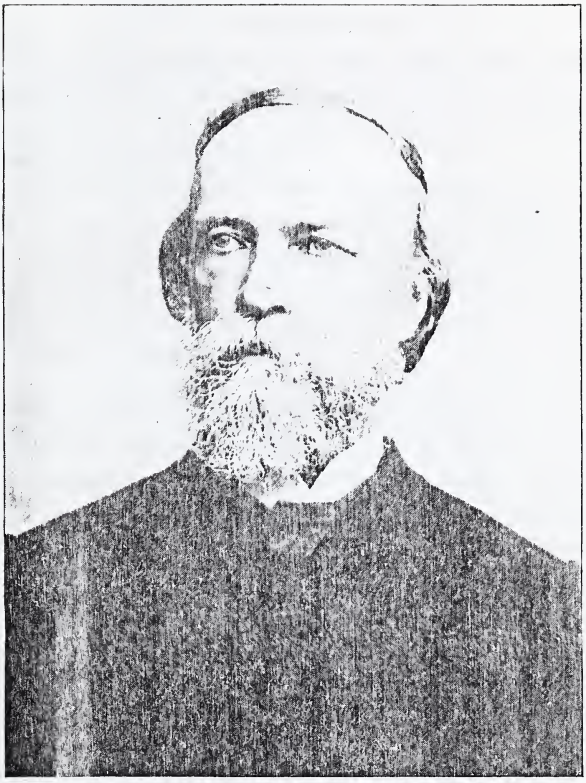
But that was only the beginning of his work. Four or five years later, broken in health from excessive study, he went back to Deposit and again took charge of the same school, and as the Presbyterian Church there was vacant he supplied its pulpit for

two years, during which time occurred one of the most wonderful revivals of the century, known as the "Great Awakening," extending up and down the Delaware River for thirty miles, and reaching the worst and most unhopeful classes of the people. These two revivals were especially remarkable in view of the youthfulness of the preacher. But in other respects they were only specimens of revivals which constantly attended his subsequent ministry for nearly fifty years. All along this Lake Shore, for many miles east and west there were marvellous manifestations of divine power in the conversion of souls. One sermon in Westfield is thought to have resulted in the conversion of twenty-four persons. At his first inquiry meeting here in North East 150 persons crowded into the room, nearly all of whom, and many more besides were brought to Christ, among them that afterward noble preacher, Dr. Cyrus Dickson, once secretary of our Board of Home Missions. And not only along this lake shore did Father Orton prosecute his great mission but in other regions as well, especially in New York State.

Father Orton and his work! Truly, my friends, it was a great work! Only an angel could adequately describe it. We have only touched a small part of it. We are told that the salvation of one soul fills the hearts of angels with joy. What sensation must have thrilled angelic hearts when tidings of Father Orton's work reached them, for it is believed to be a reasonable estimate that at least 10,000 souls were led to Christ and a new life in connection with his labors!

There is one church especially that ought to rejoice to-day in this good man's work and memory and that is the Presbyterian Church in North East. Here he worked in his younger and vigorous days. Here were reaped some of the richest fruits of his labors. Here he rested in his later and feebler years, going in and out before this people day by day, as an angel of God, shedding around him a most hallowed influence and leaving a most precious memory which they ought ever to cherish with the tenderest affection and gratitude.

"Though dead, he yet speaketh." Dearly beloved, let us listen to his voice, the echoes of which still linger in the ears of so many of us. Let us never forget his wise counsel, his earnest prayer, nor cease to be grateful to our Heavenly Father for bringing us into familiar association with one of the noblest of His saints.



REV. AUGUSTUS H. CARRIER, D. D.

1859–1863.

A MEMORIAL TO THE DECEASED PASTORS OF THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF NORTH EAST.

By Rev. A. H. Carrier, D. D.

The interesting subject thus assigned me on this notable occasion I have heartily welcomed. I am glad, as one of your oldest living pastors, to pay my tribute of respect, on your behalf, to the memory of the faithful dead.

The church which observes now its centennial was fortunate indeed in the spiritual earnestness of the men who laid its foundations. I recall my vivid impressions of this as I now go back in memory to a discourse which I prepared when we were about leaving our time-honored "frame church" to enter the new brick church that we had just completed.

The sturdy character of such men as Elisha Macurdy, Joseph Stockton, John McPherrin, greatly impressed me. I could not help envying them their privilege of thus laying the foundation for many generations. I used to listen eagerly to what was told me by the oldest members of the church concerning the log church built amidst the trees of what is now the cemetery.

I once with some one drove past a field in which was pointed out to me what remained of the old church at Middlebrook. There were a few logs remaining, but going fast to decay. The church was built, we are told, in a single day by the sturdy pioneers with their axes; never a nail in the whole structure; the roof of slabs, and the seats of something similar.

Doubtless this was repeated in the making of the log church in your cemetery forest. I looked with a sort of reverence upon those crumbling logs in Middlebrook and said to myself, "a cane carved from one of those logs would count with me tenfold more than the best gold-headed one from the timbers of Commodore Perry's fleet, preserved in the waters of Erie harbor, and furnishing such souvenirs, as I remember." Much as I honor Perry's exploit, I have higher honor for the religious heroism of the men who thus builded here. While I would not say that the men and women of a hundred years ago were one whit better than many among ourselves to-day, yet they learned to endure, and

were ready to endure, hardness as good soldiers of Christ, as few indeed of us now are called upon to do this.

Thus in the instance of Rev. Elisha Macurdy, (whose name I find also spelled McCurdy), the work was wholly of a pioneer sort. He had to traverse the tangled wilderness from Pittsburg to the lake to bring together the scattered people for the hearing of the Gospel. He came as a zealous missionary before Home Missions had become an organized institution. Converted in his later youth, after farm work and the work of a teamster had solidified his strength and toughened his muscles, he gave all that he had of mental and physical force to the service of the Lord.

He longed to preach, but would abate no jot of preparation. Therefore, mature as he was, he went through a whole seven years' course of study at Canonsburg Academy, one of the foundations of Washington and Jefferson College. He was obliged to sell his farm in order to defray the expense of his preparatory course. His studies in theology were directed by Rev. Dr. McMillan. He was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Ohio on the 26th of June, 1799, at the church of Upper Buffalo, Washington County, Pa. At the same time and place the Presbytery licensed Joseph Stockton, also a student at Canonsburgh and a pupil of Dr. McMillan in theology. These two came together to upper and lower Greenfield, where they organized in 1801 churches in these two neighboring places. Hence this present celebration. Of Mr. McCurdy's ministry it is said, "from its commencement to its close it was a scene of the most self-denying and unremitting labor." He had an important agency in connection with the great revival in Western Pennsylvania that commenced about 1801-1802. He was a most earnest preacher, practical, pointed but kindly in spirit. He died on the 22d day of July, 1845, in the 83d year of his age, full of faith and hope and love.

Joseph Stockton became the first pastor of the church in Meadville and the author also of school books which became familiarly known. He died in Baltimore, Md., in 1834, aged 53.

These two men, though founders of this church under God's providence, were not long associated with it. They made their mark and passed on to lay other foundations.

The first pastor of the united churches of upper Greenfield, that is Middlebrook, and of lower Greenfield, that is North East, was the Rev. Robert Patterson. He was installed, as your own manual tells you, on the 1st of September, 1803. He was born in Stillwater, N. Y., educated in Canonsburg and a student of theology with Dr. McMillan, who was a notable pastor surely. He is described as "a stout, robust man, though not tall, with ruddy complexion and heavy beetling brows, a good scholar though not constitutionally a student." He settled for two-thirds of his time in these two churches at a salary of $200, the remaining one-third to be devoted to Evangelistic work. Released from his pastoral charge he went to Pittsburg where he died in 1854, in his eighty-second year. It is said of him "he is of a genial temperament, sober, sedate, yet not without a decided trace of Attic wit." This is illustrated in a story which he did not hesitate to recite about himself. Riding one Sunday morning to his church near Pittsburg a traveler overtook him and chatted with him along the way; reaching the church Mr. Patterson said to his fellow traveler, "suppose you stop and hear the preaching, it will rest both you and your horse." "Who is the preacher?" "One Patterson." "Did he preach in Erie County once?" "Yes." "Then I won't stop. He is the dryest old stick I ever heard."

Rev. Samuel J. M. Eaton, whose reminiscences have supplied me with some of these facts, becomes a most trustworthy guide in what he tells about his father, Rev. Johnston Eaton, who became the minister of this flock after an interval of some years. The church was not without occasional preaching meanwhile. Rev. John McPherrin, for instance, was employed in 1812 for six months. "He was a thorough Latin and Greek scholar, and an earnest Evangelical preacher, and an able and devoted minister of Christ." So writes Rev. Dr. Sprague, in his "Annals of the American Pulpit." After very efficient service in various places he died February 10th, 1822, in his sixty-fifth year of his age. It was under his preaching that Rev. Elisha McCurdy had been converted, the sermon having for its text, "What Think Ye of Christ"?

Rev. Johnston Eaton came to Erie County to make it his permanent abode. He came, as his son reports, in 1815. His first sermon was preached at Swan's tavern in what is now Manchester. Fairview was his favorite place of labor, although he

preached a portion of his time at Springfield and at Erie; also at North East, Waterford, Edinboro, and McKean. A wide parish surely. For some years he was the only minister of any denomination in the county. "With his wife he moved from Fayette county," writes his son, "bearing all their household effects on horse back. There was not a bridge between Pittsburgh and Erie. A log cabin was built at Walnut Creek and the work began. With his own hands the minister worked out a table from a solid walnut tree, as no lumber was to be had, and when children began to gather around, little shoes were fabricated by his skill out of the remains of his own boot-tops that had served their time. The minister's wife braided hats for the family out of moose or leatherwood bark that grew in the woods. Wonderful cloth was manufactured in that log cabin; the wool carded and spun and woven, colored with butternut bark; fulled in a tub by the trampling of the bare feet of some of the neighboring young men, and cut and made up by the lady of the manse."

Mr. Eaton was a Pennsylvanian, graduated in the first class sent out by Jefferson College, a student of theology at Dr. McMillan's log cabin. He was below the ordinary stature, and always light and slender. He had a mild blue eye, with a tinge of sadness in its cast; nose approaching the aquiline, with thin brown hair that did not become entirely gray in his old age. Nervously sensitive, averse to anything like display, he avoided show of any kind. He did not write his sermons but prepared them carefully from a brief skeleton that was usually kept in his pocket Bible. With all his mildness and quiet grace he was known through the whole country for his opposition to vice in every form. Dr. Eaton relates an incident in proof of this. His father met squarely one day in the road a man notorious for his profane and wicked ways, a stalwart, fighting man. Nevertheless Mr. Eaton, the little minister, confronted him, charged him with his evil ways, while the convicted giant with hat in hand and perspiration rolling from his face managed to say at the close with a bow, "I thank you," and then went on his way.

Mr. Eaton served this church during 1815 and 1816, giving one-third of his time. He died in Fairview, June 17th, 1847, after a ministry of forty-two years, in his seventy-second year. In my younger days there were some who still remembered him and honored him for his faithful work here and throughout the county.

I find in your church manual that Rev. Phineas Camp conducted Evangelistic services here in 1818, when a considerable number of additions were made to the church. Also that the Rev. Judah Ely, of the Presbytery of Buffalo, was the first to serve the congregation in the new frame church, giving half his time in 1823. Of these two ministers I have not been able to learn particulars. We may trust that their record is secure and treasured in God's book of remembrance.

We come now to Rev. Giles Doolittle, whom I used to hear quite often mentioned when I was pastor in North East. He was installed as pastor by the Presbytery of Erie, April 15th, 1825. Dr. Eaton quotes concerning him what was said by one of his people, "He was a Puritan of the Puritans. I never heard him converse except on the subject of religion. Nothing ever seemed to disturb him except the wrong doing of his people. Then he would weep over them and be moved as no bereavement of his own could move him. He had remarkable control over his own feelings. He preached on Sabbath when one of his children lay dead at home, and when his wife died he preached her funeral sermon the following Sabbath, analyzing her character and calmly speaking of her many excellencies." His ministry extended to 1832. It was a fruitful ministry attended by revivals in those years of revival-power 1830-1833. The testimony here of those who were under his ministry was uniformly in his praise.

He was followed November 15, 1833, by Rev. W. A. Adair. During his pastorate we meet with the name of Rev. S. G. Orton, a highly honored name in this and other communities. He was a man who united evangelistic labors with his own regular pastorate. His labors here during Mr. Adair's ministry resulted in large accessions to this church. Mr. Orton, after leaving his pastorate in Ripley, N. Y., was for a considerable time in his old age a resident of this place with his estimable wife, beloved and honored by all.

After Mr. Adair's ministry, with its large accessions, Rev. Nathaniel West became pastor for three years, 1838-1841. I used to hear his name mentioned with a certain mingling of admiration and perhaps I might say, deprecation. He was a preacher of notable power and Biblical learning. But he had

what some thought an over-strenuous will. I cannot judge the case. Some said "when he is in the pulpit, so admirably he preaches, that he ought never to be out of it; when out of it, so wilful he is, that he ought never to go into it." No one, I think, ever doubted his honesty of purpose; and, after his dismission, the people spoke kindly of him, feeling no longer the stress of what they deemed his arbitrary will.

He was followed by Rev. Miles Doolittle, a relative, as I suppose, of Rev. Giles Doolittle. He was a man of mild and amiable spirit, not so forceful as his name-sake, but one doubtless whose quiet manners served as an offset to the more stormy pastorate of his predecessor.

In 1844 Rev. Samuel Montgomery ministered to the church, a man who was kindly remembered by one who recited to me years ago his helpfulness to herself. If I am correct, he had been a classical teacher in Westfield Academy and resumed teaching after his brief ministry. But I cannot venture to be positive about this. My impression is that he was a somewhat shy man, scholarly in his habits, better adapted to the school room than to pastoral visiting, but it is possible that I am mistaking the man.

I find in your church manual the name of Rev. Rodney Paine as the successor of Mr. Montgomery. Our honored elder, Mr. Dyer Loomis, could tell us something of him inasmuch as under his ministry his own long and honored eldership began. But I have not the material at hand to indicate the traits of the minister thus mentioned.

The Rev. James Cochran, who followed Rev. Rodney Paine in 1850, is, as I infer, still among the living, and hence I pass next to my immediate predecessor, Rev. D. D. Gregory. I recall him as a man of impressive personal appearance. He was a brother-in-law of Rev. Samuel G. Orton and was a man whose genial manners were like those of his sister, Mrs. Orton. It was thought a piece of good fortune to have secured a preacher of his dignity of character for your village church. He had been a pastor in Cincinnati and came thus among you with the prestige of a city pastorate. He maintained the kindly dignity, the urbanity, of one who had been thus situated. The parsonage lot was purchased and the house for the pastor's family was built under his suggestion. A renewal of his work in Cincinna-

REV. DR. DAVID D. GREGORY,

1852 to 1858.

ti led to his resignation of his charge here and I was asked to occupy the vacant pulpit.

Mr. Gregory lived several years after leaving this place, but I am not informed concerning the date of his death. I honor his memory as that of an excellent minister, sound in the faith, of a certain stately dignity of manner, representative in this of a type of ministers who have nearly passed away.

When I came in March 1858, (not 1859 as recorded in your church manual), it was with some natural shrinking concerning following this dignified senior; but when afterwards I met him personally I found him thoroughly genial and abounding in hearty good will.

I have thus gone through the list of your deceased pastors, a catalogue suggestive of many thoughts.

The successors of the apostles are by no means of any one communion. You have had them here in the spirit and power which God gave them.

As Elisha obtained the fallen mantle of Elijah, so your Elisha, who organized this church, partook of the spirit of the man who brought him to Jesus; and he in turn was followed by those earnest men whose portraits I have tried to sketch, men who prayed often, doubtless, in the years of revival through which this church passed for a double portion of God's spirit. You have had in these ministers whose record is now in honored remembrance pastors well fitted of God to do the shaping work for a pioneer church begun in the wilderness. You have now grown into a flourishing congregation, with all the comforts and advantages of an intellectual, refined social life. Be not unmindful of the work of those who prepared the way. Be thankful to God for the men who were famous in lifting up axes upon the thick trees. You will not despise the log church of a hundred years ago. Be thankful for the early fathers and mothers, who, out from their necessities, spared something for God's service. And remember gratefully those who as pioneer pastors loved to gather the scattered sheep of the wilderness and to lead them unto the chief shepherd and bishop of their souls.

BENEDICTION—Rev. T. B. Hudson, D. D.

ORGAN.

DECEASED RULING ELDERS OF THE NORTH EAST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

NAMES.	Birth	Church Memb'p.	Ordination.	Death
Joseph McCord	Jan. 9, 1766	——— 1801	——— 1801	Feb. 7, 1813
John McCord	Dec. 5, 1767	——— 1801	——— 1801	Feb. 13, 1839
Thomas Robinson	——— 1773	——— 1801	——— 1801	July 12, 1830
William Dickson	Mar. 27, 1783	——— 1814	Oct. 2, 1827	Nov. 25, 1869
James Duncan			Oct. 2, 1827	Aug. 9, 1861
William Andrew Robinson	July 20, 1795		Feb. 2, 1830	Mar. 10, 1871
Harmon Ensign	Feb. 14, 1793		Sept. 10, 1834	Mar. 14, 1876
James Smedley, M. D.	——— 1792	Jan. 18, 1834	Sept. 10, 1834	Jan. 26, 1868
William Crawford	Dec. 25, 1796		Sept. 10, 1834	Aug. 19, 1850
Osee Selkregg	Sept. 20, 1795	Feb. 29, 1828	Dec. 31, 1843	June 4, 1883
Frederick Ensign	June 2, 1795	Nov. 30, 1833	Dec. 31, 1843	
Benjamin Royce Tuttle			Nov. 25, 1849	May 14, 1860
James Whitehill	Mar. 30, 1797	——— 1830	Nov. 25, 1849	April 25, 1870
Dyer Loomis	Oct. 10, 1810	Dec. 17, 1831	Nov. 25, 1849	Dec. 2, 1901
Benjamin T. Spooner	Aug 28, 1802	April 5, 1851	March 2, 1856	June 13, 1881
Joseph McCord	May 29, 1810	Oct. 1, 1840	March 2, 1856	June 2, 1886
Horatio M. Gilman		Dec. 1, 1848	March 2, 1856	Removed 1875, Died 1890
William E. Marvin	March 2, 1814	March 1, 1863	Nov. 8, 1868	Sept. 16, 1899
Martin L. Selkregg	Nov. 1, 1834	Oct. 12, 1850	Nov. 8, 1868	Sept 4, 1891
Zenas Rogers	Nov. 20 1820	——— 1840	Nov. 8 1868	

THE RULING ELDERS OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF NORTH EAST.

The record of the Centennial Celebration of the Presbyterian Church of North East would not be complete without some notice of the noble men who during the hundred years served as Ruling Elders in the church. We have had reports of the good men and true who were pastors of the church during the century of its life, but it should be remembered that for more than one-fourth of the century the church was without the presence and guidance of a pastor and was dependent for its life and growth upon the men who filled its eldership. They were not only the chief supporters of the men who filled the pulpit as pastors, but when the pulpit was vacant, they became in fact the pastors of the congregation. And admirably did they do the work that God laid upon them. In the early and feebler years of the church's history, it was extremely difficult to maintain a permanent pastorate. The men were not to be had and the church was poor. There were frequent intervals of from one to five years when the entire care of the church was laid upon the eldership. There were many years when the church had the services of their pastor for but one-half or one-third of his time. It may be truthfully said that for fully one-third of the century the worship and pastoral care of the church were maintained by the Ruling Elders. They secured occasional supplies for the pulpit, or conducted the worship of the Sabbath themselves, reading a substantial sermon from some approved divine. They led the prayer meetings. They did what they could for the poor and sick and in the burial of the dead. They were leaders in the Sunday-school work of the church. They very largely had the care of the benevolent work of the church, the funds raised for pulpit supplies and for home and foreign missions. The discipline and oversight of the members of the church devolved upon them and in the early border life discipline was sometimes necessary. The church early took a high stand in favor of temperance, passing rules in favor of total abstinence. In the fight for a pure, moral, and law-abiding community, the church led by its Ruling Elders was prominent. It must not be forgotten that for the first twenty-five years of its history this church was the only one in the community. It toiled at the foundations of so-

cial and religious life and the Elders of this Church were the master workmen.

The first session of the church was composed of three men, John McCord and Joseph McCord, his brother, and Thomas Robinson, their brother-in-law. They were Scotch-Irishmen, from Cumberland County (now Perry County), Pa., and were born under the shadows of the Kittatinny Mountains, and were sons of a race of Presbyterian ancestry.

Joseph McCord, Sr., was born in Cumberland County, (now Perry), January 9, 1766. He came to Erie County with his wife and two children on horseback in 1798 and settled in North East. He was one of the original Ruling Elders of the Church at its organization and served the church until his death, February 7, 1813. He passed away nearly ninety years ago and no traditions of his person and character have been preserved.

John McCord was born Dec. 5, 1767, and died February 13, 1839. His term of eldership was a long and successful one of over thirty-eight years. The writer of this record, though but a lad at the date of his death, well recalls him. He was a tall, spare man, dignified in aspect, grave in his deportment, and most faithful in his church attendance. He inspired universal respect and confidence. His home was an open house for his many relatives and friends, and is remembered as a place of most cheerful hospitality, especially brightened by the genial welcome of his gracious wife, Polly Harkness McCord. Mr. McCord was a most devoted member of the church, a wise counsellor, a generous giver, and a man whose Christian integrity was beyond challenge. One of his daughters, Ann, was the wife of a well known and beloved minister of the Presbyterian Church, the Rev. George H. Hampson, and a second, Mary, was a wife of James Smedley, M. D., for many years a faithful elder in this church.

Thomas Robinson was born in Cumberland County, Pa., (now Perry), 1773, and died July 12, 1830, after serving the church in the eldership for twenty-nine years. From others who knew him well for many years, I learned the following facts of him. He came to North East, then known as Lower Greenfield, in 1797,

with John McCord, and they both brought their small families out in 1798. He was a tall man, noted in early life for his athletic feats and vigorous frame. He was a farmer but for many years one of the first justices of the peace. His father was a ruling elder in Central Pennsylvania for many years and in his later years in Kentucky, and was a soldier of the Revolution. Mr. Robinson was one of the three original elders of the North East Church. It was said of him by a contemporary that "he was the most complete gentleman she ever knew, uniformly courteous in speech and dignified in manner." He was widely known as the peaceful arbitrator of disputes among his fellowmen. In the church he was beloved for his gentleness and purity of character, and as a man remarkable for the tenderness and power of his public prayers, "A prince with God" and a lover of his fellowmen.

James Duncan was a Scotch-Irishman born in the north of Ireland, and came to this country in the earliest years of the nineteenth century. He and William Dickson were ordained Ruling Elders in the North East Church on Feb. 2d, 1827, in the presence of a great congregation. Mr. Duncan brought with him the sterling uprightness of his ancestry abroad, and was trusted and revered through all the years of his Ruling Eldership. I recall him as a plain, honest, straight-forward man, short in stature, who never lost his foreign brogue and was scarcely ever absent from his large square pew on the western side of the church in the park. My father's pew was directly opposite on the east side and the straying eyes of a boy knew quite well where everybody sat. It was not an uncommon nor unfashionable thing for the gentlemen of the olden times, if the Sunday was a hot one, to relieve themselves of their coats made of heavy home spun wool, and sit in their shirt sleeves during the service. And if perchance the sermon was long and drowsiness fell upon them, they would rise and stand until they were fully awake. "Father" Duncan was a determined foe to church sleeping. All honor to this servant of Christ and of his church. Mr. Duncan resigned his Eldership in the church August 30, 1843, after a service of sixteen years, but remained in the membership of the church until his death, August 9, 1861.

William Dickson, the son of Capt. James Dickson of the army of the Revolution, and Mary Morris, was born in Philipsburg, Columbia County, New York, March 27, 1783. He was of Scotch descent, although his ancestors came to this country directly from England. In 1789 his father moved westward and settled in Westmoreland County, Pa., for ten years. In 1801 the family came into Erie County and settled on the heads of French Creek. There was not at that time a church or an organized congregation within an hundred miles. Presbyterian Missionaries from the region about Pittsburg were just beginning to visit the scattered people in the wilderness. One of the Missionaries was the Rev. James Satterfield. He came and preached in the settlement where Mr. Dickson had his log cabin. The service was under a spreading beech tree. Every family in the township was represented at the meeting. At the close of the service the young men were invited to meet on Thursday morning and build a meeting house. The building was begun and completed the same day. In 1818 Mr. Dickson bought a tract of land about a mile and a half west of the village of North East, where he resided until 1837, when he removed to the banks of the Mississippi, in Milan, Illinois, where he died in 1869 in the 87th year of his life. For nineteen years he was connected with the North East congregation. He was in the prime of his manhood. Ten of those years were given to the duties of a Ruling Elder in this church. Rev. Dr. S. J. M. Eaton, the biographer of the life of his son, Rev. Cyrus Dickson, D. D., says of the father, "He had a commanding form, a blue eye full of fire, and great readiness of speech that fitted him for the public duties to which he was frequently called. He was a man of strong fiber, of very decided convictions, a born leader of men, thoughtful, earnest, fearless, and persistent in carrying out to their full accomplishment the plans and purposes of his life." He was the worthy father of one of the most eloquent and gifted ministers of the Presbyterian Church, and during his connection with this congregation exercised a strong and beneficent influence upon its character and history. Mr. Dickson was ordained and installed an Elder of this church Feb. 2, 1827.

William Andrew Robinson, son of Thomas Robinson, a member of the first session of this church for twenty-nine years,

JOSEPH McCORD.

Elder, 1856.

was born in Perry County, Pa., July 20, 1795. He came hither with his father in 1798, being carried on horseback a large part of the way. He was a farmer by occupation, but when a young man spent some of his winters in teaching school. Shortly after the death of his father, he was called to take the vacant place in the Eldership as the sixth Ruling Elder of this church. He was ordained and installed on Feb. 2d, 1830. He continued to serve the church for a number of years. His relationship to the church was broken about 1860, when for a few years he resided in Pittsburg. The closing years of his life were spent with the church of his love. He died in 1871 in the 76th year of his age, having been a Ruling Elder for 41 years. He was a man universally beloved for his integrity and purity of character. It is said of him that he was never a party in a suit at law with any of his fellowmen. He felt a deep interest in the anti-slavery and temperance movements when he was yet a young man. His pastor during some of the later years of his life gives the highest testimony to the gentle, pure, and strong influence of his presence and character.

Harmon Ensign was born in Morris, Litchfield County, Conn., Feb. 14, 1793. He came to North East in 1815. He was ordained as an Elder in the Presbyterian Church in 1834 and died March 14, 1875, after a faithful service of forty-one years. Mr. Ensign was one of that excellent body of New England people who through all the history of this church have by their intelligence and piety contributed so largely to the moral and religious welfare of this church and the community. For sixty years he was a highly respected citizen of North East township and borough, living before his fellowmen a life of thoroughly Christian integrity, passing away at the age of eighty-two. For nearly forty years the writer of this sketch was familiar with his face and the character of his life and is glad to write of him in words of unstinted praise. The Ensign and Robinson pews were very near each other in the old White Church. Their homes in the township and the borough were never far apart, and the friendship between them was never broken.

William Crawford was born at Jersey Shore, Pa., on Dec. 25, 1796, and was brought to North East with his father's family in 1798. It is not known at what time he made a public profession of his faith in Jesus Christ. He was ordained as a Ruling

Elder September 10, 1834, and served the church until his death on Aug. 19, 1850. Mr. Crawford is remembered as a successful business man and the owner of one of the first paper mills of Erie County. He was a man of high integrity and through the nearly one-third of a century in which he held his office as Elder, he was trusted and beloved by the members of the church and congregation.

James Smedley, M. D., was born in 1787 in Litchfield, Conn. He was ordained as a Ruling Elder in the church Sept. 10th, 1834, and continued in the Eldership until his death, January 6, 1808, a period of over thirty-four years. The date of his union with the church has not been preserved. Dr. Smedley was a man of marked character and ability. For his position in a new frontier community he was a peer among the best men of his day. He was cultured, a man of quick and large experience, a leader among his fellowmen. He stood very high in his profession and his counsel was widely sought. In the work of the church he was prominent and wise. At a teacher of the Sunday school he was remembered by his pupils for his clear and keen knowledge of Scriptural truth and his power to impart it. His influence was most widely felt in the church and community as the friend of all that was good. Personally he was a bright, witty, delightful companion and his death was felt as a great public loss.

Osee Selkregg was born in Connecticut on Sept. 20, 1795, and came to North East at an early date, and became a member of the church Feb. 29, 1828. Six years later, September 10, 1834, he was ordained a Ruling Elder of the church and continued in the faithful discharge of his duties until his death June 4, 1883. His wife Harriet (Robinson) Selkregg died Nov. 17, 1889. There are many living who will recall the uniform goodness of Mr. Selkregg's life. He was a thoroughly devoted Christian, irreproachable in character, unfailing in the virtues and good deeds that mark the best of lives. As a ruler in the church he was an example to all who fill that sacred office, and as a man among his fellowmen he won universal esteem. Until the last infirmities of advanced years prevented he came to the house of God. The cause of religion and the welfare of the church of Christ were dear to his mind and heart.

Frederick Ensign was born at Soulle Farms, Litchfield County, Conn., June 2d, 1795. He came to North East in 1833, uniting with the Presbyterian Church in the same year. He was ordained and installed a Ruling Elder in the church on December 31st, 1843, and removed to Roscoe, Ill., in 1844, after a brief service in his office. He served for a time in the Congregational Church as a deacon and later in the Presbyterian Church from 1846 until he removed in 1860 to Saratoga, Minn. In 1865 he removed to Farley, Iowa, and united with the Presbyterian Church. At this place he died after a brief illness on Aug. 6, 1879, in the 85th year of his age. From early life he was a consistent and active member of the Christian Church, living and dying in its happy faith.

Benjamin Royce Tuttle was born March 29, 1798, and united with the church on profession of faith in 1837 and was ordained as a Ruling Elder Nov. 25, 1849. His death occurred suddenly May 14, 1860, as he was about starting to the General Assembly as a Commissioner to that body from the Presbytery of Erie. The Assembly passed a resolution of regret and sympathy to be sent to his family and the church at North East.

Extract from the records of the Presbytery of Erie, June 27, 1860.

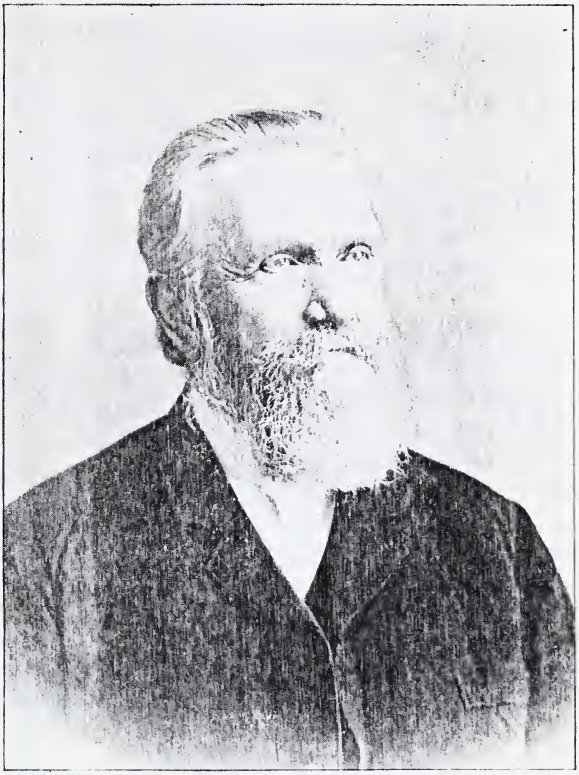
"In the Providence of God, Elder Benjamin Royce Tuttle of the church of North East, under appointment of Presbytery as Commissioner to the General Assembly, was suddenly called away after every preparation had been completed, and when upon the eve of his departure to the body of which he was chosen a member, to that higher 'Assembly and Church of the first-born which are written in Heaven.' It was his intention to have obeyed the instructions of his fellow Presbyters, but the Great Head of the church anticipated that intention, overruled the wishes of Presbytery, and honored our brother by the command, 'Come up higher.' "

At his funeral service, his pastor, the Rev. Dr. A. H. Carrier, preached a memorial discourse on the words "An Israelite indeed in whom is no guile." Brief extracts from that discourse speak but the general estimate in which Mr. Tuttle was held. "None knew him but to praise."

"I count it almost the rarest, the highest, the most noble tribute to the character of our departed friend that with signal unanimity all accorded to him the praise of a true, consistent, and devoted Christian. There was in him no guile. His disposition was as open and ingenuous as a child's. He was utterly without affectation, entirely sincere, ingenuous, artless. If he had faults they were such as touched not the essence of his character. Guilelessness is the highest attainment of earthly virtue. In this we claim that our brother was pre-eminent. He was a living embodiment of Christian principle." In the family in social life, amid the cares of business, in the duties of his church life, he was ever a calm, generous, kindly and wise Christian man, winning the universal respect of his fellowmen and drawing about him the deep and genuine love of his Christian brethren.

James Whitehill was a native of Pennsylvania; his wife Sophia Platt of the state of New York. He was born March 30, 1797, in Lancaster Co., Pa., and came to Erie County in 1822, settling at first in Greenfield township, but removing in 1830 to a farm in North East township, about three miles northeast of the village, where he died, April 23, 1870. He was ordained and installed a Ruling Elder Aug. 30, 1840, serving the church over twenty-seven years. A generation has nearly passed away since his death but the memory of the good life and influence, of the faithful life and labors, and of the noble Christian character of Mr. Whitehill remain to this day as the possession of the North East Church.

Dyer Loomis was born Oct. 1, 1810, on a farm in North East just east of the borough limits. He was carried in a cradle hewn out of a rough log to the farm house, which is still standing in the eastern part of the village, where he spent nearly eighty-five years. The last four years of his life were spent in the village. He died Dec. 2, 1901, in the 92nd year of his age. Mr. Loomis married Eliza McCord Robinson, a daughter of Thomas Robinson, a member of the first session of this church, April 28, 1830. He and his two sons Joseph and Lamartine entered into the War of the Rebellion, the father becoming captain of Company C, 145th Regiment Pa. Volunteers, and his youngest son, Lamartine, a private in the same company. Lamartine contracted typhoid fever at Harper's Ferry and died four weeks later,



WILLIAM E. MARVIN,

Elder, 1868.

in his seventeenth year, at North East. The elder sister, Mary, nursed him in his illness, contracted the fever and died a month later. Joseph, the eldest son, became a member of Company C, 111th Reg. Pa. Volunteers. All the male members of the family served their country in the war. Two members of it were victims of the Rebellion. Captain Loomis was taken a prisoner at the battle of Chancellorsville and was an inmate of Libby Prison, and on account of poor health was discharged from service in September, 1863.

He was elected a justice of the peace in 1845, and filled the office for the largest part of his life.

He was ordained and installed a Ruling Elder of the Presbyterian Church March 25, 1849, and continued in the office until his death December 2, 1901, nearly half a century, the longest service of any of its Elders. He was for more than sixty-eight years a member of the church.

It may be truthfully said of Mr. Loomis that in all the relations of his long life he was a most worthy example to his fellowmen. In the family he was a loving husband and excellent father. In social life he was courteous and honorable. In public he was irreproachable in his uprightness. He was a warm lover of his country, giving himself and his two young sons to the perils of battle and army life for her sake. As a citizen he ever sought the best good of his fellowmen. As a member of the church he adorned his profession. He was a model Ruling Elder, serving the church for nearly half a century in the Session and, when called upon, in the Presbytery, the Synod, and the General Assembly. Let his memory ever be held in highest esteem.

Joseph McCord, Jr., was the youngest son of Joseph McCord, Sr., an early Ruling Elder of this church, and was born in North East township on the banks of Lake Erie May 29, 1810. For ten years after his marriage he followed the lakes and was mate and master of several of the first-class vessels of that day. He quitted the lakes in 1842 and settled on his farm, where he remained until his death on June 2, 1886. On March 2, 1856, he was ordained and installed a Ruling Elder, giving to the church thirty years of faithful and excellent service. He is remembered as a man of a genial nature, beloved for his excellent

traits of character and for the uprightness of his life. Some of his family are at this day members of the church.

Horatio M. Gilman was born at Westfield, N. Y. He removed to North East township, became a member of the First Presbyterian Church at North East in 1848, and was ordained and installed a Ruling Elder March 2, 1856. Mr. Gilman was respected and honored as an upright and consistent Christian, giving to the church of which he was an Elder his best service. One who knew him well says of him, "I never knew a better man."

William E. Marvin. The parents of Mr. Marvin, Elisha and Minerva (Prendergast) Marvin, came to Erie County in 1796. He was born in Mayville, March 2, 1814, and at the early age of six weeks was brought on horseback by his mother to their home in Greenfield. He was married in 1848 to Catharine Spencer of Connecticut. For many years he was justice of the peace in Greenfield. At a later day he removed to his farm in North East township about three miles east of the village. At a still later date he removed to North East, where he spent the rest of his life. He was ordained and installed a Ruling Elder in the Presbyterian Church of North East Nov. 8, 1868, and held the office until his death, Sept. 16, 1899. The high and sturdy character of Mr. Marvin, his unfailing integrity, his devotion and love to his church are well known to the present generation. He was the generous friend of all classes of his fellowmen, and was noted for his kind and genial nature, for his wisdom in counsel, and for his irreproachable Christian character.

Benjamin T. Spooner was born at Gill, Mass., on the 28th day of August, 1802. He became a member of the First Presbyterian Church of North East on April 5, 1851, and was ordained as a Ruling Elder on March 2, 1856. His former pastor, Rev. Thomas B. Hudson, D. D., pays the following hearty tribute to his memory:

Mr. Spooner was a sincere and consistent Christian and a faithful servant of Christ and of the church. The better I knew him the more I became attached to him. He was a man who could be depended upon. As an officer of the church he was

MARTIN L. SELKREGG,

Elder, 1868.

true to his trust. He felt his responsibilities and honored the Eldership. He was a good man, a kind husband, and devoted father. His domestic relations were happy. He was a good citizen, and his name deserves to be ranked with the best men who have been enrolled in the membership of this church.

Martin L. Selkregg, a son of Mr. Osee Selkregg, a former Ruling Elder of this church, was born at North East on the 4th day of November, 1834. He united with the First Presbyterian Church of North East Oct. 12, 1850, and on Nov. 8, 1868, was ordained to the office of Ruling Elder in the church with the great unanimity and cordiality of the people. He was the youngest member of the session—younger than men usually are who are called to such an office. His pastor at that time pays the following warm tribute to Mr. Selkregg's character: "By his intelligence and force of character and earnest religious zeal, he soon became one of the most influential and useful of its members. He loved the church. He had decided views as to what would promote its prosperity and best interests, and was diligent in its service."

Martin L. Selkregg was a noble man and a true Christian. His whole life was characterized by the strictest integrity and most conscientious devotion to duty. As was said of him at the time of his death in the public press: "He was a prominent and successful business man for almost forty years. He was absolutely honest in all his business transactions and no stain rests upon moral and commercial life and character. He was a devoted and self-sacrificing husband and father. His home was a model of love and mutual sympathy on the part of all its members." The later years of his life were years of physical weakness and suffering, but all was borne with patient and brave resignation to the Divine Will and when the end came, he was prepared to enter into his Heavenly home, that house not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens. His death occurred on Sept. 4, 1891. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

Symposium.

JULY 19, 1901.

Introduction of speakers by Rev. Herbert Ross, D. D., Toast Master.

I am here first to offer my congratulations that you have reached your centennial, and to invite you to the next one. I congratulate you on the long history that you have of strong and able and Christian men and women in this church at North East.

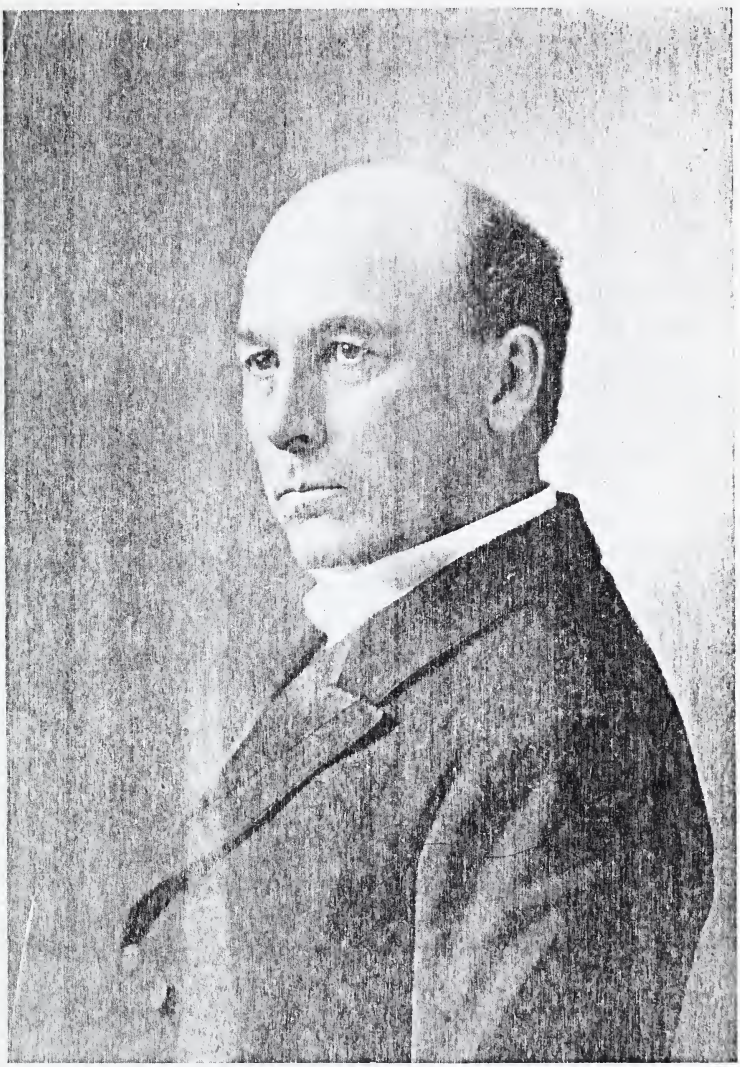
And we rejoice to-day with you all. There is one regret which you have doubtless, and which I have, that the gentleman who was to occupy this position has gone to convert the savages in the North, gone over to Canada. I hope that he will do his work well there.

The first toast is "Our Church," and as you are going to get a great many good speeches, I will not inflict any long speeches upon you, as I expect to speak quite frequently. My brother preached to his congregation just one hour and ten minutes, I will have mercy on you.

"OUR CHURCH."—Rev. Frank J. Nash, M. A., Pastor Weeden Street Congregational Church, Pawtucket, Rhode Island.

"Our Church."—This is a big subject. It includes the whole Centennial celebration; for it is the one hundred years' history of "Our Church" that we celebrate.

For three days bright and learned men have been delivering public addresses in your hearing upon sub-topics of my subject—and now the whole thing is bunched together and given to me and I am expected to put the waters of Lake Erie in a pint cup without straining the cup. Or, perchance, the committee is like the boy who set the hen and put nineteen eggs under her and his mother said "Why, my son, why did you put so many eggs under the hen, she can't possibly cover them?" "I know it," said the boy, "but I wanted to see the old thing spread herself once." Doubtless the committee does not expect me to cover so big a subject, but it is generous and wants to give me



REV. F. J. NASH.

Son of the Church.

a chance to spread myself upon this glorious centennial occasion. Kind of a trust subject incorporating all of the rest of the topics. Well, I like such a subject—broad enough so there is no danger of stepping off from the edge. I have almost the freedom of the wind and can go where I list and need not worry whence I came or whither I go. With perfect propriety I may talk about personal reminiscences of our church. I might speak of my acquaintance with the fine lot of pastors, who have ministered to our church during nearly a half of its hundred years history. I might give half an hour or so to what I know about the Elders. I notice "Our Ladies" on the programme. That is only one part of my subject, for what would our church be without "our ladies," and very reluctantly I shall leave our ladies alone to-day. But even then, I hope you don't expect me to get through in the ten minutes or one-half or three-quarters of an hour allowed to speakers who had sub-topics, while you have given me the whole thing.

However, you have commenced the exercises at 2 o'clock in the afternoon rather than half past seven as you did last evening, and I have four or five hours advantage of the speakers last night and fine refreshments at the start, and yet I am mindful of the proverb of the old colored preacher who said :"Blessed am de man who maketh a short speech, caze he will be invited to come again." I want to be invited again to the next occasion like this.

"Our Church" is a platform broad enough for all Christians to stand upon together. "Our Church" means my church, your church, our church. That is full of fraternal feeling, and friendship and brotherly love and Christian fellowship, a kind of church federation which embraces every sister and brother, whether a nurse, or soldier in the Presbyterian Artillery, or Congregational Infantry, or Baptist Navy, or Methodist Cavalry, or any other loyal denominational division of the grand army of God. Our Church means the denominational regiment, or all of the forces in the Christian army. One flag, one captain; "in essentials, unity, non-essentials, liberty, in all things, charity." "Bless be the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love." But specifically "Our Church" means our dear old Presbyterian Church on the shores of lake Erie, in North East, Pa., the dearest church on God's footstool. I am speaking from a personal

point of view. As one looks back to the old homestead and scenes of childhood, so I look back to the old home church, its Sabbath school, my class as a scholar and as teacher and superintendent, the Young People's meeting, organized before the Christian Endeavor was thought of, and the mid-week prayer meeting, the best prayer meeting I ever attended. I have listened to big preachers from both sides of the Atlantic, but the best sermons I have ever heard have come from the pulpit of our church, whose Centennial we celebrate to-day. I have heard paid city choirs soar and warble and thrill and perform marvelous musical gymnastics, but the best singing I have ever heard was in our church, and the best church socials were right here. Why, it was at one of these sociable church socials that a girl smiled on me and passed me pie and pinned a buttonhole bouquet on the lapel of my coat, and that night before I went to bed, I asked her to be my wife, and the result of that church social was the happiest marriage and the best helpmate and the finest lot of babies that I ever saw anywhere.

I can just remember Mr. Carrier, but I cannot remember anything he said, but here is a historical incident in his pastorate. A man wanted to join the church. He wanted to be immersed but he was a great big man and the pastor was such a little fellow that he feared it would be a physical impossibility; but the Methodist man, a great big good-natured fellow volunteered to do the work, so the brother came into the Presbyterian Church in the Baptist way through the Methodist man.

Newspapers say that the Presbyterian Church is iron-clad in its creed. It is the most liberal church in the world.

I remember Dr. Hudson and how as a small boy I sat one day beside Col. Wells and I thought it was an awful long sermon, and when we got into the wagon to drive back home to the farm, Col. Wells said in his emphatic way, "That was a mighty fine sermon." I didn't understand the colonel nor did I understand Dr. Hudson. But I do remember one thing he said upon God's sovereignty and man's free moral agency, and a few weeks ago as it was my duty to read a paper before the State Association of Rhode Island, I quoted from Dr. Hudson, and at the close of my reading, one of the leading pastors of New England got up and said it was the finest thing he had ever heard on the subject.

GEORGE SELKREGG,

Elder.

Dr. Oxtoby invited me to his study to see his typewriter. I had never seen a typewriter then and I accepted his invitation. He did not talk religion to me, but that shrewd "fisher of men" baited his hook with a typewriter and soon he had me landed safe in "Our Church," and I wish he were here to-day that I might shake his hand and thank him for what he did for me.

Next came Dr. Hunter and last evening he was telling how Rev. Mr. Hampson was a doctrinal preacher, and let me say, Dr. Hunter was a doctrinal preacher.

I remember when I was a lad and my mother wanted to give me a pill she would smash it and put it in apple sauce and I supposed I was eating only apple sauce, but I got the pill just the same. So as I sat under Dr. Hunter's preaching I thought he was feeding me just delicious apple sauce, but he was putting in the doctrinal pill all the time, and when I went before Erie Presbytery to be licensed to preach, they called me up to be examined in theology, and Dr. Hunter fought, bled and died to convince Presbytery that they had no right to examine a man in theology before he began its study; but the Moderator decided that no man should be licensed to preach in the Presbyterian Church without passing a satisfactory examination in theology; so I was led like a sheep to the slaughter, but the apple sauce, with its doctrinal pill, saved me and they gave me the license. And when I was called to a Congregational Church in Rhode Island, I didn't expect to be ordained at once, but from the Providence Ministers' Meeting I received a letter stating that if I was ready to undertake the examinations, they were ready to unite in a council to examine me. By the way, there were seven Presbyterians on the Council and I again relied upon "apple sauce" and catechism and it ended in ordination, and I need to thank the good doctor to-day for what he has done for me. Nearly my first introduction to Dr. Hayes, I slept with him at Presbytery and we lay and talked way into the night like two girls, and later I learned to love him for his sterling manhood, and my acquaintance and association with my dear brother Williams has been most delightful; and I have fallen in love with my brother McGiffin at first sight.

I don't like to stop talking upon so interesting a subject, but I will stop with this word —"Our Church" honorable in its

history, blessed in its ministry, noble in its work for missions and wholesome influence of its people, placing the sterling stamp of Christian Presbyterianism upon the citizenship for many miles along this beautiful lake shore region.

Dr. Ross:—There is one advantage in living in this age, and that is that the electric cars are going to take us out in the region beyond the city and make it only a few minutes ride from Erie to Harborcreek. I think most of us members will be there in twenty-five years. Perhaps I can be sub-pastor or assistant or something. And I know you will then be growing strong, and expect to be stronger. I have great pleasure in asking the Rev. Edward P. Cleaveland to respond to the toast of "Our Daughter," Harborcreek Church.

"OUR DAUGHTER," HARBORCREEK CHURCH—Rev. Edward P. Cleaveland.

Mr. Toast-Master: Standing in this presence I cannot say "Ladies and Gentlemen." I feel that I must say, fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters. I believe it was one of my father's predecessors who became unpopular with his church and he was brought up before the Presbytery. One of the counts in the indictment against him was that on one occasion he got up in the pulpit and said: "I call your attention to a few unpremeditated remarks upon the following text." and then he proceeded to read from a well written manuscript what he had to say. I shall proceed to make a few unpremeditated remarks, upon this subject given me. I just informed your master of ceremonies at the other end of the table that I have my manuscript in my pocket.

A girl was married in our village the other day, an unusual occurrence, I assure you, and I noticed that during the reception that followed her father looked very sober. He was not sorry that his daughter was married, for she married most happily, but he was sorry that his daughter was going so far away from home to live. Now a church is more fortunately situated than that father. A church's daughters, if she has any, always settle near home, a happy circumstance for the mother and daughters too.

REV. G. W. CLEAVELAND,

44 years Pastor of the Harborcreek Church.

Churches are so busy now-a-days doing their Master's work that they do not see very much of each other. And yet, if you will pardon the personal reference, I think that I am a living illustration of the fact that the relations between this mother church and her daughter have been reasonably close. The names of Doolittle, Montgomery, Cochran, and Gregory were household words in my father's house. And it was my privilege as a boy to know Father Orton, of sainted character and revered memory, and I have also known personally Dr. Carrier, Dr. Hudson, Dr. Oxtoby, and Dr. Hunter. Four Doctors of Divinity for one church: take courage, my young brother. (To Mr. McGiffin, the present pastor.) You see what's coming to you. You are in the apostolic succession.

Some churches are like bees: they swarm. Other churches are like, well, let us say, Great Britain, they colonize. This church has never swarmed. If I mistake not, you never have had so large a membership as to feel crowded. You did the more magnanimous thing. When it became evident that the interests of Christ's Kingdom demanded that that portion of your membership that lived in the edge of Harborcreek township should form a separate organization, you gave your consent and authorized the separation. So this daughter of yours was neither conceived in sin nor born in iniquity. She was not a daughter of dissension and strife. She had her auspicious birth in the desire of those godly men and women to make adequate provision for the religious needs of the growing population of the new country.

Mr. Toast-Master, I believe it is quite the thing for a daughter, the first time she visits her mother after her marriage, to make of her a confidant. Though she may not be so indelicate as to confide to her mother all her domestic joys or trials, she does tell her some things. Pardon me, if I give you one humorous reminiscence of my own regarding the Harborcreek Church. My father exchanged one Sunday with a Welshman, pastor of the church in Green who bore the distinguished name of John Jones. He rode over to our house Saturday morning on horseback, and Sunday morning he decided that he would ride his horse to church. He had just crossed the brook this side of the Philo Green place, when his horse shied, and he went over

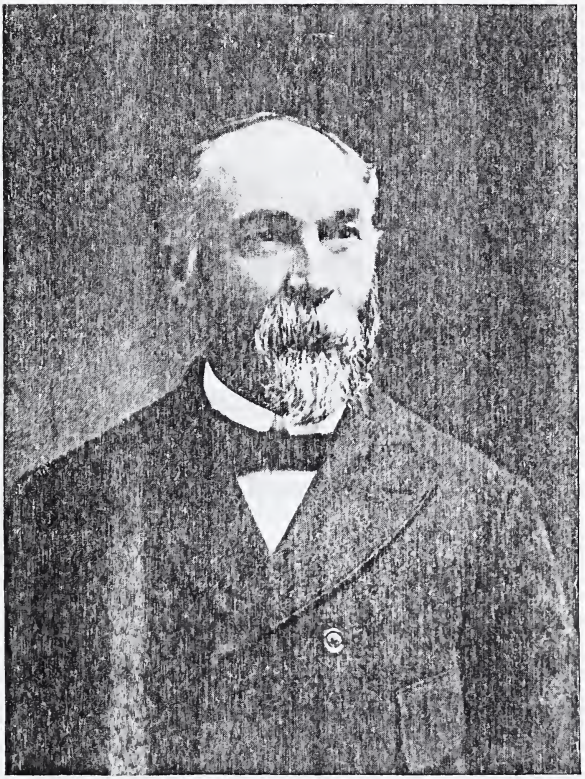
her head into the ditch, and disarranged some of the cuticle on his face. He went into Elder Campbell's and by help of some court-plaster rearranged and readjusted his cuticle. When he came to preach he announced his text, "Ephraim is a cake not turned."

But now, to speak quite seriously, I have something to say to you this afternoon which I wish very much to say. It is indeed something that you already know, but still in my judgment it is something that should be said.

Your daughter has lived the modest and obscure but heroic life of the country church. Severe trials bravely met stimulate heroism. The country church cannot be true to its mission to-day without meeting trials severe enough to stimulate the heroic spirit in an unusual degree.

The country church is all the time giving of its best life to the churches of the villages and the city. It trains its boys and girls in Christian character and for Christian service, and they have scarcely reached manhood and womanhood before they have vanished. Where are they? They have gone to the city to add to the vigor of a church already strong. The well-to-do farmer makes up his mind that he has worked hard enough and long enough, and he decides to retire. He leaves his farm and goes to the nearest village or city to live, and the struggling and almost discouraged country pastor awakes to the fact that he has lost one of his right hand men. Sometimes we wonder at the magnanimity of John the Baptist that in the face of the growing popularity of Jesus he could say without any trace of bitterness in his soul, "He must increase, but I must decrease." But that is what the country church is doing with reference to the city and the village church all the time.

Another peculiar trial of the country church in America is seen in the change which is coming over the character of our country population. The native American farmer of a high degree of intelligence and culture, who owns the farm upon which he lives, is in some sections of our country almost a feature of the past. Too often the foreigner who has taken his place has little or no sympathy with the church. Contrast the Harborcreek of thirty or forty years ago with that of to-day. Where are the Clarks, the Steels, the Giffords, and the Wag-



HENRY S. NASH,

Elder.

ners, the Sherwins, the Hampsons, the Hitchcocks, the Elliots, the Flurys, the Ellises, the Besleys, the Videtoes, the Nelsons, the Hursts, the Scotts, the Ebersoles, the Carrs, the Camps, the Miners, the Hardys, the Burgesses, the Lewises, the Jackses, the Hattens, the Terrills, the Stewarts? They have gone and the farms that knew them once shall know them no more. Their places on the farm, so far as I know with only two exceptions, have not been filled by resident American farmers. With the same number of exceptions their places in the church have not been filled at all.

We sometimes imagine that Goldsmith's picture of the village clergyman belongs to a by-gone age of rustic simplicity. But that picture is in not a few respects a faithful representation of the country pastor of to-day, or at least of the country pastor of the generation that is just passing off the stage. Some of us could tell of faithful men of God, not a few, of any one of whom could be said,

> "Remote from town he ran his Godly race,
> Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place.
> * * * * * * * *
> Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
> More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise."

When I think of the pastor of the country church, who is too sensitive and too independent in manhood to allow his church, once strong, to go in its weakness upon "The Home Board," when I think of him sharing the financial weakness of his church and yet never going in debt, when I think of him as religiously setting aside one-tenth of his scanty income "for the Lord," and when I reflect that from the lips of at least one such pastor I have never heard a syllable of complaint, when I remember that he magnified his joys, and counted as his only great professional trial the spiritual poverty of the Zion to which he ministered, I am persuaded that the bravest heroes of the Christian church are not always found on "The Foreign Field," or on our own national frontiers, or at work in the slums of our great cities. Not infrequently the grandest hero of them all

is he who stands by a dying country church, keeping that church on his heart by day and by night, and giving to it his best service. Such a country pastor who works in obscurity, patiently, uncomplainingly, with a generous spirit of self-denial and yet unconscious of self-denial, counting it his great joy and privilege thus to be able to serve his God and his fellowman, such a country pastor is the man whom above all others the whole world round I delight to honor, and yet I feel that I am unworthy to stoop down and unloose the latchet of his shoe.

Dr. Ross:—I am sure that the last simple and eloquent words of the son of the country pastor are but simple truth.

The first time I had the pleasure of meeting the honored pastor of Harborcreek Church was in the home of one of the members of his church. It was not on a very merry occasion. It was at a funeral. He had come to this service for a person whom he married forty years before. The name of Dr. Cleaveland is revered in Erie as it is revered in North East, and as it is remembered and ever will be remembered in Harborcreek.

Our next toast is "Our Presbytery." The First Presbytery of Erie. I suppose the greatest Presbytery in the world. I congratulate the committee on one thing, on the gentleman they have asked to respond to this toast. If that committee had been composed of the members of the Presbytery of Erie, it would have selected the same person, I am sure. We are glad that he has worked in this Presbytery for about 50 years, yet a man may do 50 years work and not be very much at the end of it. But we all in the Presbytery of Erie revere him as a representative of the Presbytery and also as a Christian gentleman.

It is remarkable indeed, especially in our country that a minister should hold a charge for twenty-five years, it is still more remarkable that a minister should hold his charge after he has reached three score years and ten, and yet this gentleman has reached that age, and it was only at his own request and against the desire of his church that he retired from the Presbytery.

He is the living St. John of the Presbytery of Erie, the Rev. Wm. Grassie.

E. T. MOORHEAD,

Elder.

"OUR PRESBYTERY"—Rev. William Grassie, D. D.

When this church was organized there was no such creature in existence as the Presbytery of Erie. This therefore is a case in which the child was born before the parent, and the only relationship this Presbytery holds to the church in North East is a sort of a step motherly relation.

No, there was no Presbytery of Erie in those days, nor much of anything else on the territory now covered by it, except interminable forests. There were clearings here and there, but so few and small the huge "forest primeval" shut them in from the sight of man. A man in a balloon on an airship sailing over this region of country would count a few clear spots inhabited by hardy pioneers, in here and there a settlement he would descry a church building where an organized body of believers of Presbyterian faith and order worshipped. One such here, a dozen miles to the south the twin sister of this church, upper Greenfield, afterwards Middlebrook and now Wattsburg, a lineal descendant like this of the original organization.

There was no other organized religious body of any order east or west of them for miles and miles. The next religious organization of any sort was the Presbyterian Church at Meadville, 30 miles to the south, the next at Cool Spring in what is now Mercer County, east and west of these for many leagues churches there were none. There was preaching by missionary men in many settlements, but as yet no church organization: none in Erie, none in Mercer, or Warren, or Franklin, where now are found strongholds of our faith.

A strange fact it is that though a large proportion of the first settlers were from the north the order for the organization of Erie Presbytery was from the south. This is the story as told by Dr. S. J. M. Eaton of blessed memory, in that valuable treatise he has left, "The History of Erie Presbytery." At a meeting of the Synod of Virginia held in Winchester, Virginia, October 2d, 1801, at the unanimous request of the members present from the Presbyteries of Redstone and Ohio, the Synod did and hereby do erect Rev. Thomas Edgar Hughes, Rev. Wm. Wick, Rev. Samuel Tait, Rev. Joseph Stockton, and Rev. Robert Lee, together with all congregations north and northwest of the

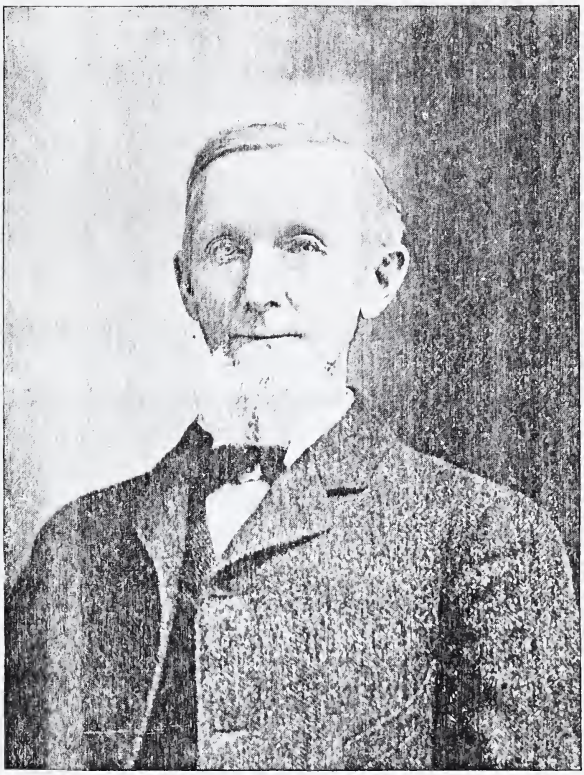
Ohio and Allegheny rivers unto the place where the Ohio River crosses the western boundary of Pennsylvania, into a separate Presbytery, to be called the Presbytery of Erie, and appointed their first meeting to be held at Mount Pleasant, on the 2d Tuesday of April next.

William Wick was appointed to open the Presbytery with a sermon, and to preside until a new Moderator be chosen. The ministers whose names are given in the enabling act, met in obedience to this order on the 13th of April, 1802. Mr. Wick preaching from Isa. 9:6 "The government shall be upon his shoulder."

In addition to the five names mentioned by Synod James Satterfield and Wm. Wylie, then laboring within the limits prescribed for the new Presbytery, presented letters from the Presbytery of Ohio, and were enrolled as members. Wm. Plumber, John Monteith, Wm. Waddell, and Ithriel Dodd were present as Elders. Of the original ministerial members of Erie Presbytery the name of Edgar Hughes stands at the head, he was a Welshman. Wick was of Puritan origin. Tait was Scotch. Lee from Donegal, Ireland. Wylie also was of Irish origin. Such was the beginning of Erie Presbytery, the seed corn of a great harvest, the heroic pioneers of a blessed civilization following. The territory covered by the Presbytery included what are now Beaver, Butler, Lawrence, Mercer, Crawford, Erie, Venango, Clarion, and Warren Counties, some churches in Ohio, and all of Chautauqua county. Of the first 28 ministers on the roll eighteen got their theology at John McMillan's log cabin, having received previously at Canonsburgh and other institutions founded and followed by Presbyterian influence some intellectual preparation for their work.

Of the great number of names that follow that of Thomas Edgar Hughes on the roll it has been my good fortune to be acquainted with something over 220, many of whom have joined the general assembly and church of the first born, as Geo. W. Lyon, Miles Doolittle, David D. Gregory, Samuel G. Orton, all of blessed memory.

The oldest member of Presbytery now living is Rev. James F. Read, D. D., who came into the body in 1841. His connection with it has not been continuous, having been interrupted by an



SAMUEL P. WHITEHILL,

Trustee.

absence of several years in connection with the Presbytery of Pittsburg. Father Read is in his 91st year and resides in Union City.

The minister whose continuous connection with Presbytery and whose active ministry was the longest was Rev. Geo. W. Cleaveland, whose membership continued over 52 years, eight years in Waterford and 44 in Harborcreek. I think to him also must be accorded the honor of the longest continuous pastorate in Erie Presbytery. The Presbytery has always stood for soundness in the faith. It was to the New School part of it that I came 46 years ago, and even that was suspicious of my orthodoxy, though coming straight from Andover Theological Seminary, the first on the continent and soundly orthodox. They were afraid of Oberlinism and perfectionism and so doubted of me.

And the eldership, at least many of them, knew what sound doctrine and good Gospel preaching was. Permit an illustration. When Spurgeon's Sermons first appeared, John Jones, a godly Welsh elder of the church at East Green wished to secure a volume of them. I promised one and took it to him. Some time after I called on him and asked how he liked the work? "Oh my, but he is a great preacher. I wish you could preach like that," that was his response.

Erie Presbytery to-day is confined to comparatively narrow limits. Butler, Shenango, Redstone (partly), Kittanning, Clarion, and part of Cleveland Presbytery, and of Buffalo Presbytery on the east have been sliced off from its territory.

Still it is one of the largest Presbyteries in the state of which Dr. Cox said the "General Assembly had a life lease." We number 65 churches, over 11,000 church members, and have power and prestige for good work yet to be done.

"OUR SISTER CHURCHES"—RESPONSES BY OUR TOWN PASTORS.

Dr. Ross:—We shall now hear something about our "Sister Churches." You may not have guessed that I am a Canadian and Canada is different in one thing. It has only one Presbyterian Church. The different Presbyterian bodies all united in 1874, and they have doubled their membership in twenty-five years. But the ministry has not increased enough to man their various churches.

Ten years after the Union the Methodists united and in Canada there is only one Methodist church and they are seriously talking of uniting these two, the Presbyterian and Methodist of Canada, and if they do it will be one of the strongest churches in the world. I hope the day will come when there will only be one Methodist church in this country and one Presbyterian church, and one Congregational church and so on, and that the day may come when there will only be one church, though I am not so anxious in regard to that. I believe profoundly in the unity of the Christian church, and I believe that the unity of the Christian church consists in this, in love and loyalty to the common cause and therefore love and loyalty to each other. We have love and loyalty in Erie, and I understand you have them here, so while we are many as the waves, we are one as the sea. There are several gentlemen that I will call upon. The first is Rev. J. F. Kirk, of the Episcopal Church.

REV. J. F. KIRK, of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

Mr. Toastmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen :

When I woke on Wednesday morning, I said to myself, I wonder what they feed the Presbyterians of North East on. To think that those Presbyterians are 100 years old to-day and that they all look so young—and last night the Rev. Mr. Williams explained what the Presbyterians in North East were fed on that kept them so young and made them look so healthy. He said that they fed them on two things, one of which is sure to make them young, and that is the pure Gospel, and the other is good for the digestion.

He explained it in two words: Calvinistic Presbyterianism. I shall express it in one word—brimstone.

There may be some of you who wonder why I am standing here in a gathering of Presbyterians to speak. In the first place, Mr. Toast Master, ladies and gentlemen, I think that any man by the name of Kirk has a right to come among the Presbyterians. I remember when I was ordained the bishop who ordained me said: "How comes it you spell church Kirk," and I said to him, "I do not spell church Kirk. I am an example of the Kirk having been ordained a minister of the true church." There was an American poet who said these words, and they have been in my mind and in my heart ever since I heard about this Centennial Celebration:

> Little of all we value here
> Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year,
> Without both feeling and looking queer;
> In fact there's nothing that keeps its youth,
> So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
> There is a moral that runs at large;
> Take it—you're welcome—no extra charge.

And so to-day, my dear Presbyterian friends, you are one hundred years old, not only one hundred years old collectively, but one hundred years old, each one of you individually, one hundred years old I trust in grace, one hundred years old I trust in power, one hundred years old I trust in ability and in energy, one hundred years old, nay, I trust one million years old in hope and in faith and in love. I am proud to be here among such a venerable looking set of centenarians. I trust that we shall all meet at the next centennial, on the other side of the river, and I want to say to you not only what I have already said, but something still farther. I want to say to you that anybody who could plan and arrange and carry through such a successful occasion as this has been to-day it shows that in that person the brimstone must have had some effect.

When I had finished my dinner I was reminded of this thought. My dear, good wife,—you will excuse my liberty,—says she thinks we ought to give thanks at the end of the meal instead of the beginning, and I was thinking I should like to give these thanks.

A clergyman told me once that a very old minister came to his house to partake of a meal, and he said to this gentleman, "Doctor, will you say grace," and so he said a long rambling grace. It was so long that the children began to pull out their chairs and the elders began to toy with their forks, but my good friend said he would not have missed that grace for one hundred dollars. At the close he held up his hands and said, "and above all, O Lord, we thank Thee for capacity."

One word more, I do not know whether all of you are revisionists, or anti-revisionists, but I wish to suggest to you one alteration in the Westminster Shorter Catechism which I think was a very good one indeed.

A child was asked, "What is the chief end of man?" she said "The chief end of man is to praise God and to annoy Him forever in heaven."

Dr. Ross:—I am very glad to know that our brother has thoroughly studied the Westminster Shorter Catechism.

We will now have the pleasure of hearing from Rev. A. L. Kinter of the Baptist Church.

REV. A. L. KINTER of the Baptist Church.

Mr. Toastmaster and Christian friends, I am delighted to be in the midst of so large a number of smiling faces, and to know that there are so many happy hearts here. This Centennial and the many blessings recalled are sufficient causes for great joy. When exchanging services with a neighboring pastor recently I was permitted to take part in establishing a new relationship. After the morning service a gentleman came to the parsonage where I was and asked me to perform the marriage ceremony. Of course, I did not object to this, and soon the relationship of husband and wife was established.

To-day I am at another church, and am permitted to speak of another relationship; one that has existed for a long time and that we hope may always remain strong and growing stronger. This is a relationship between the Presbyterian and Baptist churches of this place.

These are sister churches, and we may almost say that they are wedded together also. We recognize this sisterhood in the

GEORGE MACKAY,

Trustee.

fact that our work together has been and is so harmonious, so delightful, and so greatly blessed. We never shall forget the excellent union evangelistic services of a year ago, when the Presbyterian, Methodist, and Baptist churches united so perfectly, with such excellent results, and at present the same unity exists as we join in union Sunday evening services through July and August.

Our sisterhood is manifest in the same spirit found in the various churches, each hates evil, loves righteousness, and trusts in Christ for victories and blessings and life. This relationship is made evident also by the fact that in Christ these churches have a common head, and a common brother, therefore they are sister churches.

Our sisterhood is manifest also in the fact that in God we have a common Father, and in heaven we shall enjoy a common home.

We are glad that this sweet spirit of unity exists between us now, and hope that it shall always continue.

We speak of the history of institutions, and of the biography of individuals, but since we speak of our churches as sisters perhaps we may say that each has a biography.

In a biography something is said of the birth, the struggles, the accomplishments, and the death of the individuals. I might tell you something about the birth of the Baptist Church, something about its struggles and accomplishments, but I cannot tell you of its death for it still lives, and we hope and pray that it always may live and grow. It is not near its centennial yet, being less than fifty years old.

In early times there was a frame church about two miles east of here where Baptist people of this community worshipped, but this was finally abandoned and the members joined at the North East church when it was established. There was another church at Grahamville, and they too disbanded and united at North East. Since then there have been many happy and successful pastorates, most of them extending over a period of four or five years. The church grew and prospered until a few years ago when a cloud overshadowed them, but we are grateful that now the cloud is removed and we are enjoying the sunshine of God's righteousness. The spirit of love and harmony

reigns among us, and success is attending our efforts. During the past four or five years the church has grown about twenty-five per cent in membership, and now we have no debt and by a gracious gift of God we are enabled to repair the house and make it a more beautiful place of worship.

We are very thankful for what God has done for us as Baptists, and I hope equally grateful for the greater blessings that he has given the Presbyterian Church of this place. It is our desire that the bond of unity between the churches may be so perfect, that, like the various members of the human body, when one suffers from injury the other shall sympathize with it, and when one is blessed and strengthened the other shall feel blessed and strengthened also. We rejoice with you to-day over the success that has attended the efforts of the Presbyterian Church during the last hundred years. It has done us good to hear at these services of the many faithful servants of God who have labored here, of the large number who have gone from this church to engage in the ministry, and of the excellent achievements in the various departments of your work.

We hope that the blessings and accomplishments of the past hundred years of your church life may be multiplied a hundred fold if possible in the next hundred years. As I came into the church to-day I said to a gentleman, "it is a grand thing to celebrate in this way the achievements of the church during the hundred years that are gone." "Yes," said he, "but I have made up my mind not to attend another centennial." I wish that he might, and that you all might attend another centennial of his church, were it possible. I am very glad to bring to you, on this joyous occasion, the greetings of the Baptist Church, and to assure you that our prayers, as well as our best wishes, are offered for the richest blessings upon your church in all future time.

Dr. Ross:—We shall now have the pleasure of hearing from the English Lutheran Minister, Rev. Mr. Ruff.

REV. G. G. RUFF, of the English Lutheran Church:—

Mr. Toastmaster, and Christian friends. As a Lutheran, I am expected first of all to be loyal to my own church, that is, while

we are loyal to our own church we are esteemed most highly by one and another, so I love my own church as I love my own life. I am thoroughly glad and thankful to respond upon this memorable occasion.

I am very thankful to you that I have the opportunity so to do. I am glad that I am here to-day. I recognize the truth of the statement of Dr. Stewart that the Presbyterian Church is a great church and I am ready to acknowledge that should the Presbyterian Church lose its power and influence, it would be a great loss, a fearful loss to the religious forces of the nation. I am ready to admit with Brother Williams that the battle in the future will be along the line of fidelity to the Gospel. With these facts in mind, being assured, knowing and believing that the great Presbyterian Church is going to stand faithful and true in that battle in holding up the pure Gospel of Jesus Christ, I can say God speed with all heartiness and all sincerity as a Lutheran.

In behalf of the Lutheran Church I extend to you most hearty congratulations. I rejoice in the opportunities, in the progress, in the blessings which the one hundred years have brought you and to-day with you unite in invoking God's blessing on you for the next one hundred years.

Dr. Ross: We shall now have the pleasure of listening to Rev. W. K. Crosby of the Methodist Church.

REV. WILLIS K. CROSBY, of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Edwin Markham says:

> "Love will outwatch the stars and light
> the skies
> When the last star falls, and the silent
> dark devours."

The battlement between the churches is breaking down. It would hardly seem that the record of the century would remind us that there was ever an estrangement between God's people. But the familiar and cordial courtesy of to-day is the genial greeting of brethren. It is the voice of the Lord's army we

hear, as by grand divisions the shout of victory is raised, and we are glad together. God's people are closing up the gaps, and the church is awakening to our real mission.

The mission of the church is not the defence of the Saviour's tomb. It is not the defence of doctrine, or even of the truth. But the redemption of the world. It is to make peace with it.

But only on its unconditional surrender to Christ. A surrender is one thing. An alliance is another. If peace and harmony prevailed between the powers of the world because the world had become thoroughly Christian, we should have reason for joy, and joy only. Men and angels would then lift up their voices in songs of triumph, and the morning stars would join in the chorus, while all the sons of God would shout for joy.

Brethren of the church of my Father and Mother, I greet you with heartiest congratulation, for the victories of the cross of Christ, during the century, through Presbyterianism.

I greet you just as heartily as a sister-body, at one with the beloved church of my manhood's free choice, in the midst of great opportunity, common to both to-day, as we press forward in the service of our Divine Master.

Dr. Ross:—We appreciate all the kind words which have been given us by our sister churches. It is pleasant to know that such perfect harmony exists between our churches, and as we have one Lord, one God, and one Father over us all, and as we love, honor and serve Him, and we like Him, so we shall be like Him upon the earth and live together as brethren.

The next toast is always interesting, "Our Ladies," God bless them. If they should withhold their help from our churches our condition would indeed be deplorable. I both envy and pity the gentleman who is to respond to this toast. I know he will never be able to do the subject justice. We will now listen to Mr. R. J. Moorhead.

"OUR LADIES"—R. J. Moorhead.

Why one who knows so little about the gentler sex should have been chosen to talk to you about them is somewhat of a mystery to me. In the first place I consider it very ungentlemanly to talk about the ladies and have always sedulously avoided doing so even under extreme provocation.

GEORGE E. PIERCE,

Trustee.

In the second place my celibacy should be proof conclusive of my ignorance of the habits, instincts, and inclinations of the ladies. This being true there remains but one assignable reason for your selection of me and that is, on the hypothesis of my known fondness for them, that at least is demonstrable.

It is a well established principle of sociologic phenomena that man loves that which he pursues, now if the converse of this proposition be equally true, that that which he pursues to possession, he loves, then the question naturally arises whether the pleasure inheres in the pursuit or in the possession.

Of the pleasure of possession I am at present unable to enlighten you. I might regale you with tales of fruitless pursuit, but I refrain. The fact, however, that the pursuit is rarely relinquished until death claims the pursuer is eloquent evidence of the claim of the object which inspires the pursuit.

There may be, there doubtless are among us men, who, as Brother Nash has already done, would gladly tell us of the pleasures of possession and their pride is pardonable, but this is not their innings. I don't like the men very well anyway. I like the ladies very much better. I am in sympathy with the little girl who was required to write a composition on "The Boy." She wrote "When God made man he looked upon him and said I think if I try again I can do better, and then he tried and he made woman, and she was so much better, that there have been more women than men in the world ever since." Continuing she said, "If I had my way one-half the little boys in the world would be little girls and the other half would be little dolls."

Then bethinking herself that this might be construed as a libel on her father, she added, "My papa is an awful nice man, I think that when he was a little boy he must have been a little girl."

Now my friends I cannot say whether or not I have exceeded the time allotted to me, but this I know, that if my talk has seemed as long to you as it has to me, you will appreciate the Scotch minister. In speaking with a neighbor on the subject he said, "Ah weel, Sandy, we may not have produced many great statesmen or artists or poets (save Bobby Burns, rest his soul, and Sir Walter) in Scotland, but neither country can compare wie us in our ministers. The only fault I have to find wie our ministers is their terminal faculties."

Letter from Elisha McCurdy, 1801.

X Roads, July 20th, 1801.

Dear Friends:—

Presbytery has appointed me to meet you again this Fall. It is an unexpected providence to me, tho' in many respects not disagreeable to my feelings. When I left you I felt a strong desire to preach to you again the way of righteousness through Jesus, but scarcely expected it would ever be in my power. However, God's ways are not like ours. Presbytery has instructed me, if you think it practicable, to administer the sacrament of the supper in your congregation, when I am out. I expect Mr. Patterson has been with you and given you this information, the expediency of this you will be the best judges of. I shall therefore leave the matter entirely with you. If you think it expedient some arrangements will be necessary, which you will attend to. Elders, more or less, must be ordained. I expect to have one of my Elders with me who can assist you perhaps. One or two more will be sufficient, these can be ordained after I come. The third Sabbath of September would be the preparation Sabbath and the fourth the Sabbath of the sacrament. Mr. Wick is appointed to assist. I expect to be with you the preparation Sabbath, if you think it expedient. If not please to send word to Esq. Colt's and I will stay with them that Sabbath and be with you the second Sabbath.

Many inconveniences, I have no doubt, will attend the accomplishment of this, but not the ten-thousandth part as much as did the institution of it. That was a dark but memorable event; think of it and lay it in the one scale and your difficulties in the other and see which preponderates.

Mr. Satterfield will carry this letter, he has a call in his hand but I prevailed with him not to accept of it or think of settling until he would visit your congregation. I should be very happy to find the people in your congregation and upper Greenfield and perhaps Reeds Mill united either for Mr. Satterfield or Mr. Patterson. I do not wish to dictate to you but just mentioned

CLYDE C. HILL,

Trustee.

my feelings. I just mentioned Reeds Mill because I think it perhaps might be necessary for the minister that accepts your call to preach at that place as a stated supply for some time. However, I will give you my ideas on the subject more fully when I come.

But I must bid you farewell at the present. I hope the good Lord will take care of you and provide for you a teacher after His own heart, for this I think I try to pray,

From your friend, &c.,

ELISHA MACURDY.

Messrs. Thomas Robinson, John McCord, William Dundass, and James McMahan.

Letter from Rev. Robert Patterson, 1802.

Canonsburg, Pa., Friday 15th Oct., 1802.

Dear Friend:—

My reason for selecting you as the person to whom this letter should be addressed, is because that with you, more than with any other of my friends in the Triangle, I have conversed freely on several subjects, and especially on some that will be introduced into this paper.

The call from the three United Congregations, with your signature among others, was received and accepted on Thursday the 30th of September at Pittsburg during the sessions of Synod; I could not then, without great inconvenience to myself, write to you by the first post. Mr. Macurdy, however, promised to write, which I suppose he did. The call coming under cover of a letter assigning sufficient reasons why Mr. McMahan could not come forward as commissioner from said congregations passed readily through the necessary routine, yet was destitute of some of the accompaniments required by our Directory; this circumstance, with some others that I shall mention, makes it necessary that there should be an interchange of intelligence between the congregations and me, either personally or by letter, before or at the next meeting of Erie Presbytery and if possible, that a commissioner attend the same, who besides other duties, may make, or assist Presbytery in making arrangements respecting the time and place of ordination; and that if this cannot be done, some sufficient document of instruction come forward by the hands of some fit person.

The distance, inconvenience of traveling, brevity of time, and some other considerations, render it inexpedient for me to visit you before the meeting of Presbytery, which will be on Tuesday, 2d of November; this letter will, however, probably reach Presque Isle on Friday, 22d inst., and as it will be enclosed without seal to Mr. Smith, of the Erie committee, it will be in his power to inform me by return of the mail in a letter receivable at Pittsburg on the following Wednesday, viz., six days be-

NORMAN H. COUSE,

Trustee.

fore the meeting of Presbytery on the subject, for which chiefly I write this letter, that is to know what was the expectation and desire of those who gave the call, with respect to the time of my coming to reside among them, whether it should be this fall, or next spring; my desire is to be among them as soon as they wish, and not sooner than would be for their advantage; from conversation which took place between us, you may remember the declaration of my design not to itinerate this ensuing winter. A journey, however, in November to your country and the subsequent riding through winter, do not contravene this resolution, but rather confirm it. I know from experience and observation the difficulties that speaker and hearers would have to endure and am willing to undertake my share, but am unwilling to be present with you, before the general sense of the people desire it. If it be thought best for me to remain where I am, I hope a letter, giving intelligence of the same, may meet me at Presbytery, but if the contrary be your general opinion, I will endeavor to make arrangements for setting out from this country on the 2d Monday or Tuesday of November. Movables will probably be between five and eight cwt.—the mode of portage is not yet determined, but if I can obtain it, I will get an ox team to go up and remain, this however, is not probable.

If we (Mrs. Patterson and I) go to the Triangle soon, our wish is to reside for some time in a family as it will be some time in the spring or summer according to our present expectations, before we could go into an house of our own. On this subject you are not altogether uninformed: you know between town and country on which side our sentiments preponderate, and in addition thereto, (as your family will be out of the question, on account of your residence in a local extremity) it is our desire to be placed in a family where the worship of God is daily performed, whether there be a preacher there or not; and if possible where a separate room may be had for study and lodging.

I am under the necessity of attending at Presbytery which meets in one of Mr Wood's congregations. I do not know the name of it nor the family where it is, but I suppose a person from your vicinity, passing downward on the Franklin Road to Elliot's Tavern forty miles from Pittsburg would there get necessary instructions. Again: as John McCord has some thoughts

of visiting our neighborhood on business, I would be glad if he could be here on 5th Sabbath, i. e., last day of this month, as on that day, for reasons presently to be mentioned, there will be an extra administration of the Lord's Supper in one of Mr. Maundy's congregations.

Since the acceptance of the call, I feel a new set of ideas taking place, and experience sensations to which I was a stranger before: the people become dearer to me, I feel a greater interest in their welfare and happiness, I view the relation now taking place as one of great moment: my anticipations begin at home, what shall I prove to be? One seeking the Divine rather than human favor? one dealing plainly with men as sinners, endeavoring to lead them into the knowledge of the truth respecting God, His offending creatures, and salvation through the Immanuel? Or shall I become a slothful temporizing pastor? or seeking the emoluments of the office, not caring for the soul of the hearers? one walking and conversing as doth not become an embassador for Christ? hopes and fears of such topics as these are often in alternate fluctuation. Then I think of those who are shortly to be called the people of my charge: what shall be the effect of the Gospel preached among them? Shall it be the savor of life unto life? Shall it become the power and wisdom of God unto the salvation of their souls? Or shall it be the occasion of rendering the doom of Sodom and Gomorrah more tolerable than theirs in the day of Judgment? When offences come, on whom shall the guilt and the woe fall? Shall it be on me or on them? Here I look forward to all the probable grounds of unhappiness that I can think of taking place,—what those in which I may be innocent, and what those in which I may be guilty; then I feel the absolute necessity of looking to Him whose grace and strength are sufficient for all those that seek Divine aid.

One circumstance I must briefly touch—such extraordinary religious concern as we have heard of in Carolina and Kentucky has at length made its appearance in our County, first in the congregations of Rev. McCurdy, and then in several contiguous ones. Mr. McCurdy supposes that about one hundred persons were seriously affected in one of his congregations on a sacramental occasion the last Sabbath in September and there

were perhaps about forty in my father's congregation last Sabbath and the other days of the sacrament I was present—not many exclaimed aloud, but when they did it was usually in such a manner as I would not condemn lest unhappily I should be found striving against God. Some things do appear and occur, which I think indicate the presence of that Evil One who goeth about seeking whom he may devour, but I dare not allow myself to disapprove the wheat which Christ is sowing, or his manner of sowing it, because the Devil is also mingling his tares with the same. More on this subject when I see you. A sacrament is on this account to be in Mr. McCurdy's congregation last Sabbath in October.

This letter, dear friend, is not to be considered as private correspondence, but may be seen by any who ought to see it, and is intended to convey my respects to all in your vicinity who ought to expect a share in my esteem. I have not time further to enlarge, only to express my hope that those things, whether herein mentioned, or not, which require your attention, will be regarded is such a manner as to oblige your friend.

ROBERT PATTERSON.

Thomas Robinson, Esq.

Letter from Rev. John T. Oxtoby, D. D.

To the Presbyterian Church and congregation of North East, Pa.:

Dear Friends—I hope that many of you will regret my inability to be with you on this anniversary day; but none of you will regret it as much as I do. I had hoped all along that I might be able to be with you, but as I cannot, I will send a letter.

I might send you a sermon, for the occasion would warrant a good one; I might send you an address, and the occasion is worthy of a fine one; certainly a hundred years of life and work for Christ in a church of such influence would be worthy of any amount of work. But it would not be in accord with my feelings to send a sermon or address. So I simply send a few words from my heart.

Certainly my heart will never go out to any church as to that of North East. And that for several reasons, among which I may mention that to your church I came in the flush of youth, when all is bright. I was full of hope that God would bless me in my work, and felt sure that the members of the church and congregation would do all in their power to help me to realize my hope of seeing much fruit of my labor. Nor were these hopes unfulfilled; we were greatly blessed. I enjoyed my preaching and my visitations, and never did one more enjoy the social life of the parish: the young men and women of that time were all young in spirit as in years as is generally the case at that sunny period of life, while my walks and visits about the parish among the older ones are still a joy of remembrance. It was a happy time, those ten years of my pastorate in North East.

Nor were the more serious matters of my work without their reward. Who of you that remembers the great work of the Lord in the winter of 1873 and '74 will not bear witness to the power of the Spirit? The last time that I was with you, I rejoiced to see so many who were converted at that time, now oc-

cupying positions of trust and of work in the church. Some had gone to other churches, and some had been gathered into the Church on High. But in all the work of my ministry there is no brighter date, no greener spot or fairer view. That work was not of man at all, neither in beginning nor end; it was altogether of God. Other good seasons you have witnessed, before and since; but that was the brightest of my spiritual work among you.

I want to bear witness to the universal kindness with which I was treated at North East, myself and family. We have no memories but of gladness; never a word but of kindness, this is our testimony.

I have often thought, in the years since our parting, of the bright, beautiful lake shore, of its balmy breezes, of its luscious grapes, of its well-educated, God-fearing people, prosperous beyond the average, of the well-attended church services, of the many happy weddings at which I rejoiced, and of the happy social times for which the congregation is noted. I have thought also of the many funerals I attended, many of the pioneers passed away during my ministry amongst you. I have thought of those who have passed beyond since I left you, and hope we may all meet in Heaven.

And I think to-day, as you will be thinking as you hear these words, of how gracious God has been to you, and in nothing more than in the good pastors you have had—and you will bear witness that I used to say that I owed my success largely to the fact of having had good predecessors.

And now, farewell for the present. May God bless you and keep you, on this day of rejoicing and of tears, and on all the days that may be lengthened out to you, until time is merged into eternity.

And as you rejoice over the present and think of those who have gone before to the better world, let me ask an interest in your prayers, that I may be spared to visit you at some other time, if it be the will of our Heavenly Father.

God bless you all, is my prayer.

Your former pastor,

REV. JOHN T. OXTOBY, D. D.

Original Members.

The following list comprises as nearly as can be ascertained the twenty-five (25) original members of the church at North East, Pa.:

Allison, William.
Allison, Mrs. Eleanor.
Blaine, Alexander T.
Blaine, Mrs. Rosanna.
Brawley, Mrs. Polly.
Burrows, Mrs. Susanna.
Colt, Judah.
Colt, Mrs. Judah.
Dundass, William.
Dundass, Mrs. William.
Hampson, Robert.
Hampson, Mrs. Sarah.
Jacks, Mrs. Ann.
Loomis, Dyer.
Loomis, Mrs. Nancy.
McMahan, James.
McMahan, Mrs. James.
McCord, John.
McCord, Mrs. Polly.
McCord, Joseph.
Moorhead, Thomas.
Moorhead, Mrs. Jane.
Robinson, Thomas.
Robinson, Mrs. Mary.
Tuttle, Timothy.
Tuttle, Mrs. Timothy.

Names of Communicants,

1901.

Name.	Received. How.	Year.
Adkins, Mrs. Alice (Staley)	P	1883
Avery, R. E.	P	1881
Anger, James	P	1899
Allen, Lucy Noble	L	1900
Blaine, George W.	P	1872
Blaine, Mrs. Anna (Hampson)	P	1872
Burt, Samuel W.	L	1873
Burt, Mrs. Maria E.	P	1863
Beecher, I. T.	P	1886
Beecher, Mrs. Cornelia	L	1868
Beecher, Mary Blanch	P	1891
Burgess, W. A.	P	1886
Burgess, Mrs. Ella	P	1886
Baird, Mary	P	1866
Bingham, Mrs. Leonora	P	1866
Backus, Mrs. Mary	L	1883
Backus, Louise	P	1900
Ball, Mrs. Hulda A	P	1886
Butt, Carrie	P	1889
Bourne, Mary E.	L	1894
Bourne, Mrs. Eliza	P	1898
Bemis, Carrie	P	1872
Boss, Mrs. Annie	L	1898
Burgess, Ralph Lyman	P	1900
Burgess, Nettie Florence	P	1900
Benton, Morris H	P	1900
Benton, Mrs. Minnie	P	1900
Backus, Mrs. Mary (Davidson)	P	1891
Baker, Ivan	P	1901
Baker, Walter	L	1901
Baker, Mrs. Helen	L	1901
Bernard, Mrs. Ella (Green)	P	1866

Name.	Received. How.	Year.
Crawford, Mrs. Mary A.	L	1869
Crawford, Rose M.	P	1863
Crawford, Bertha	P	1872
Crawford, Mrs. Sylvia	P	1886
Crawford, Emma J.	L	1886
Crawford, William T.	P	1883
Crawford, Frank	P	1883
Crawford, Minnie		
Clark, Norman H.	P	1873
Coon, Isaac	P	1886
Coon, Mrs. Eveline	P	1883
Coon, Bernice	P	1895
Coon, Ralph H.	P	1900
Cochran, Frank J.	L	1895
Cochran, Mrs. Helen L.	L	1895
Cochran, Bruce	L	1895
Couse, Norman	L	1895
Couse, Mrs. Sarah	P	1895
Copp, Cornelia	P	1896
Clark, Mrs. J. D.	L	1899
Culbertson Kate A.	L	1871
Clary, Lucy May	P	1900
Clary, Nellie	P	1900
Covell, Lillian	P	1900
Cross, Nellis	P	1877
Cross, Mrs. Lillie (French)	P	1876
Custard, Mrs. Sarah E.	P	1862
Caldwell, Diantha	P	1863
Dewey, Mrs. Sarah H.	P	1876
DeWitt, J. M.	P	
DeWitt, Mrs. Phoebe	P	
Davidson, Mrs. Mary C.	P	1886
Dewey, Beatrice	P	
Dewey, Katherine D.	P	1898
Dewey, Nettie	P	1886
Davis, Agnes	P	1895
Dunn, Reid S.	L	1899
Dunn, Mrs. Mary	L	1899

Name.	Received. How.	Year.
Dunn, Nellie Anna	L	1899
Dunn, Ralph G.	P	1900
Ensign, W. A.	P	1872
Ensign, Mrs. Jane T. (McCord)	P	1855
Evans, E. J.	L	1884
Evans, Mrs. E. J.	L	1884
Evans, Frank J.	P	1886
Evans, Mrs. Florence	L	1895
Evans, Earl M.	P	1898
Evans, Mary E.	P	1900
French, John F.	P	1883
French, Mrs. Salome A.	P	1883
French, Lafayette	P	1883
Fromyer, Mrs. Paulina	P	1886
Fromyer, Frank M.	P	1896
Fuller, Mrs. Esther	L	1886
Foye, Mrs. E. M.	L	1901
Fisk, Mrs.	L	1901
French, Mrs. Nellie (Merrel)	P	1886
Fuller, Mrs. Olive (DeWitt)	P	1889
Farver, Miss Emma	P	1898
Gould, Mrs. Sarah	P	1838
Gilman, Rose	L	1871
Green, Mrs. Mary J.	P	1866
Green, A. W.	P	1886
Greer, Mrs. Mary E.	P	1876
Glas, Mrs. Matilda	P	1851
Gile, Miss C. A.	L	1898
Gray, Mrs. Anna (Miller)	P	1886
Greenman, Coleman	P	1900
Greenman, Mrs. Clara J.	P	1900
Gallaher, Frank	P	1900
Gallaher, Mrs. Maude L.	L	1900
Gilliland, Mrs. Wm. M.	L	1901
Hitchcock, Sarah	P	1863
Hall, Mary E.	P	1869
Hall, Mrs. Burga (Fry)	L	1869
Hall, Nancy B.	P	1869

Name.	Received. How.	Year.
Hall, Alice Abbie	P	1900
Hunt, Mrs. Emily	P	1866
Hunt, Florence	P	1895
Hunt, Robert	P	1891
Hill, C. C.	P	1898
Hill, Mrs. Cora	L	1898
Haskell, Wayne	P	1898
Haskell, Seth Andrew	P	1900
Haskell Lena E.	P	1900
Haskell, Mrs. Ella M.	P	1900
Heath, Susie E.	P	1900
Holtham, Dr. James	P	1900
Hubbard, H. A.	P	1900
Hubbard, Burton	P	1900
Hampson, Helen Mc	P	1900
Hampson, Harriet	P	1900
Hampson, Alice	P	1900
Hampson, Mrs. Lida A	P	1900
Harkness, Mrs. Rosalia	L	1899
Harkness, Edith	L	1899
Harkness, Grace	P	1900
Harper, H. H.		
Harper, Mrs. Ella (Clark)	P	1883
Jones, A. F.	P	1872
Jones, Mrs. Sarah Eleanor	P	1866
Jones, Corinne	P	1895
Jones, Walter R.	P	1900
Jones, Ruth B.	P	1900
Kuhl, Hiram	P	1886
Kuhl, Mrs. Caroline	P	1886
Kuhl, Stella	P	1895
Kuhl, Samuel	P	1900
Kendig, Mary	P	1895
Kendig, John Calvin	P	1898
Keim, Gustav	P	1896
Keim, Mrs. Elsie	P	1896
Keim, John	P	1900
Keim, Charles J.	P	1900

Name.	Received. How.	Year.
Kingsbury, Mrs. Sarah	L	1897
Kingsbury, May	L	1897
Knepp, A. S.	P	1898
Knepp, Mrs. Mary Isabel	L	1899
King, Eoline	P	1886
Keopka, John	L	1900
Keopka, Mrs. Anna	L	1900
Keopka, Herman	P	1900
Keopka, George	L	1900
Ketchum, Mrs. H.	P	1886
Leet, Calvin E.	L	1891
Leet, Susan	L	1894
Leet, Mrs. Harriet S.	P	1886
Leet, Rebecca	L	1890
Leet, Charles	P	1894
Leet, Calvin E.	P	1895
Leet, Mrs. Edith M.	P	1877
Leet, Mrs. Elizabeth	P	1872
Leet, Florence	P	1898
Leet, Harry H.	P	1898
Leet, Alice B.	P	1898
Moorhead, John D	L	1871
Moorhead, Mrs. Mary R.	L	1871
Moorhead, James A.	L	1871
Moorhead, Mrs. Julia	L	1871
Moorhead, Joseph Y.	P	1891
Moorhead, R. J.	P	1866
Moorhead, May	P	1886
Moorhead, Mrs. Sarah F.	L	1871
Moorhead, Mrs. Maria S.	L	1871
Moorhead, Edward T.	L	1881
Moorhead, Ralph E.	P	1883
Moorhead, Rose E.	P	1883
Moorhead, Victor E.	P	1883
Moorhead, Alice M.	P	1883
Moorhead, Fred	P	1883
Moorhead, Rose Eliza	P	1883
Moorhead, Helen S.	P	1891

Name.	Received. How.	Year.
Moorhead, McCord B.	P	1891
Moorhead, Mrs. Matilda	L	1894
Moorhead, Mrs. Anna	L	1897
Moorhead, Mrs. Helen M.	P	1896
Moore, Mrs. Maria L.	L	1882
Moshier, Charles	L	1883
Moshier, Mrs. Ella	L	1883
Miller, Andrew	P	1900
Miller, Mrs. Mary A.	L	1885
Magee, Maggie	P	1886
Merrell, E. W.	P	1886
Merrell, Mrs. Amanda	P	1886
Milliken, A. J.	P	1894
Milliken, Mrs. Samantha	P	1894
Mills, Beth	P	1895
Moorhead, Mabel	P	1896
Miller, Mrs. Frances	L	1897
Miller, Mrs. Laura	L	1897
Miller, Mrs. Bertha	P	1896
Mills, Jessie	P	1897
Mills, Nancy C.	P	1897
Mills, Mrs. Josephine E.	P	1853
McCord, Mrs. Catharine Dada	L	1853
McCord, Catharine E.	P	1854
McCord, Mary H.	P	1862
McCord, Simeon	P	1864
McCord, Nancy M.	P	1866
McCord, Mrs. Nancy L.	L	1871
McCord, W. F.	P	1872
McCord, Carrie	P	1883
McCord, Mary E.	P	1883
McCord, Florence E.	P	1889
McCord, Joseph L.	P	1890
McCord, Frank H.	P	1891
McCord, Alice	P	1895
McCord, Robert W.	L	1896
McCord, Miss Florence B.	P	1897
McCord, Andrew S.	P	1898

Name.	Received. How.	Year.
McCord, Gertrude	P	1900
McDonald, Mrs. Margaret	L	1868
McDonald, James A.	P	1872
McDonald, Mrs. Susan L.	L	1894
McDonald, Anna E.	P	1889
McDonald, Nettie E.	P	1900
McKay, George	P	1894
McKay, Mrs. Mary	L	1894
McWhorter, Robert	P	1895
McKean, Bell	L	1894
Moorhead, James M	P	1900
Moorhead, Mrs. Eliza K. S.	L	1900
McDonald, Capt. D. S.	P	1900
McDonald, Mrs. Jessie T.	P	1884
McGiffin, Mrs. N.	L	1901
McCord, Mrs. Florence Bemiss	L	1877
McCord, Mrs. Mary Tuttle	P	1866
Moorhead, Mrs. Eliza M.	P	1863
Moorhead, Mrs. Margaret Mc	P	1882
Nash, Sylvester	P	1886
Nash, Mrs. Lina	P	1886
Nash, Henry S.	P	1886
Nash, Mrs. Henry	P	1901
Nash, Norman	P	1900
Nash, Jessie	P	1898
Newton, Mrs. Alice A.	P	1900
Nickols, Mrs. Julia P.	P	1891
Orton, Samuel	P	1875
Orton, Mrs. Samuel	L	1867
Orton, Mrs. Elah	L	1863
Orton, Clara G.	P	1887
Orton, Frank Morris	P	1900
Orton, Mrs. Kathryne Ann	P	1900
Orton, Joseph Wm.	P	1900
Olson, Gustaff	L	1884
Olson, Mrs. Caroline	L	1887
Olson, Carl Oscar	P	1900

Name.	Received. How.	Year.
Orton, Edward	P	1886
Pierce, R. S.	L	1872
Pierce, Mrs. Josephine A.	L	1872
Pierce, Bert B.	P	1888
Pierce, George	P	1881
Pierce, Mrs. Cora A.	P	1876
Pierce, Nellie G.	P	1895
Pierce, E. A.	P	1900
Phillips, James H.	P	1872
Phillips, Mrs. Louisa	L	1872
Phillips, Archibald	P	1886
Phillips, Mrs. Adell	P	1900
Phillips, Harold D.	P	1900
Putnam, Dr. B. H.	P	1879
Putnam, Mrs. B. H.	P	1879
Putnam, Cleo E.	P	1891
Putnam, George	P	1895
Parker, Mrs. Nancy J.	P	1863
Paden, John S.	P	1873
Paden, Mrs. Cynthia	P	1873
Pitt, John C.	P	1879
Pitt, Mrs. Cora E.	L	1895
Phillips, Mrs. Wm.	P	1886
Phillips, Daisy E.	P	1898
Phillips, Mary Helen	P	1900
Phillips, Jessie	P	1900
Phillips, Mrs. Mary	P	1892
Pettit, Mrs. Katheryne B.	P	1900
Pettit, Jessie A.	P	1900
Pierson, Mrs. Mary	P	1895
Peters, Mrs. Carrie Orton	P	1886
Potter, Mrs. Ella M.	P	1895
Rogers, Zenas	L	1868
Reed, James L.	L	1874
Reed, Mrs. Aurelia J.	L	1880
Reed, Joseph H.	L	1875
Reed, Mrs. M. R.	L	1875
Reed, Margaret B.	P	1891

Name.	Received. How.	Year.
Reed, Emily C	P	1891
Reed, Anna G	P	1899
Reid, R. B	P	1886
Reid, Mrs. R. B	P	1886
Robinson, Mrs. Martha L	P	1886
Robinson, Wm. C	P	1900
Russell, Prof. I. H	P	1900
Russell, Mrs. Nora B	P	1900
Risbridger, Mrs. Jennie	P	1889
Robinson, S. M	L	1897
Robinson, Miss Augusta	P	1863
Selkregg, George	P	1858
Selkregg, Mrs. Rebecca	L	1871
Selkregg, Mrs. Caroline	P	1866
Selkregg, Mrs. Ida V	P	1883
Selkregg, Mrs. Margaret	P	1883
Selkregg, George H	P	1883
Selkregg, Mrs. Francis E	P	1889
Selkregg, Clara H	P	1883
Selkregg, Chassie E	P	1883
Selkregg, Laura	P	1883
Selkregg, Anna M	P	1891
Selkregg, Edward M	P	1891
Selkregg, Jennie B	P	1891
Selkregg, Fannie Pauline	P	1894
Selkregg, Bessie E	P	1895
Selkregg, Edwin R	P	1900
Selkregg, Fred Mills	P	1900
Selkregg, J. Paul	P	1900
Selkregg, Harley	P	1900
Selkregg, Florence M	P	1900
Southard, Mrs. Jane	L	1860
Southard, Harriet	P	1871
Spooner, B. C	P	1886
Spooner, Mrs. Alice	P	1872
Spooner, Joseph	P	1895
Stockton, Julia A	P	1872
Sprague, Theodore	L	1875

Name.	Received. How.	Year.
Sprague, Mrs. Edna S	P	1891
Sprague, Julia Clark	P	1899
Sprague, George	P	1899
Sprague, Theodore M	P	1900
Sprague, W. Kenneth	P	1900
Scouller, William	P	1886
Scouller, Mrs. Bessie L	L	1900
Scouller, Esther	P	1897
Scouller, Josephine	P	1898
Smedley, Fred J	P	1886
Smedley, Mrs. Louisa	P	1886
Sanborn, Perry A	P	1895
Stowe, J. N.	L	
Stowe, Mrs. J. N.	L	
Stowe, Roy	P	1898
Stowe, Clair C	P	1900
Steadman, L. J	L	1896
Steadman, Mrs. Clara	L	1896
Steadman, Florence C	P	1900
Steadman, Chester A	P	1900
Steadman, Foster J	P	1900
Spafford, Mrs. Ella	L	1883
Spear, Mrs. L. M	L	1899
Swartz, Herman	P	1895
Swartz, Mrs. Anna	L	1895
Stone, John A	P	1891
Stone, Mrs. Lydia A	P	1891
Stone, Mrs. Susanah	P	1889
Stone, Mrs. W. J	L	1894
Stone, Alice	L	1894
Stone, John N	P	1897
Stone, Nellie R	P	1897
Stone, Mrs. Mary (Hall)	P	1898
Stone, Jessie	P	1899
Stone, Gussie	P	1899
Stone, Arthur	P	1899
Shreve, Lillian Bell	P	1900
Sackett, Mrs. Mary Carr	P	1900

Name.	Received. How.	Year.
Sackett, Ruth C	P	1900
Stillwell, John	L	1901
Stillwell, Mrs. John	L	1901
Stillwell, Harry H	L	1901
Smith, Mrs. Julia	P	1889
Town, Wm. J	P	1886
Town, Miss Mary T	P	1855
Town, Mrs. Juliet	P	1853
Town, Mary Etta	L	1871
Town, Leonora	P	1896
Titus, E. P	L	1898
Titus, Mrs. Mary	L	1898
Thompson, Mrs. Elizabeth	P	1866
Terrell, Mrs. Sarah	L	1870
Thorpe, Miss Clara	P	1877
Townsend, Mrs. Mary	P	1895
Tanner, Wave D	P	1898
Tanner, Bernie	P	1901
Ulrich, W. H	L	1896
Ulrich, Mrs. W. H	L	1896
Whitehill, Samuel P	P	1866
Whitehill, Miss Jessie	P	1886
Whitehill, James S	P	1900
Whitehill, Mrs. Edna B	P	1900
Wellington, Mrs. Rose	L	1886
Wellington, Annabell	P	1900
Woodruff, N S	P	1882
Woodruff, Mrs. Mary	P	1882
Woodruff, Miss Blanch	P	1891
Williams, Mrs. Cloe	P	1805
Walker, Mrs Mary	P	1900
Walker, Miss M. L	P	1900
Wolf, Mrs. Isabel	P	1894
Wilkinson, Miss Blanch	P	1900
Wolf, Fay G	P	1900
Watt, Miss Hellen	P	1867
White, Mrs. Almira	P	1837

FORMER MEMBERS OF THE

First Presbyterian Church,

of North East, Pa.

The following list comprises as neârly as can be ascertained the names of all who have ever been connected with the church and who are not included in the foregoing list:

Name.	Received. How.	Year.
Allison, William		
Allison, Eleanor		
Allen, Sarah		
Allen, Mrs. Mary		
Allen, Augustus C.		
Allen, Charles		
Allen, Mrs. Nancy M.	L	1887
Anderson, Mrs. Sarah A.	L	1874
Anderson, Delia		
Amrstrong, William	P	1866
Armstrong, Mrs. Jennie		
Ackerman, Matilda	P	1869
Ackerman, Mrs. Louisa	P	1869
Ackerman, William	P	1884
Ackerman, Mrs. Laura	P	1884
Annis, Hannah	L	1826
Adair, Mrs. Mary	L	1833
Adkins, Carl	L	1831
Adkins, Lois	P	1834
Adkins, Therina	P	1838
Allison, Elizabeth	P	1851
Andrews, Ruth M	P	1855
Abel, Agael		
Abel, Mrs.		
Adams, Hattie	P	1883

Name.	Received. How.	Year.
Avery, Polly		
Avery, Emily B.	L	1860
Allis, Mrs. Mary Scouller	P	1861
Blaine, Alexander T.		
Blaine, Mrs. Rosanna		
Barker, Theodorus		
Brigg, Mary		
Baldwin, Mrs.		
Brown, Sally		
Brawley, Polly		
Burrows, Susanna		
Brown, Lemuel	P	1831
Baird, Sarah	P	1831
Baird, Rachel	P	1831
Backus, Miron	P	1831
Backus, Mrs. Anna	P	1831
Brown, Cornelia	P	1832
Brown, Morris	P	1832
Brown, Enoch	P	1834
Bowers, Harriet Melissa	P	1832
Bowers, Delila	P	1834
Blaine, Ephraim W.	P	1834
Beebe, Molly	L	1836
Belden, Ann	L	1837
Baldwin, Mark	P	1837
Baldwin, M. Elizabeth	P	1837
Baldwin, Dwight H	P	1837
Belden, David	P	1837
Braden, Mrs. Julia Hampson	P	1839
Braden, W. J.	P	1872
Braden, Mrs. Matti E.	P	1889
Braden, Robert Angus	P	1900
Bicknel, Henry	L	1842
Bicknel, Aurelia	L	1842
Bicknel, Tripenia	L	1842
Belnap, Gilbert	P	1840
Belnap, Polly	L	1840
Belnap, Volney	P	1852

Name.	Received. How.	Year.
Belnap, Clara A.	P	1873
Belnap, Mrs. Sarah Ann	P	1835
Beecher, Fred C.	P	1886
Beecher, Mrs. Sarah (Colum)	L	1897
Bassett, Morton	L	1848
Barker, Roxanna	P	1851
Barker, Charlotte	P	1858
Bratt, Mary Ann	L	1851
Bratt, Elizabeth	L	1851
Bran, Richard	P	1854
Bran, Mrs. Mary	P	1854
Bran, Abby M.	P	1878
Bemis, Thomas A.	P	1854
Bemis, Mrs. Ann Elizabeth	P	1854
Blaine, A. W.	P	1855
Blaine, Mrs. Sarah Platt	P	1837
Blaine, E. V.	L	1871
Butterfield, Eva C.	P	1872
Butterfield, Lucina S.	P	1872
Brainard, Lovina E.	P	1872
Boyer, Samuel	P	1883
Burgess, Lyman A.	L	1871
Burgess, Mrs. Clemanda	L	1871
Burgess, Mary L.	P	1872
Ball, Frank D.	P	1886
Brockway, Martha	L	1886
Bently, Rose	P	1894
Baldwin, William	P	1895
Burrows, Ann	P	1858
Brawley, Harriet	P	1858
Barker, Charlotte	P	1858
Barker, Harriet	P	1863
Bush, Albert	P	1866
Brown, Josephine	P	1863
Bryant, Mrs. Edith Crawford	P	1886
Baldwin, Mary E.	P	1863
Baird, Mrs. Mary	P	1866
Brunson, Amy A.	L	1866

Name.	Received. How.	Year.
Brunson, Patty	L	1860
Brunson, ——	L	1861
Brunson, A. J.	P	1861
Bliss, Mrs. Angeline	L	1860
Brunson, Ann	P	1855
Burgess, Hattie	P	1872
Brown, Lemuel	P	
Colt, Judah		
Colt, Mrs.		
Crawford, William		
Crawford, Thomas		
Crawford, Nancy		
Crawford, Polly		
Crawford, James		
Culbertson, Mrs. Ann Moorhead	L	1805
Culbertson, Andrew	P	1831
Culbertson, Andrew J.	P	1831
Culbertson, Jane	L	1832
Culbertson, Thomas M.	P	1831
Culbertson, Mrs Nancy Norcross	L	1871
Culbertson, Eliza	P	1829
Culbertson, Joseph A	L	1872
Culbertson, Mrs Eliza	L	1872
Campbell, Elias	L	1820
Campbell, Mrs. Sarah	L	1826
Camp, Achsa		
Cochran, Hugh		
Cochran, Mrs. Rachel (Hampson)	P	1834
Cochran, Robert	P	1828
Cochran, John	P	1831
Cochran, Hugh	P	1833
Cowles, Enoch	L	1830
Crawford, Mrs. Nancy R.	P	1831
Crawford, Rosanna M.	P	1837
Crawford, Ephraim	P	1850
Cosgrove, Mrs Hattie E	P	1876
Custard, Angeline	P	1831
Custard, Evaline	P	1834

Name.	Received. How.	Year.
Custard, Ann	P	1834
Custard, Susan	P	1834
Custard, Ann	L	1853
Clark, Lemuel	P	1831
Cole, Horace	L	1833
Cole, Mrs. Abi	L	1833
Cole, Abi (Tuttle)	L	1833
Cole, Seth B.	P	1833
Cole, Goodwin	P	1834
Cole, Horace H.	P	1834
Cole, Elizabeth	P	1845
Cummins, Mary Ann	P	1834
Cook, Francis A.	P	1835
Conrad, John M.	L	1837
Conrad, Mrs. Mary Elvira	P	1837
Conrad, Joseph	P	1837
Conrad, Mary	P	1837
Conrad, Martha		
Carson, John D.	L	1838
Carson, Mrs. Amy	L	1838
Carson, John	L	1838
Carson, Mrs. Rachel	L	1838
Carson, Amelia	L	1838
Carson, Mary Ann	L	1838
Curtis, Joel	P	1838
Curtis, Mrs. Joel	L	1838
Chambers, Elizabeth	P	1845
Carter, David	P	1848
Carr, James A.	L	1852
Carr, Mrs. Sarah J.	L	1852
Carnehan, Nathan	P	1854
Caldwell, Margaret	P	1858
Chase, Augusta	P	1858
Caldwell, Nancy J.	P	1863
Curtis, Mary Ann	P	1863
Clark, Charles	L	1865
Clark, Bathsheba	L	1865
Cross, Mrs. Nancy Bran	P	1872

Name.	Received. How.	Year.
Clark, Matilda	L	1865
Clark, Maria	L	1865
Clark, Jane	L	1865
Clark, Hannah Alice	P	1866
Conrad, Mary Elizabeth	P	1866
Conrad, Linnie	P	1872
Chapin, Philander	L	1867
Caldwell, Mrs. Emeline Leet	L	1868
Crawford, Mrs. Ruth	L	1870
Chase, Mary D.	P	1872
Covey, James R.	P	1872
Carrier, D. H.	L	1872
Carrier, Maria	L	1872
Crawford, Mrs. Emma C.	L	1872
Chapin, Fannie	L	1872
Clark, Mrs. Sarah D.	L	1873
Camp, Mrs. Caroline	L	1876
Caldwell, Emily	P	1877
Carris, Nellie	P	1877
Cosgrove, Carson	L	1888
Cosgrove, Mrs. Francis H.	L	1888
Cook, Gertrude	P	1883
Cook, Ida B.	P	1883
Cook, Anna	P	1883
Cook, Mrs. Melvina	P	1883
Custard, Edwin C.	P	1886
Castle, Mrs. Bessie (Custard)	P	1886
Castle, Fred	L	1896
Castle Mrs. Frances	L	1895
Covey, Earl A.	P	1892
Chase, Edith	L	1892
Caldwell, Mrs. Emiline Leet	P	1830
Corey, Mrs. Anna S.		1886
Cathcart, Robert		
Cochran, Alexander		
Cowles, Enoch	L	1830
Dundass, William		
Dundass, Mrs.		

Name.	Received. How.	Year.
Duncan, James		
Duncan, Mrs. Nancy		
Duncan, William		
Duncan, Hugh		
Duncan, Betsey		
Dickson, William		
Dickson, Mrs. Christianna		
Dickson Mary		
Dickson, John	P	1828
Dickson, James	L	1829
Dickson, Mrs. Marian (Mary Ann)	L	1829
Dickson, Asenath	P	1829
Dickson, Thomas	P	1830
Dickson, Mrs. Isabell	P	1839
Dickson, Mrs. Sarah	P	1831
Dickson, John	P	1831
Dickson, Cyrus, D. D.	P	1831
Dickson, David	P	1834
Dickson, George	P	1831
Dickson, William B.	P	1834
Dickson, Delia J.	P	1834
Dickson, Eliabeth A.	P	1837
Dickson, Samuel	L	1853
Dickson, Eleanor	L	1853
Densmore, Adams		
Densmore, Mrs. Margaret		
Doolittle, Rebecca	L	1825
Doolittle, Mrs. Bethena	L	1825
Dustin, Nancy	P	1826
Dustin, Moses	P	1828
Doty Nancy	P	1827
Doty, William	P	1827
Downs, David	L	1833
Downs, Parmelia	L	1833
Duncan, Robert	P	1834
Duncan, Archibald	P	1834
Duncan, Nancy	P	1834
Duncan, Alexander	P	1834

Name.	Received. How.	Year.
Duncan, John	P	1834
Dean, Mary	L	1837
Durfrey, Loraine	P	1837
Doolittle, Ephraim	L	1842
Doolittle, Mrs. A. S.	L	1839
Doolittle, Lydia	P	1842
Durst, Caroline	P	1850
Durst, Lucinda Ann	P	1854
Doolittle, Mary	P	1855
Divine, Edward	P	1869
Davis, Georgianna	P	1871
Davidson, Nancy	L	1874
Damon, Charles	L	1885
Damon, Mrs. C.	L	1885
Dick, Maude	P	1886
Davis, Mrs. W. A.	P	1886
Davis, Fred	P	1886
Davis, Arthur	P	1886
Durham, C. H.	P	1898
DeMuth, Susan	L	1897
Dewey, Clayton	P	1889
DeWitt, Lana		1886
Duncan, Peggy Jane, (Porter)	P	1832
Dustan, Mrs. Mercy	P	1826
Ensign, Harmon		
Ensign, Frederick	L	1833
Ensign, Huldah	L	1833
Ensign, Nancy Elizabeth	L	1833
Ensign, Sally	P	1834
Ensign Julia	P	1835
Ensign, Cornelia	P	1835
Ensign, Lomira Ann	P	1840
Ensign, Mrs. Elizabeth	L	1851
Eastwood, Fanny	P	1834
Evans, Dr. W. C.	P	1863
Evans, Mrs. Kate	P	1863
Emory, Edwin	L	1870
Emory, Lucy	L	1870

Name.	Received. How.	Year.
Easton, Mrs. Fanny	L	1873
Ernsberger, Mrs. Mary	L	1886
Ellsworth, O. E.	L	1895
Ellsworth, Mrs. Gertrude	L	1895
Ernsberger, Frank	P	1891
Force, Katharine	P	1832
Frisbee, Diantha	L	1833
Fairchild, Mrs.	L	1851
Foot, Ellen A.	P	1853
Foot, Sarah H.	P	1853
Foot, Margaret W.	P	1853
Foot, Mrs. Lucy A.	L	1853
Fry, Mrs. Angeline	L	1866
Fry, Flora E.	P	1872
Fry, George W.	P	1872
Fritz, Joseph W.	P	1866
Fritz, Mrs. Elizabeth C.	L	1866
French, Charles M.	L	1868
French, Arthur J.	P	1883
Fenno Mrs. Clarrissa	P	1869
Fenno, Willis W.	P	1869
Fenno, Mrs. Anna J.	P	1876
Fiscus, Mrs. Jane D	L	1869
Fross, Henry A.	P	1872
Fross, Mrs. Emma B.	P	1872
Ferris, Erastus H.	L	1873
Ferris, Eleanor	L	1873
Ferris, Alice A.	P	1876
French, Mrs. Nancy	P	1883
Fowl, Mrs. Lucy	P	1884
Flinn, Ora	P	1886
Flinn, Morris	P	1886
Fromyer, Matilda	P	1891
French, Fred. W.	P	1891
Fisher, A. Frank	P	1894
Fisher, Mrs. Eveline	L	1894
Faller, Fitie	P	1886
Force, Mrs. Georgie Loomis	P	1878

Name.	Received. How.	Year.
Ferris, Ida	P	1873
Gi[illegible]n, James M.	L	1829
Gil[illegible]d, Helen Ann	L	1829
Greer, James		
Gould, Amos	P	1831
Graham, Eleanor	P	1831
Goodwin, Nathaniel	L	1835
Goodwin, Nancy	L	1835
Geer, Frederick	P	1835
Geer, Sarah	P	1835
Greer, Nancy	P	1854
Greer, Mary J.	P	1866
Greer, Ella M.	P	1866
Gilman Malinda	L	1838
Gilman, Filinda	L	1848
Gilman, Horatio	L	1848
Gilman, Rosanna	L	1853
Gilman, Mrs. Eliza	L	1871
Gilman, Ella M.	L	1872
Gilman, Mrs. George R.	L	1873
Gilman, Mrs. Bell Leet	P	1872
Gilman, Mrs. George D.	P	1876
Gifford, Francis	P	1863
Gifford, Hannah	L	1866
Gifford, Mrs. Rebecca	L	1866
Gala, Mrs. Harriett Finn		1875
Granger, Lee	P	1886
Granger, Mrs. Sabina	P	1886
Greenman, Jessie	P	1886
Gray, Jennie May	P	1886
Gilman, Susan	L	1888
Griswold, Alexander	P	1889
Griswold, Mrs. Sarah	P	1889
Gleason, Ann		1880
Gibson, Mrs. Eliza	P	1895
Graham, Mrs. Olive Marie	L	1897
Goodwin, Delia M	P	1900
Hampson, Robert		

Name.	Received. How.	Year.
Hampson, Sarah		
Hampson, George W. Rev		
Hampson, Mrs. Ann McCord		
Hampson, James	P	1831
Hampson, Mrs. Debora	P	1835
Hall, Mrs. Nancy McCord		
Hall, William		
Hall, Mrs. Therina		
Hall, Mrs. Hanna	P	1826
Hall, Augustus	P	1834
Hurst, Margaret	P	1828
Hurst, Eleanor	P	1831
Hopkins, Luman	L	1829
Hopkins, Elias	L	1832
Hopkins, Eliza	L	1829
Hardy, Luke	P	1831
Hardy, Mrs. Sophrania	P	1831
Hardy, John	P	1831
Hardy, Mrs. Mary	P	1831
Hays, Mrs	P	1831
Howell, Hannah	L	1832
Howard, John	L	1834
Howard, Mrs. Anna	L	1834
Howard, Mrs. Elisa	L	1834
Hibbard, Luther	L	1835
Hibbard, Mrs. Eliza	L	1832
Hibbard, Mrs. Bertha	L	1835
Hibbard, Mrs. Laura	L	1835
Hall, Mrs. Tempe	L	1836
Hall, Eliza	L	1836
Hall, H. P.	L	1836
Hall, Elaza	L	1836
Hall, Margaret E.	P	1855
Hall, Harriet	P	1837
Hall, Lydia	P	1838
Hall, Calphernia	L	1838
Hall, James L	P	1837
Hopkins, Laura	L	1836

Name.	Received. How.	Year.
Hopkins, Hiram	L	1837
Hopkins, Elias 2d	P	1837
Histed, Mary Jane	P	1837
Hinman, Hiram	P	1839
Hinman, Ruth	P	1839
Hitchcock, Amory	L	1850
Hitchcock, Mrs. Emily	L	1850
Hitchcock, David	L	1855
Hitchcock, Margaret	L	1855
Harper, Powell	L	1861
Hudson, Mrs. Clara B	L	1864
Heimburger, Mary	L	1857
Hodges, Clara E	L	1868
Hitchcock Hattie	L	1866
Hampson, Calvin	P	1842
Hampson, Mrs. Matilda	L	1867
Hurst, George	P	1851
Harper, Mrs. Alvira B	P	1866
Harper W. H. H	P	1866
Harper, Mrs. Marion L	P	1866
Hill, Delia W	L	1867
Hayward, Francis	P	1867
Hall, Maria A	P	1869
Hall, Nelson	P	1883
Hall, Wm. A	L	1883
Hampson, Hattie J	P	1872
Hard, Era B	L	1875
Hard, Emiline	L	1875
Hard, Nellie	L	1875
Hard, Charles	P	1883
Hartley, James	L	1876
Hartley, Mrs. Nannie	L	1876
Hesling, Helen	P	1877
Hunter, Mrs. E. F	L	1880
Hunter, Maggie	L	1880
Hunter, Charles	P	1880
Hooker, Charles	P	1883
Hunter, Addie	P	1883

Name.	Received. How.	Year.
Hunter, John V	P	1883
Hunter, Wm. C	P	1885
Hunter, James K	P	1883
Hull, Wm	L	1883
Hull, Mrs. Anna C	P	1876
Haynes, Jennie	P	1886
Hays, Mrs. F. W	L	1894
Helman, Mary	L	1898
Helman, Bertha	L	1898
Hampson, Mrs. Ann Mc	P	1872
Hopkins, Mrs. Mabel	L	1898
Haynes, Mrs. Olive P	P	1858
Innis, Sarah	L	1828
Innis, Ann	L	1828
Innis, Thomas	P	1831
Innis, Mrs. Harriet	L	1832
Irvin, Samuel	L	1883
Irvin, Mrs. Myra	L	1883
Irish, Lydia E	P	1885
Jacks, Mrs. Ann J	L	1805
Jacks, Christiana	P	1831
Jacks, Eliza	P	1831
Jacks, Isabel	P	1831
Johnston, Elizabeth	P	1834
Johnston, Emmons	L	1856
Johnston, William	P	1851
Johnston, Mrs. Elizabeth	L	1856
Jones, Abija	P	1863
Jones, Sarah J.	L	1883
Jones, Mrs. Jane	P	1835
Jackson, J. O., M. D.	L	1892
Jackson, Mrs. May	L	1892
Jackson, DeWitt J.	P	1900
Jewett, Mrs. Susan Mary	P	1851
Kingsbury, Samuel	L	1831
Kingsbury, Mrs. Mary	L	1831
Kellogg, Aaron	L	1842
Kellogg, Mrs. Eliza	L	1842

Name.	Received. How.	Year.
King, Mrs. Elizabeth	P	1854
Knapp, Mary	P	1858
King, Albert W.	P	1883
King, Clara O.	P	1883
Kendig, Mrs. Harriet	P	1886
Keefer, Susan	P	1886
Kirk, W. B.	L	1894
Kirk, Mrs. Cora E.	L	1894
Kingsley, Emma	L	1898
Ketchum, E. M.	P	1886
Keith, Mrs. Susan	P	1886
Kerr, Mrs. Mattie Lewis	L	1880
Loomis, Dyer		
Loomis, Mrs. Nancy		
Loomis, Henry		
Loomis, Mrs. Betsey		
Loomis, Joel		
Loomis, Mrs. Susanna		
Loomis, Asenath	P	1828
Loomis, Eveline	P	1828
Loomis, Sally	P	1831
Loomis, Hannah	P	1831
Loomis, Dyer, Capt.		1831
Loomis, Mary	P	1835
Loomis, R. S.	L	1835
Loomis, Susan	P	1839
Loomis, Amos	P	1835
Loomis, George Lamertine	P	1862
Loomis, Mary H.	P	1866
Loomis, Joel	L	1866
Loomis, Lina T.	P	1866
Loomis, Jennie Walker	L	1898
Leet, Naomi	P	1826
Leet, Minerva	P	1831
Leet, Emiline	L	1890
Luther, Emily	P	1831
Lewis, Mary Ann	P	1837
Lowrey, George	L	1839

Name.	Received. How.	Year.
Lowry, Elizabeth	L	1839
Lee, Rebecca	P	1881
Linder, Sarah	P	1886
Lord, Myra	L	1886
Lord, Anna	L	1886
Lord, Luther	L	1886
Leet, J. Neal	P	1893
Lynn, Ella (McCord)	P	1888
Moorhead, James		
Moorhead, Mrs. Catherine		
Moorhead, George		
Moorhead, Mrs. Matilda		
Moorhead, John		
Moorhead, Mrs. Eleanor		
Moorhead, Catharine Ann		
Moorhead, James M., Col.		
Moorhead, Mrs. Eliza McCord		
Moorhead, Thomas		
Moorhead, Jane		
Moorhead, Robert		
Moorhead, Jane		
Moorhead, Eliza		
Moorhead, Barnett	P	1858
Moorhead, Mrs. Cornelia	L	1859
Moorhead, Joseph B.	L	1866
Moorhead, Mrs. Eliza Hampson	L	1866
Moorhead, George	P	1866
Moorhead, Samuel T.	L	1871
Moorhead, Mrs. Margaret M.	L	1871
Moorhead, Eliza Ann	L	1871
Moorhead, James R.	L	1894
Moorhead, William	L	1871
Mellen, Thomas		
Mellen, Sally		
Mellen Polly	P	1832
Mellen, Sarah Ann	P	1834
Mathews, Rachel	P	1831

Name.	Received. How.	Year.
Morton, Joseph, (Japheth)	P	1831
Morton, Mattie	P	1831
Morton, Polly	P	1831
Marcelliot, Mrs.	P	1831
Marcelliot, Mary Jane	P	1834
Marcelliot, Harriet	P	1834
Martin, Charlotte	L	1834
Miles, Margaret	P	1834
Metcalf, Charles	P	1842
Marvin, Mrs. Catharine F.	L	1850
Marvin, William E.	P	1863
Marvin, Elizabeth	P	1863
Morse, H. G.	L	1853
Morse, Harriet Fay	L	1853
Morse, Sarah	L	1873
Milliken, Lydia	P	1855
Milliken, John	L	1868
Milliken, Mrs. Nancy McCord	P	1831
Milliken, Harriet	L	1868
Milks, Letitia	L	1867
Mottrie, Harry A.	L	1886
Mottrie, Abbie F.	L	1886
Metcalf, Mrs. Mary Hall	L	1838
Malick, Isaac	P	1886
Malick, Nancy	P	1886
Moore, George W.	L	1882
Moore, Murray C.	P	1883
Mark, Prof. Woodward	L	1899
Mark, Mrs. Woodward	L	1899
Mather, Ruth Ann	L	1899
Metcalf, Mack		
McCord, John		
McCord, Mrs. Polly		
McCord, Joseph		
McCord, William		
McCord, Mrs. Jane M.		
McCord, John, 2d	P	1830
McCord, Mrs. Caroline	P	1830

Name.	Received. How.	Year.
McCord, William H.	P	1834
McCord, Julia	P	1837
McCord, Joseph, 2d	P	1840
McCord, Mrs. Amanda L	P	1840
McCord, Mrs. Sarah D.	L	1849
McCord, Mrs. Jane	P	1831
McWilliams, James	P	1831
McWilliams, Adaline	P	1831
McCloskey, Johnson	P	1831
McCloskey, Nancy	P	1831
McKibbin, Mrs. Nancy	L	1859
McCord, Thomas	P	1852
McCord, Montgomery	P	1873
McCord, Susan M.	P	1876
McNeil, Robt.	P	1866
McNeil, Nancy	P	1866
McDonald, James	L	1868
McIntyre, Caroline	L	1870
McIntyre, Edward	P	1872
McIntosh, Sarah	L	1834
McIntosh, Angus	P	1866
McIntyre, Anna	L	1895
McCord, Mrs. Nettie Belnap	L	1896
Moorhead, Mrs. Matilda	L	1871
Miller, Walter	L	1891
McWhorter, Helen	P	1866
McWhorter, Harry	P	1886
McDonald, John	P	1882
McDonald, Arthur	P	1886
McDonald, Fred	P	1886
McDonald, Harold	P	1898
McDonald, Mrs. Kate	P	1876
McCord Elizabeth		
McCord, Ann		
McCord, Nancy	P	1831
McIntosh, Andrew		
McIntosh, Ann W.		
Moorhead, Caroline	P	1830

Name.	Received. How.	Year.
Milligan, Rebecca	L	1825
Norris, Nathaniel	L	1826
Norris, Mrs. Almira	L	1826
Nettleton, Betsey	P	1829
Neeley, Mrs. Matilda	P	1831
Norris, Martha	P	1831
Norris, Lucy	P	1831
Norris, Emily	P	1834
Norris, Sarah	P	1835
Newton, Mary Ann	P	1833
Newton, Royal	P	1861
Nason, Augustus	P	1863
Nason, Mrs. Elnora		1866
Nickolds, Fanny L.	L	1868
Norton, Francis	L	1871
Noyes, Joshua	L	1880
Noyes, Mrs. Hannah	L	1880
Nelson, Alfred	P	1886
Nelson, Dr. George	P	1886
Nelson, Agness	L	1895
Nash, Frank J.	L	1876
Nash, Mrs. Ella Terrell	P	1881
Nash, Mrs. Alice S.	P	1884
Orton, Edmund		
Orton, Mrs. Amanda		
Orton, Darias		1831
Orton, Mary Jane		1831
Orton, Mary	P	1850
Orton, Alvira	P	1850
Orton, Mrs. Emily B.	P	1855
Orton, Brunson	P	1863
Orton, Elah		1886
Osborn, Ann		1886
Oxtoby, Mrs. Mary T.	L	1870
Oxtoby, Caroline M.	L	1870
Price, Erastus	P	1831
Price, Mrs. Jane	P	1831
Platt, Mrs. Jeremia	P	1832

Name.	Received. How.	Year.
Platt, Eliza	L	1838
Platt, Jeremia	P	1855
Platt, Sophia	P	1857
Platt, Mrs. Mary	L	1863
Pratt, Joseph	L	1866
Pierce, Caroline	P	1835
Pierce, Ann	P	1835
Pierce, John L.		1834
Phillips, Sophrona	P	1852
Phillips, Velona A.		1855
Pratt, Mrs. Mary	L	1863
Pitt, Emma	P	1863
Pierce, Eliza A.	L	1867
Pierce, Mrs. Maggie W.	L	1875
Porter, Jane	P	1833
Porter, James	P	1886
Paden, John G.	P	1886
Palmer, Mrs. Fannie	P	1891
Palmer, H. A.	P	1886
Peterson, Benson	L	1883
Peterson, Anna	L	1883
Piehl, Henry J.	P	1900
Piehl, Mrs. Maude M.	P	1900
Putnam, Mercy		
Robinson, Thomas		
Robinson, Mrs. Mary		
Robinson Wm. A.		
Robinson, Mrs. Nancy		
Robinson Cyrus, 1st		
Robinson, Mrs. Roxanna		
Robinson, Parmela	P	1828
Robinson, Heman	P	1828
Robinson, Alexander G.	P	1834
Robinson Fannie	P	1835
Robinson, Rosanna G.	P	1835
Robinson, Nancy M.	P	1837
Robinson, Cyrus	L	1848
Robinson, Mrs. Caroline	L	1848

Name.	Received. How.	Year.
Robinson, Rebecca	P	1854
Robinson, Laurin	P	1863
Robinson, Rachel	L	1864
Robinson, Patten W	L	1869
Robinson, Mrs. Mahala	L	1869
Robinson, Wm. C.	L	1872
Robinson, Martha C.	L	1872
Robinson, Alexander	L	1872
Rogers, Theodore	P	1831
Rogers, Mrs. Augusta	P	1831
Rogers, Phineas	P	1831
Rogers, Caroline	P	1834
Rogers, Mrs. Lydia	P	1868
Roads, Mrs. Betsey	P	1833
Roads, Polly	P	1833
Roads, Jane	P	1834
Roads, Elizabeth	P	1835
Riddle, Nancy A.	P	1851
Riddle, Harriet	L	1851
Riddle, Eliza	L	1851
Riddle, Robert	L	1851
Riddle, Mrs. Mary Ann	P	1852
Riddle, Lydia A.	P	1855
Riddle, Rose	P	1877
Raymond, Mrs. Sarah A.	L	1852
Raymond, Laura C.	P	1855
Randall, Perry W.	L	1869
Ross, Mrs. S. Louisa	P	1854
Ross Mrs. Marion	P	1882
Ross, Mrs. Elmer E.	P	1882
Rader, Anton	P	1863
Record, George	P	1863
Reed, Mrs. Margaret	L	1874
Reamer, Mrs. Mary	P	1886
Reader, Jane	L	1887
Reynolds, C. H.	P	1900
Reed, Howard S.	P	1891
Robinson, Mrs. Alice Blaine	P	1855

Name.	Received. How.	Year.
Robinson, Eliza (Loomis)	P	1831
Smedley, Dr. James		
Smedley, Mrs. Polly McCord		
Smedley, Phoebe	L	1831
Smedley, Eliza J.	P	1834
Smedley, Lydia G.	L	1846
Smedley, James S.	P	1834
Smedley, John M.	P	1842
Smedley, Susan E.		1855
Smedley, Mary P.	P	1863
Smedley, Anna E.	P	1866
Scott, Martha		
Scott, Robert		
Scott, Isabel		
Scott, Betsey	P	1831
Selkregg, Osee	P	1828
Selkregg, Mrs. Harriet	P	1828
Selkregg, Prudence	P	1828
Selkregg, Maria	P	1834
Selkregg, H. D.	P	1837
Selkregg, Eliza J.	L	1848
Selkregg, Mrs. Mary M.	P	1850
Selkregg, Prudence	P	1850
Selkregg, Martin L.	L	1858
Selkregg, Mrs. Margaret M.	P	1834
Searle, Luther	P	1832
Spencer, Mrs. Catharine	P	1834
Spencer, Eliza	P	1834
Spencer, Sheldon	P	1834
Spencer, Catharine	P	1834
Spencer, Mary	P	1834
Spencer, Asa	P	1844
Spencer, Mrs. Mary	P	1844
Southwick, Erastus	L	1835
Spooner, B. F.	L	1851
Spooner, Mrs. Marana	L	1851
Smith, Ruben L.	L	1857
Smith, Catharine J.	L	1857

Name.	Received. How.	Year.
Smith, Harriet L.	L	1857
Smith, Mary J.	L	1857
Smith, Agnes	L	1858
Smith, Sophia	P	1863
Smith, Louisa	P	1864
Smith, Samuel	P	1872
Smith, Sydney H.	P	1876
Smith, Frank L.	P	1876
Selkregg, Mrs. Fanny	L	1879
Selkregg, Mrs. Hannah	P	1855
Sliter, Betsey	L	1858
Stockton, Mrs. Catharine	L	1861
Sambury, Wm.	L	1865
Sambury, Mrs. Jane	L	1865
Skelley, Elizabeth	L	1865
Skelley, Anna M.	L	1865
Southard, Henry S.	P	1866
Southard, Mrs. S. A.	P	1866
Southard, Jane	P	1866
Southard, S. A.	P	1871
Southard, Julia	P	1873
Stiles, Anna M.	P	1872
Stiles, Mrs. Alvina	P	1872
Stowe, Mary S.	L	1872
Shenieb, Theressa	P	1873
Skelley Josephine	P	1873
Staley, Mrs. Anna	P	1875
Sever, Laura	P	1875
Shaver, Dwight C.	P	1883
Sillaman, Mrs. Alice	P	1885
Stevenson, Christopher	P	1886
Swartz, Lizzie A.	P	1886
Skelley, Andrew	P	1886
Skelley, Mrs. Ida	P	1886
Skelley, Mary E.	P	1886
Swift, Capitolia	P	1886
Swift, Chloe	P	1886
Shaw, Prof. S. B.	L	1888

Name.	Received. How.	Year.
Shaw, Mrs. Alice	L	1888
Stone Gilson	P	1872
Stevenson, Charles	L	1896
Stevenson, Mrs. Maggie	L	1896
Stetson, Edith May	P	1900
Selkregg, Mary Louie	P	1883
Selkregg, Rush	P	1891
Silverthorn, Mrs Lizzie	P	1882
Stetson, Cora May	P	1888
Stetson, W. H.	P	1886
Town, Joseph		
Town, Mrs. Hannah		
Town, Royal K.	L	
Town, Clarissa	L	
Town, Charles F.	P	1872
Town, Betsey M.	L	1825
Tuttle, Mrs. Mahitable		
Tuttle, Mrs. Martha	L	1829
Tuttle, B. R.	P	1837
Tuttle, Edith S.	L	1876
Tuttle, Mrs. Mary Ann McCord	L	1844
Taylor, Ann	L	1825
Taylor, Jane	L	1825
Taylor, Horace	L	1871
Thomas, Mrs Mary	L	1826
Thomas, Archibald	P	1855
Thomas, Sarah	P	1855
Thomas, Ella M.	P	1872
Thomas, Caroline T.	P	1888
Talcott, Mrs.	L	1837
Talcott, Miss Ann	P	1851
Tallman, Caroline	P	1855
Tallman, Isaac	L	1867
Tallman, Mrs. Jane	L	1867
Thompson, Lewis	P	1832
Thompson, Mrs. Mabel	L	1833
Thompson, Moses	P	1866

Name.	Received. How.	Year.
Talcott, Samuel	P	1855
Talcott, Eliza	P	1855
Tripp, George C.	P	1869
Thorpe, Frank N.	P	1872
Terrell, N. L.	P	1874
Terrell, Scott T.	P	1883
Tichner, Mary A.	P	1875
Terrell, Emma F.	P	1876
Trepass, James	P	1891
Tower, Mary	L	1872
Tuttle, Mrs. Mary Ann Robinson	P	1831
Vanscouter, Abigal	L	1848
Vere, Mary	P	1863
Vermilyen, Isaac	P	1866
Vermilyen, Mrs. Eliza Ann	P	1866
Van Doren, Valle	P	1883
Van Doren, Nellie	P	1884
Whitehill, James		1830
Whitehill, Sophia	P	1835
Whitehill, Eunice	P	1845
Whitehill, Ann	P	1851
Whitehill, Sophia S.	P	1851
Whitehill, Helen M.	P	1855
Whitehill, Mrs. Catharine E.	P	1864
West, Nelson	P	1831
West, Rebecca	P	1831
Wilson, Eliza	P	1834
Wilson, William	P	1834
Wilson, Mary	P	1834
Whitcom, Cynthia	P	1834
Woodruff, Edward	P	1835
Welch, Amarilla	L	1838
Wells, Jarvis	L	1853
Wilkinson, Parthenia	P	1855
Watkins, Lucy M.	P	1855
Welch, Oscar C.	P	1857
Wilson, Ruby	P	1858
Wood, Isola	P	1863

Name.	Received. How.	Year.
Wood, Lillie	P	1866
Wood, Albert B.	P	1871
Westover, Lucius	L	1860
Westover, Lucy D.	P	1864
Wolverton, Mrs.	P	1863
Watt, Mrs. Elizabeth	P	1866
Watt, Miss Jane	P	1863
Wilks, Letitia	L	1867
Watters, Lucy	L	1867
Wilmer, Benjamin	P	1872
Wilmer, Ida	L	1873
Westover, Mrs. Helen	P	1872
Wright, M. S.	P	1880
Worth, H. B.	L	1874
Worth, Elizabeth	L	1874
Wilson, Clara E.	P	1876
Warren, Lester E.	L	1884
Warren, Mrs. Lester	L	1884
Warren, Mrs. Harriet	L	1888
Warner, Roscoe	P	1900
Williamson, Geo. H.	P	1884
Ward, Wm. T.	P	1886
Woodruff, Emma Maud	P	1889
Williams, Mrs. Isabel	L	1897
Warner, Miss Grace	P	1900
Williams, Apolonia	P	1834
Yard, Mary E.	P	1863
Yost, James	L	1866
Yost, Mrs. Eliza	L	1866

D 285463.6

7298 1